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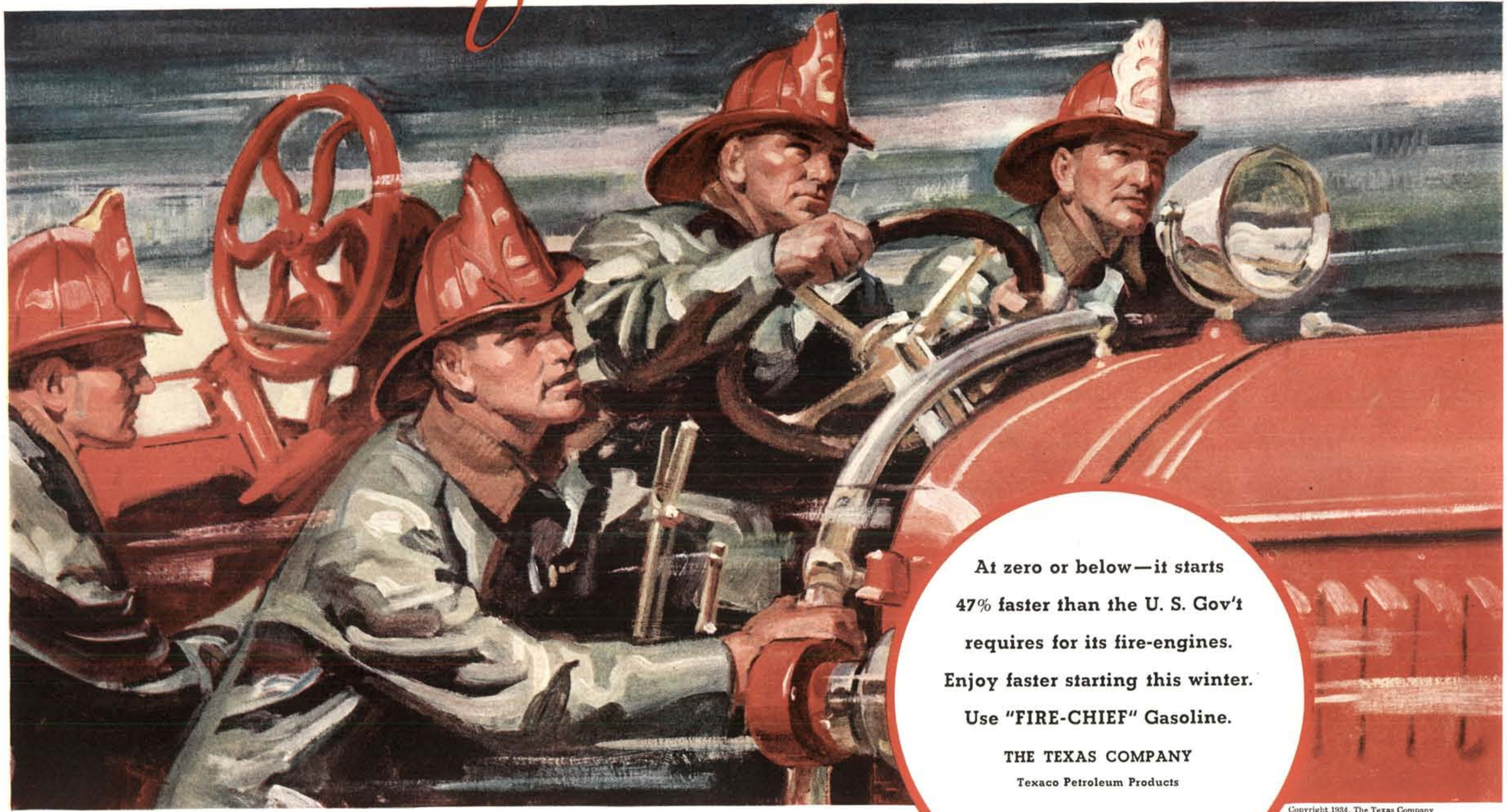

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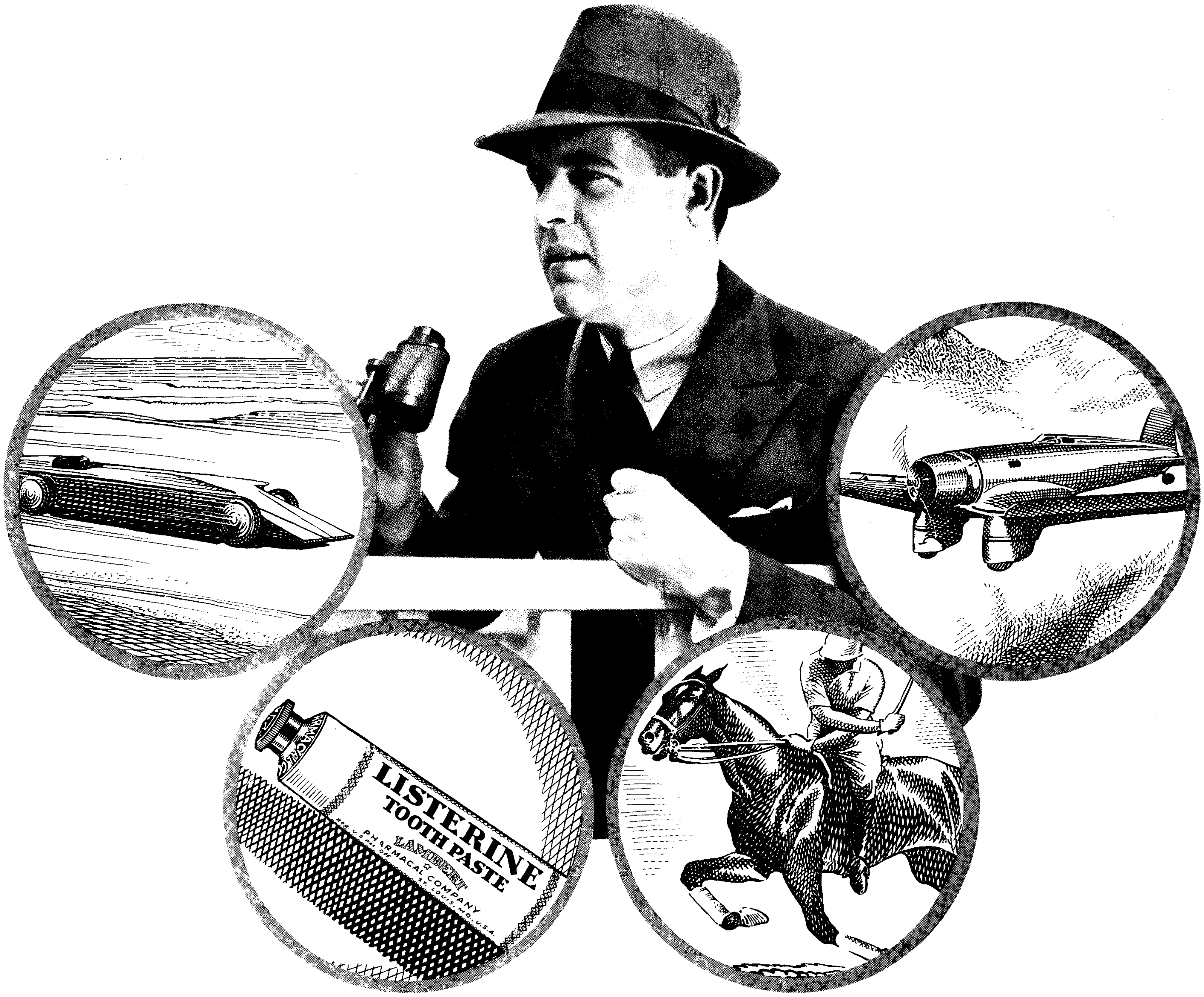

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

MANY citizens who witness the football contest between the Harvards and the Yales do not know that certain obnoxious characters from New York, who are scarcely football enthusiasts, witness it too. Meyer Marmalade is there and Ollie Ortega and Joey Perhaps—especially Joey Perhaps, who is a dead wrong gee.

Joey has been on the shake practically ever since infancy and he is in Boston for the sole purpose of shaking down a very beautiful young doll by the name of Doria Logan, who is engaged to marry one of the Harvards and who is very sorry indeed to see Joey Perhaps.

What the other citizens are there for is strictly their own business and it is quietly transacted to the tune of a very sad song called, like Mr. Damon Runyon's story, "Undertaker Song." But, unlike the song, Mr. Runyon's story contains a touch of very bright color.

WHEN the rumor reached Hollywood last summer that the great American public wanted purity in its pictures and was prepared to stay at home if it couldn't get it, the impact was like an earthquake. Harassed producers ran round and round in circles trying to remember what the word meant and wondering whether their competitors' memory was as bad as theirs. Finally they got together and hired Mr. Joe Breen, large, vigorous and Celtic, to tell them what purity is and make them like it. Walter Davenport takes you to see Mr. Breen's panting attack upon vice.

IT IS simpler for a wealthy man to become emperor, says a Chinese proverb, than to obtain a good wife. John Mathew, who was wealthy and had been in China, neither doubted the proverb nor desired a wife. He had dedicated his life to creating a true red delphinium and for that purpose had hidden himself in an obscure New England town. Sidney Herschel Small relates the romantic incidents that led him to christen his horticultural marvel "The Bridal Crown."

LOU LITTLE, in the last of his series of football articles, tells how he took the Columbia team across the continent to win the Rose Bowl game last year. He wasn't able to take the New York climate with him, but everything movable went along, including a tank of water straight from the tap.

T. R. YBARRA reports the progress of the German boycott. H. L. Davis, Ray Tucker, Kyle Crichton, Arthur Somers Roche, George Agnew Chamberlain and others provide a nice assortment of thrills. Hold onto your hat.

This Week

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November 17, 1934

Cover by Lawson Wood

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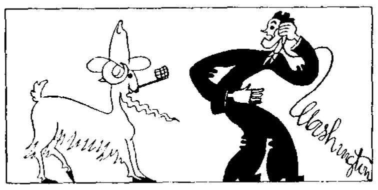
●

Any Week

WHENEVER our brilliant correspondent, Mrs. Sheaffer of Cabot, Arkansas, finds herself completely out of patience she writes us about it. This time her penetrating mind enlightens us with: "When the government appointed a man who never saw a silo to supervise our community garden, I never said a word. When he had the men cut out willows and stake the forty acres of bush peas (which require no staking) I maintained silence. When the entire project consumed $2,800 and the plot produced but two and one-half bushels of shelled peas—last year when there was no drought—I kept my own counsel.



"But now with the government killing little piglets and shooting bony bulls, I feel that capable people should be in charge of the slaughter. The guy they sent here didn't know a steer from a gelding. When the embittered farmers led their stock in for sacrifice before this modern Abraham, they sensed at once how uninformed he was and sent him seeking aid from his indexed reference book from the start.

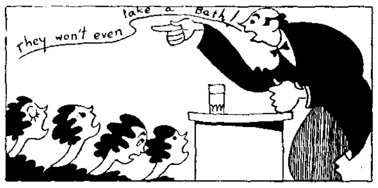
"When an old billy goat was paraded by for his approval he failed to find such an animal among his diagrams and blueprints — so he followed the usual custom and gave Washington a ring. The home office wasted two hours locating a man on the force who had ever seen a farm. Finally the office boy admitted being born on a farm. The Arkansas representative of the Livestock Destruction Committee then desperately described the animal as having hairy, looped ears, a long, sad face, a meek eye, a strong odor and lengthy chin whiskers. But he got no farther. The office boy interrupted with: 'Don't shoot him; that's one of the farmers.' "

WE PAUSE to apologize. Mr. H. W. Zeigler of Hagerstown, Maryland, surges forward to the defense of The Hagerstown Town and Country Almanack which was mentioned in Arthur Bugs Baer's recent dog story not only flippantly but as The Hagerstown Almanack. It was our fault. Just what we'd do without our copy of The Hagerstown Town and Country Almanack we refuse to think. Why, we know of people whose children have been raised on it and Uncle After Bit Willard, who taught us all we know about building stone fences, used to tell us he wouldn't even go to church without a copy in his pocket.

"BEEN farmin' nigh onto thirty years," writes Mr. Bill Crooks of Kenton, Ohio. "Take Collier's for my readin'. Been gettin' along, worryin' some about the drought, but now comes Owen P. White's 'All Washed Up' sayin' there ain't no drought and that the earth's round, water all runnin' off dang near ruinin' everything. Don't exaggerate either. Just says so. Smart feller, Owen—and amusin'. Like Philbert too. Keep Philbert and send Owen on another 6,000-mile trip—one way. Gotta go out and count eggs now."

WE DON'T expect much to come of a movement Mr. Frank S. Betz of Hammond, Indiana, is launching but we'd like Mr. Betz to know that we appreciate it. "I am writing our congressman, telling him," says Mr. Betz, "that he should see that a bill is introduced enabling the publishers of Collier's to frank the 2,500,000 copies to any part of the United States."

STILL, a lot of elegant ideas come to nothing like that. "Once in a while," writes Mr. Leon Archibald of Detroit Lakes, Minnesota, "the New Deal hits a snag. The local Child Welfare Board, composed of several ladies, was in executive session presided over by His Honor the Mayor of one of our villages. Sterilization was the topic under serious discussion when His Honor stuck in a very vigorous oar. 'Why, hell, ladies,' said he in disgust, 'you'll never get these people to sterilize themselves — they won't even take a bath.' "


They won't even take a Bath!

IT'S very difficult too, says Mrs. L. J. Huddman of Peoria, Illinois, to implant the new idea in the minds of the timid. "I was doing my utmost to convince a lady who sells me stockings that the Washington Administration meant well. And she agreed. 'But,' she protested, 'I do wish they would put business back on its feet like it was in 1928 before turning Socialist.' "

A SEVENTEEN-YEAR-OLD college girl has confessed to Mrs. Laura Jeanne Black of Troy, New York, that she has become a Communist. "She said it was because it was so much more interesting than that kind of political talk she heard at home. Is that as new to you as it is to me?"

NO. WE too were once young.

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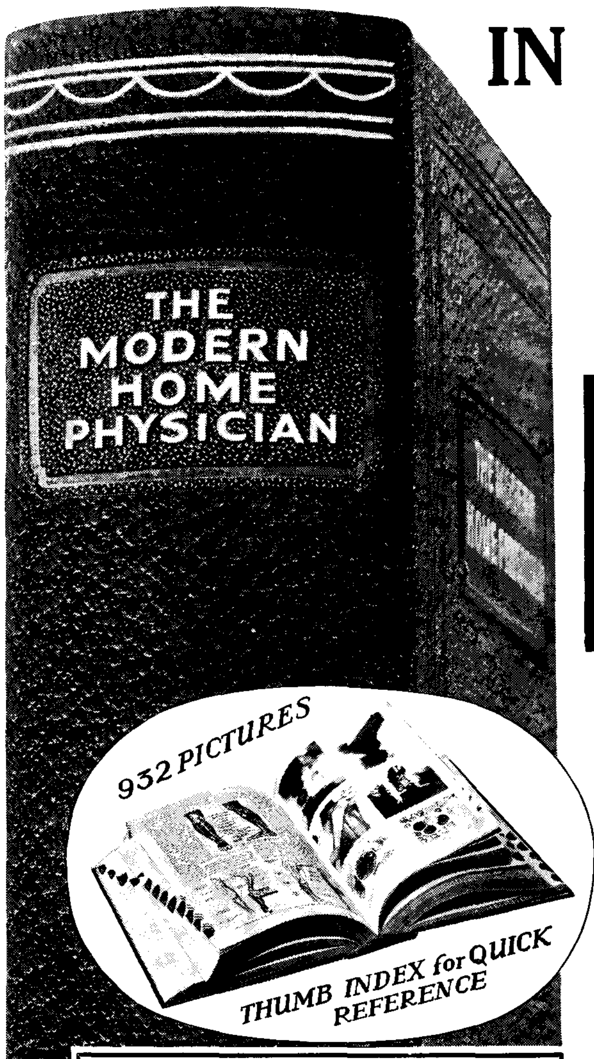

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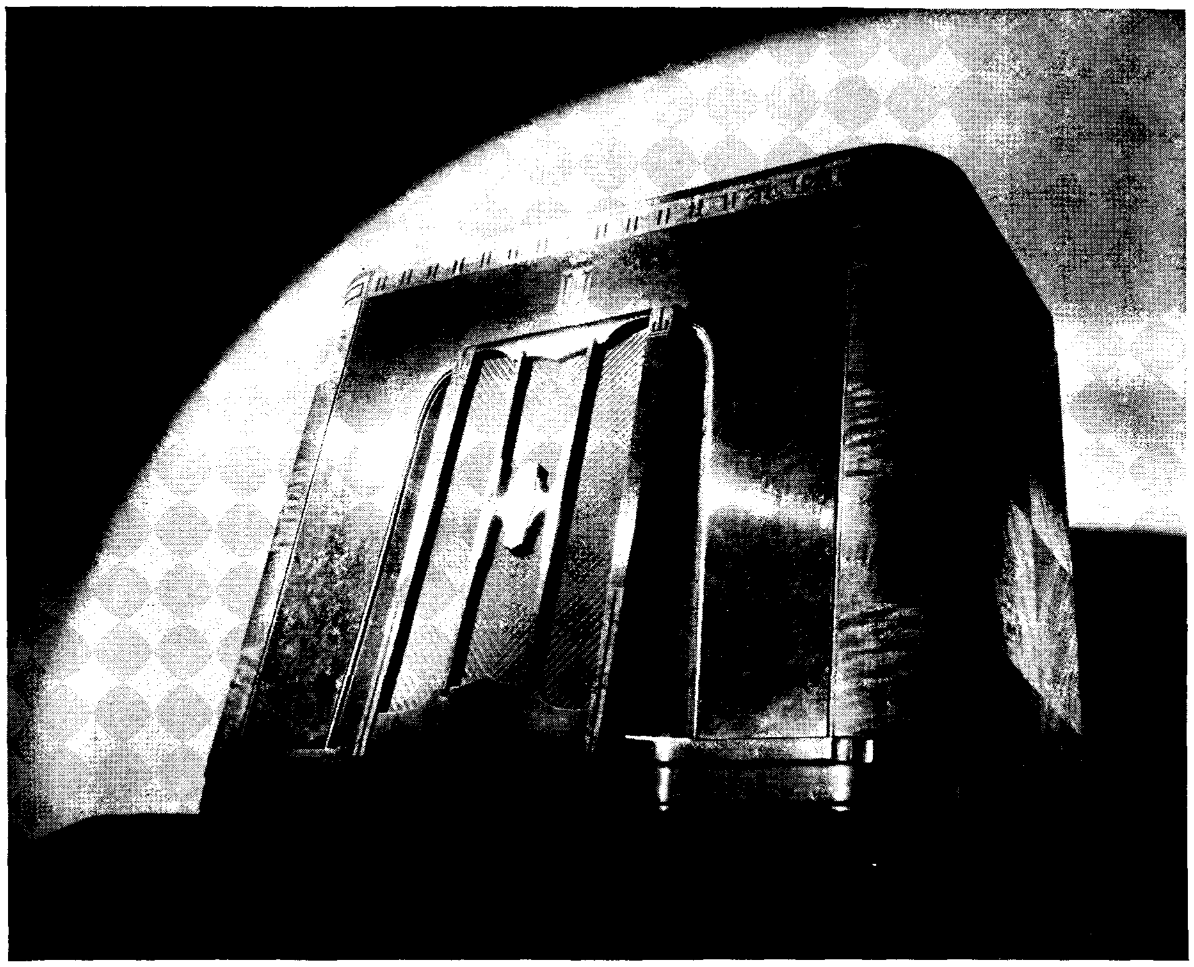


Photograph by ANTON BRUEHL

Philco announces a new musical instrument

ONLY five hundred discriminating Americans can own this new radio, the 509X, because only five hundred will be made. It will bring to these owners the highest achievement in radio—of scientist, engineer and cabinet maker. ☆ This instrument inspired the Philco Music Room Exhibition, held at Rockefeller Center in New York this month, under the sponsorship of the National Alliance of Art and Industry and of a committee of distinguished patrons. This exhibition comprised a suite of rooms developed around the radio as an essential of the home by America's outstanding decorators—L. Alavoine & Co., Inc., Contempora, Inc., French & Co., Inc., Stair & Andrews, Inc., and Elsie De Wolfe, Inc. These authorities are determined to cooperate with the leaders of the industry to enable radio to assume its true significance in the American home. They feel that the day has arrived for broader recognition of radio in American life. ☆ Perfect radio reception is indispensable in the homes of thoughtful people today. The radio room is the natural center of family life, cultivating education, music appreciation, entertainment and the growth of intelligent opinion. The 509X combines High Fidelity, American and Foreign reception, and a fine phonograph playing both long and short records with an automatic record changer. The price of the new Philco 509X is Six Hundred Dollars. The low console cabinet is made of finely matched and individually selected Walnut Burl and American Walnut veneers, with inlays of Black, Alpine Burl and Olive Ash Burl, on a base of solid Walnut. It has been finished by hand in order to bring out the subtle patterns and interplay of light in the beautiful woods employed. Philco High Fidelity reception is also available in the 200X (American Broadcast Receiver) at Two Hundred Dollars, and the 201X (American and Foreign Broadcast Receiver) at Two Hundred and Fifty Dollars.

PHILCO

LONDON PHILADELPHIA TORONTO

Collier's The National Weekly for November 17, 1934

The Playboy Champion

Explaining the mighty McManus—the story that Tim Reardon always tells whenever someone brings up the subject of champions—or clever girls

By Peter B. Kyne

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL MUELLER

THE end of the Battle of the Century had just been broadcast—"McManus wins by a knockout."

"And now," murmured Mr. Timothy Reardon, "the big ape, having taken next to the most awful punishment of his career, will turn a couple of handsprings in the ring just to make the crowd cheer."

The voice of the radio announcer instantly informed us that the champion was turning handsprings.

Mr. Reardon nodded disgustedly. "Bet you a dollar, although nobody has asked him to do it, that big palooka grabs the microphone and hands the world a mouthful of wisecracks."

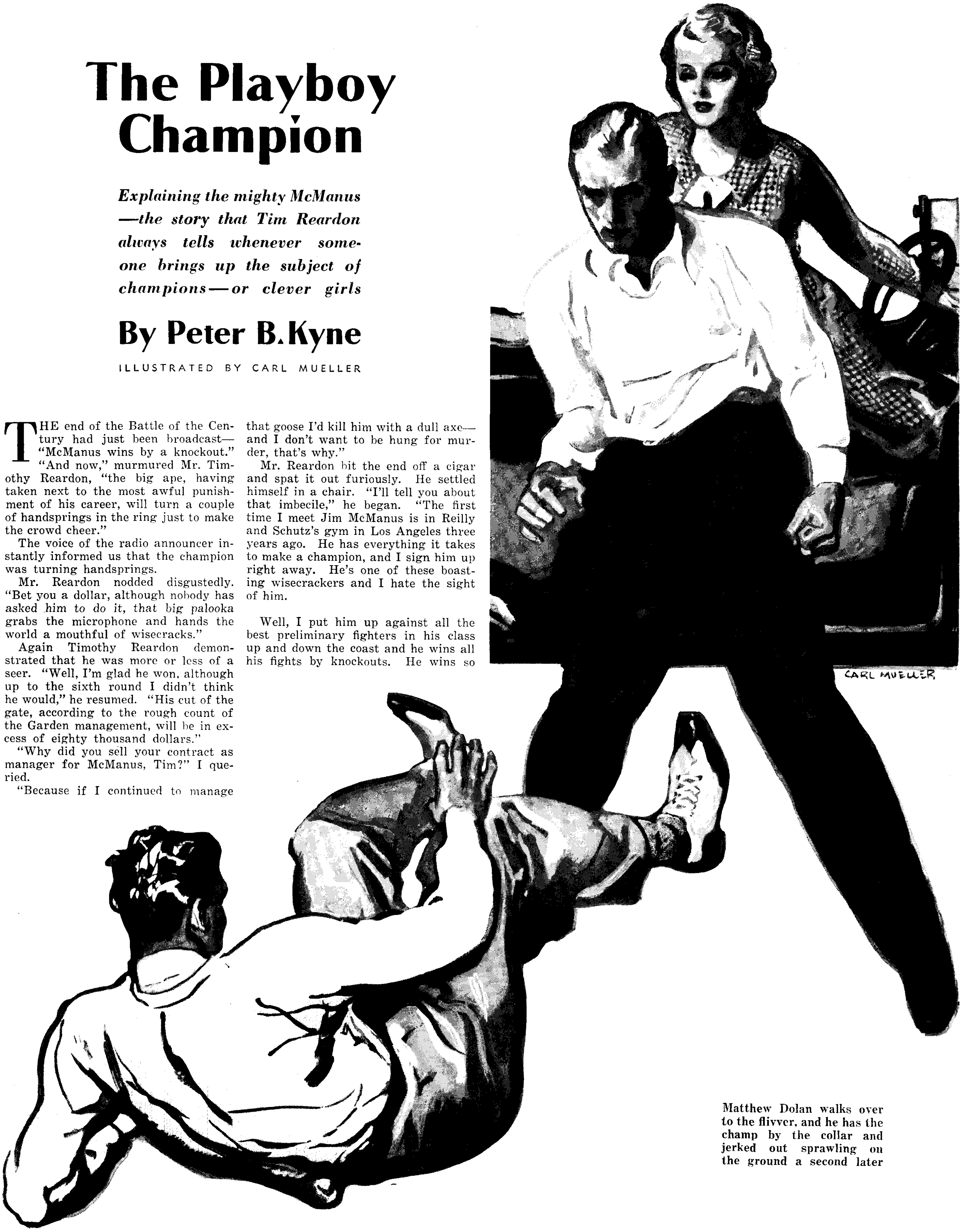
Again Timothy Reardon demonstrated that he was more or less of a seer. "Well, I'm glad he won, although up to the sixth round I didn't think he would," he resumed. "His cut of the gate, according to the rough count of the Garden management, will be in excess of eighty thousand dollars."

"Why did you sell your contract as manager for McManus, Tim?" I queried.

"Because if I continued to manage that goose I'd kill him with a dull axe—and I don't want to be hung for murder, that's why."

Mr. Reardon bit the end off a cigar and spat it out furiously. He settled himself in a chair. "I'll tell you about that imbecile," he began. "The first time I meet Jim McManus is in Reilly and Schutz's gym in Los Angeles three years ago. He has everything it takes to make a champion, and I sign him up right away. He's one of these boasting wisecrackers and I hate the sight of him.

Well, I put him up against all the best preliminary fighters in his class up and down the coast and he wins all his fights by knockouts. He wins so



Matthew Dolan walks over to the flivver, and he has the champ by the collar and jerked out sprawling on the ground a second later many of them in the first round that the sports writers take to calling him One-Round McManus.

Now, this boy is a bit better than good-lookin'—the black Irish type, not a hair on his sun-tanned body and the most beautiful body I ever see inside the ring or out. He has a raven-black knob on him an' what you'd call classical features, an' before I've had him a month I see he'd be hell-bent on keeping them features intact. He practices punches before a mirror. "I can take them, Tim," he explains to me, "if I have to, but I don't like to. I got a natural sock, so I don't worry none about that; I'm out to perfect my boxing so I can make 'em miss thirty per cent an' dodge forty per cent."

In that month I also discover other things—to wit, that while this bird shames his race by not having no more wit than a horse, he thinks he has. He's full o' cheap vaudeville wisecracks and his idea of humor is a rough practical joke. There's a cruel streak in him, too; but I don't object to that so much, because unless a fighter's got the killing instinct he'll never be a champion very long. And this McManus is game to the core.

About the time I get him into the semi-finals at big fights and he's making a little money, I see he has another defect. He's girl-crazy, but I can't blame him so much for that because it looks like to me every girl he meets is McManus-crazy. Naturally he don't meet very nice girls; they ain't the kind he fancies, anyhow. However, they keep him broke and he's always nicking me for an advance on his next fight.

I'm two years building that nuisance up to the point where I have him tangling with the pretender to the heavyweight title. He draws twice, but in his third fight he wins with a knockout, and this ain't none o' my doing, either, because it's always been my policy that when I got a good man and send him into the ring I send him in to fight. Knowing him so well, I figger he hasn't let himself out in them two draws on purpose, so as, with the quick knockout in the third bout, in addition to givin' him the winner's end of the purse, it brings him more acclaim from the mob an' more publicity.

To a fight manager, publicity is the cream in the coffee, but to this McManus it's the attar of roses in his lovely nose. He keeps a scrapbook, and him well knowing that four fifths of the stories in that scrapbook came out of his manager's mind.

BUT that ain't the worst. He's a crooner an' he hires a feller to play the guitar while he croons. He can't wait for the day when he's champion an' national advertisers will be hirin' him to croon for them over the radio. At that, he croons better'n most. He's got motion picture ambitions, too, an' has stacks an' stacks of old funny papers an' a hired man culling wisecracks out of them and arranging them in a monologue he plans to use in case, after he's champion, he takes a tour in vaudeville.

Never mind my sufferings while all this is going on. I even keep my temper when he gets sued for breach of promise by a dame that wouldn't know a promise from a meteor. We win that one but in two weeks we're fighting another and that wouldn't have been so bad, only her mother comes up to our hotel and beats him up with an umbrella. McManus is delighted because it all results in more publicity, and any kind of publicity is welcome to him. But I hate it.

Well, in the spring of his third year under my management he's the only pretender to the heavyweight title that the New York boxing commission will consider, so I get him a hack at the title. I tell him to go in and win, and I know, as sure as I'm sitting here, he can win if he tries hard enough, which he don't, and the result is a draw. In the return engagement I get better terms and he wins in eight rounds.

Well, then, the tumult and the shouting and forty suits of clothes and a foreign automobile and a valet and another suit for breach of promise and this time McManus is hooked. He'd got the letter-writing habit, although I'd warned him. So the damsel takes away every cent he has, and we come back to California to tackle a movie contract and wait for the new crop of heavyweight aspirants, hoping they'll grow up before McManus gets too much age on him.

I have a long rest from the horrible boob while he's doing two pictures and my grouch is sort of appeased because he's drawing down five thousand a week and I'm getting half of it without having to move a finger. However, I keep him before the public and try to get dignified publicity, but that's impossible. McManus is now the Playboy champion and finally gets married to a girl that waits on table at the studio lunchroom. In a month he's sorry he married her because he has his eye on a movie star of the lesser constellation. But a month is enough for the biscuit-shooter to find out the kind of nit-wit she's married; she's out of a job and he won't give her any money, so she tells him plainly all about himself and he smacks her down and she sues for cruelty and non-support and nicks him for every dime he makes on his second picture. The judge had no sympathy for him and every pay day the studio cashier hands over his pay check to the sheriff. So I'm in Dutch again, because I have to support him.

Well, it comes along the fall of the year and I hear there's good duck and goose shooting up in the Sacramento Valley rice fields around a town called Willows. So I motor up by myself and the clerk at the local hotel tells me a farmer by the name of Matt Dolan has a ranch a few miles south o' town and this Dolan has the best shooting of anybody in the place. He's a rice farmer and if you want to know how ducks and geese flock into a rice field in the fall just visit this Dolan bird's place. The clerk tells me if I find him in good humor, like as not he gives me permission to shoot.

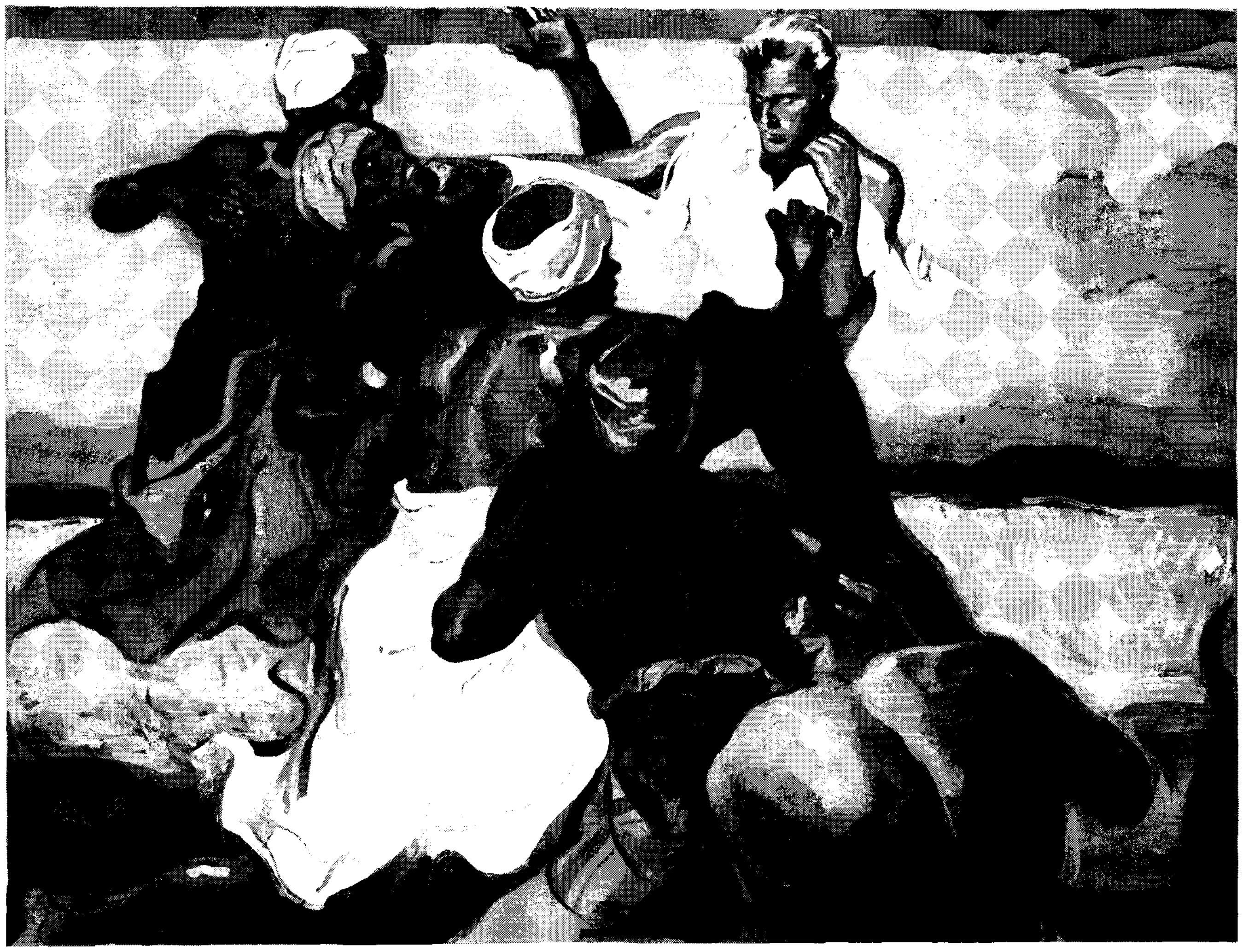
So down I go to this Dolan guy's ranch. The house ain't much to look at, and when I knock the door is opened by about the loveliest little blonde you'd meet in a year's travel. She's about twenty years old and a fool can see she's the sort of girl this numskull McManus will never meet if he lives to be as old as Methuselah. I ask her is her father home, and she smiles and says he is not and am I looking for Mr. Matthew Dolan. I say I am. "Oh," she says, "that's my husband. You'll find him about a mile east. He's threshing rice there. You'll see the threshing machine in the field."

SO I thank her and go out to the threshing machine. The first thing I notice is they ain't doing any threshing and that the threshing crew is all Hindus. They got a lot o' them importations in the rice country of the Sacramento Valley. They're all gathered in a huddle around a young white man; they're jabberin' and shoutin' and wavin' their hands and right off I smell trouble. I count the Hindus. There's nine of 'em—all big, black scamps, some bearded and turbaned.

Seeing me coming, the young white man leaves the mob and walks out to meet me. "I'm Matt Dolan," he says. "What can I do for you?"

"Oh, no hurry, Mr. Dolan," I says. "Finish your business with that bunch of rag-heads and then I'll tell you. My name's Tim Reardon and I'm up here from Los Angeles."

He gives me a grin that makes me like him on the spot. He's a big, raw-boned lad of about twenty-five and I judge he weighs a hundred and ninety in the pink. He's six foot one—maybe shading six foot two—and he has red hair and a plain but very pleasant face and a nice, quiet manner. "Perhaps you'd better tell me now," he suggests, "be-



The gang closed in on him, clawing and striking, but Dolan kept backing away cause I've got to whale hell out o' them nine Hindus and it'll be a fair sort of job. Maybe when I'm through I won't be in no condition to listen to your business."

I look over at the nine and all of them are tall as Dolan but not so heavy—rather on the slim side, but still big, powerful men. "You take 'em on in bunches of nine, Mr. Dolan?" I says.

"Whenever I have to—and this time I have to. Look at that sky."

I look and it's dark and overcast. "Looks like rain," I says.

"That's what I figger. So does the head man of that Hindu threshing crew. They own the threshing outfit and a few days ago headed upcountry a couple of miles to thresh the rice of a countryman of theirs, but he'd cut his crop a bit late and figured it would be better to let his bundles of rice season in the shock a couple days longer, so I contract with this bunch to thresh my rice for two bits a sack. They'd finish today, but—blood's thicker than water. They figure they'd better pull out now, with my crop partly threshed, dash up and thresh their Hindu brother's crop before the rain comes and spoils it in the shocks.

"That's the real reason they've struck. But a Hindu never gives the real reason. They complain my crop's sort of thin and they want thirty-five cents a bag to thresh the rest of the crop. I won't give it to them. The rice market is down and I can't afford to. I'll make a loss as it is, but I'll be shot if I make a bigger loss by losing half of my crop from a heavy rainfall before it's in the sack. I've argued but they won't listen to reason, so now I've got to make 'em. You give a Hindu a good licking and he'll behave."

"ALL right, finish your business," I tell him. "As the manager of the champion heavyweight box-fighter of the world, I've seen some grand two-man scraps, but nine men in a field, fighting one, is a sight I got coming."

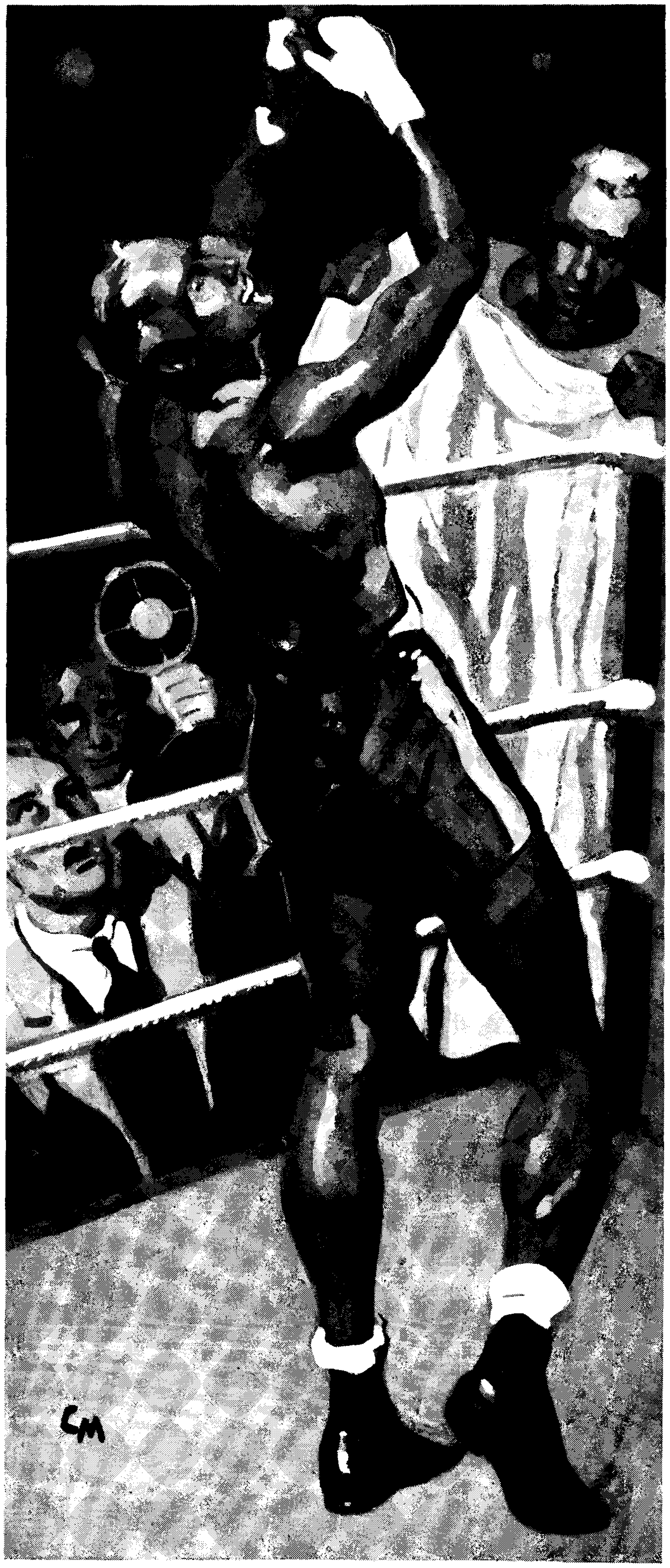
"I see you got a gun. Come on over and keep them away from the pitchforks while I do my stuff."

"On one condition. When you relieve me from that job can I shoot ducks and geese on your ranch?"

"Of course. And I'll plant you in a pit and put out my live wild goose decoys for you. Put you up at my house and give you a duck shoot in the morning."

So we start over toward the threshing machine, just as the feller in charge of the tractor walks over to shut her down. Matthew Dolan reaches him in nothing flat, swinging him half around and bowling him over with as pretty a left as I've seen. This stopped him from slowing down the motor, throwing out the clutch and slipping the belt connected to the threshing machine. But it started a free-for-all that was something to see. The other eight made for Dolan and four of them had pitchforks, but I threw up my gun, yelled, "Throw them pitchforks away," and they done it. "Now go to it, boys," I says, "and I'll be the referee."

Well, I learned one thing from that battle. A Hindu don't know how to punch. He raises his arms up high and in back and brings them down with a chopping motion—and after Matthew Dolan had assimilated a dozen such I knew they didn't hurt him much. The gang closed in on him, clawing and striking, and he kept backing away, lashing out with long lefts and rights. He'd take three or four pokes from three or four Hindus to get one home—and that one was enough. In about three minutes he's standing in the middle of a ring of mighty sick Hindus, all down, some still, some clutching their jaws and bellies, all moaning and sick. Matthew Dolan is a sight to shock that lovely little wife of his, for his shirt is torn off and he's pretty bloody. But he's firm on his pins and the grin ain't come off a little bit.



He draws twice but in his third fight he wins with a knockout

"It's sort of a shame to do it," he says, "but then they asked for it. I'll give them fifteen minutes out to get well and then we'll start threshing again."

Which they do, and I stay around all day to make sure none of them skewer him with a pitchfork when his back's turned. While the job's being done, he makes them pile rice straw two foot deep over a space on the ground on which the pile of sacked rice was stacked. Just about dusk the last bundle of rice goes through the thresher and the Hindu gang proceeds to cover the sacked grain with a thick layer of straw as a protective measure in case of rain. This done, the thresher is made ready and pulls from the field.

"Come on over to dinner and spend the night, Mr. Reardon," says Matthew Dolan. I didn't have to be asked twice. After all, I know a natural fighter when I see one and this young fellow, Dolan, is a natural of purest ray serene, as the poet says. I wash him off and patch him up so he can face his little wife, who looks at him once and pretends thereafter she ain't noticed that his face is upside down. Which, if you ask me, is a test of womanhood.

SHE cooks us a grand dinner, which we enjoy the more when the sound of pattering rain on the shingle roof tells plainly that Matthew Dolan's convictions of the afternoon are right. After dinner I says: "Matthew, old son, who taught you how to box?"

"I didn't do any boxing today, Mr. Reardon."

"Well, somebody taught you how to stand and how to punch and how to roll with the punches and use that left. You're the first farmer I ever saw that had a left hand as educated as yours."

He commences to laugh softly. "Oh, I boxed a lot in the university, Mr. Reardon. Last year I won the Far West amateur heavyweight championship and I was top dog in the Golden Gloves tournament. I'm just an amateur. I like to box. Never got hurt until today and at that they only cut me. Those Hindus have claws like bears."

"Anybody ever suggest you turn pro?"

"A number of ambitious gentlemen. But not for me. Even if I wanted to, Her Ladyship wouldn't permit it."

"Ever see that champion of mine fight, Mr. Dolan?"

"I've seen the motion pictures and several rounds of them in slow motion. I haven't a very high opinion of him. I do believe I could drive a tractor through some openings he left when he won the championship."

"HOW would you like to spar with him?"

"That sounds fine, if you think I could fill the bill and providing it could be arranged satisfactorily"—this with a knowing wink and nod toward the kitchen, from which came the sound of clattering dishes contrasted to a sweet voice in song. "In fact, there's nothing I'd like better than to be his sparring partner."

"He's mighty rough. He never pulls his punches with his sparring partners. They're there to take it; and if they can give it, that's O. K. with McManus."

"I never met the man I couldn't trade punches with," says Matthew Dolan, "and although I may be mistaken about your champion, I believe I could make it interesting for him."

"What are you going to do for the next three months?"

"Nothing much, after I deliver my rice to the warehouse. Why?"

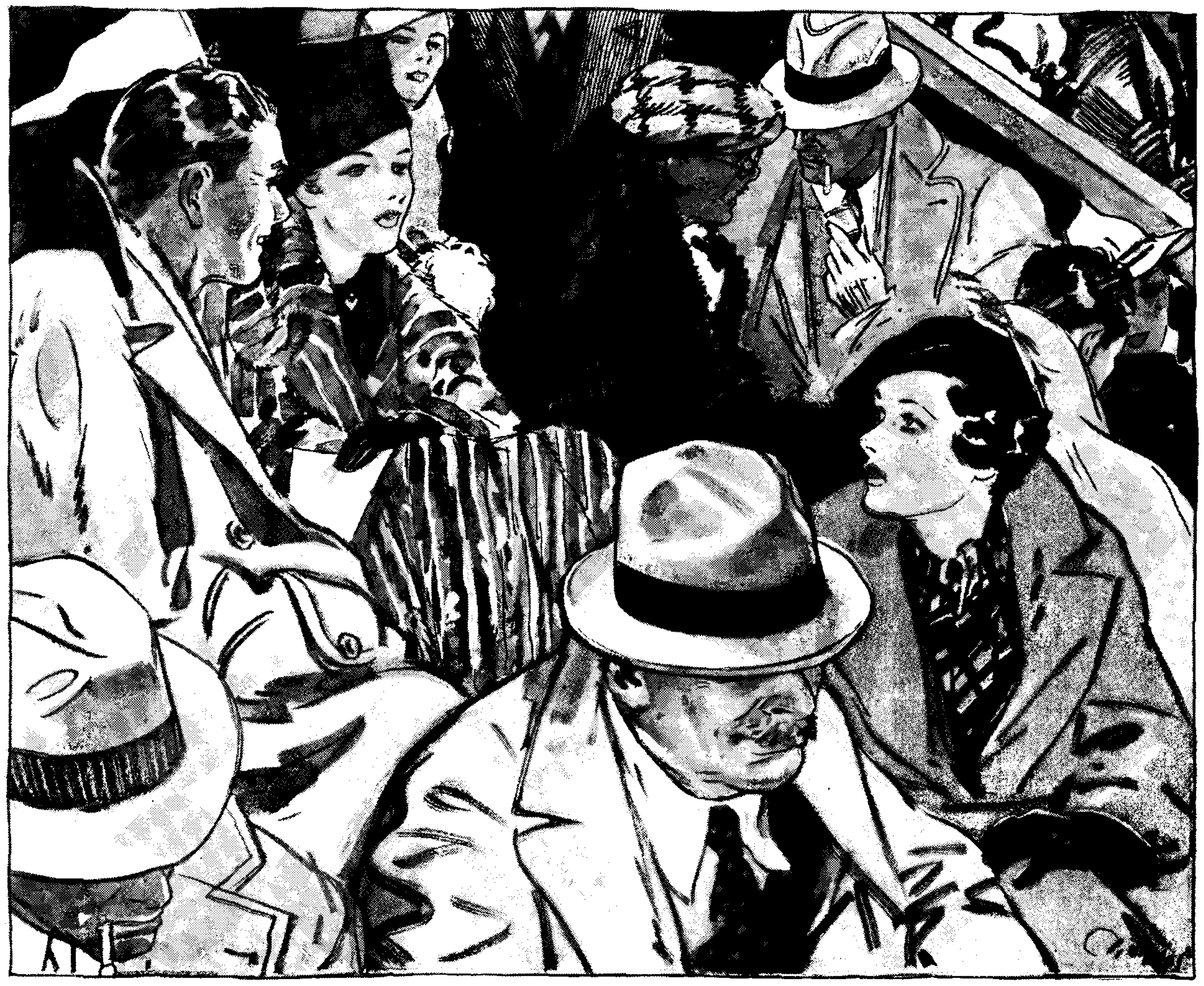
"We've got a date to fight The Spanish Terror at Madison Square Garden in January. McManus will finish his picture next week and go into training at once. He'll need three months and, seeing as how agriculture ain't so hot, how'd you like a hundred an' fifty a week and expenses to be his sparring partner?"

"A hundred and fifty a week for—"

"Twelve weeks, Matthew."

"That's eighteen hundred dollars. Why, I could pay for my tractor with that and I've been worried about meeting the monthly payments on it. You've bought a sparring partner, I hope."

(Continued on page 55)



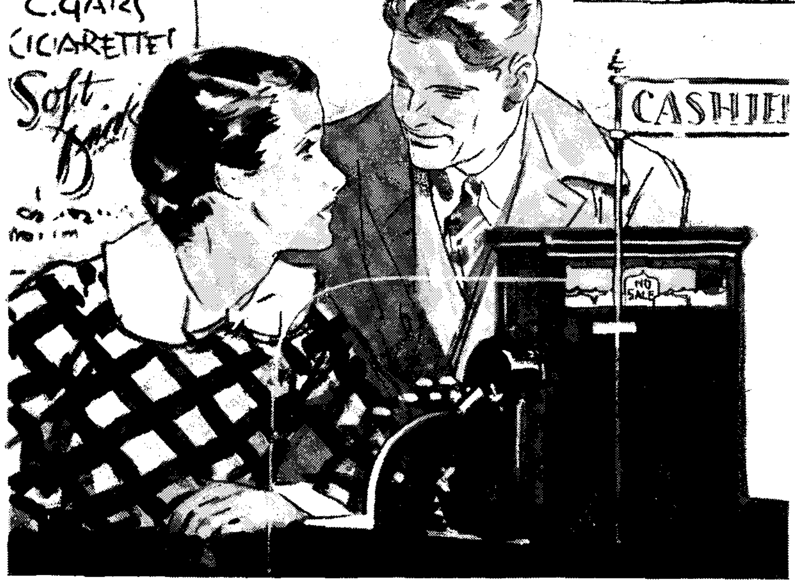
Delphine turned to see what she looked like. She was pretty. She was too darned pretty, and she wore a mink coat

The Pie Slinger

By George Brooks

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY L. TIMMINS

Romance of a star fullback who made the smartest play that's ever been seen off a football field



He leaned on the counter. "Say," he asked, "what's the matter?"

A SEPTEMBER moon was turned, like a floodlight, upon the campus. The clock hands in the library tower were closing like scissors blades on midnight, snipping off another day. The air was warm as a July evening.

Through the screen door of the Varsity Lunch Restaurant came the even hum of an expensive motor and a snatch of song: "Drift-wood. Driftin' down the riv-er like the drift-wood. Idle days an' lazy nights. Float along an' see th' sights . . ."

Behind the cigar case and cash register, Delphine Moore shifted in her hard chair. "Mixed quartet," she sniffed enviously. "Glee club mixed with gin."

"There's no time for pain an' sorrow. We're floatin' on again, t'morrow," the song mocked her as it faded in the distance.

Fraternity men, the lucky stiffs, thought the girl. Rich men's sons who lounged into the lunchroom, handed her a line of talk and asked for dates. But they never asked her to any of their house dances, she noticed. They'd take her to a picture show, but when junior week came along, they had a rich man's daughter from back home. She wished her father were rich. Then she wouldn't have to get up in the morning unless she had an eight o'clock.

But he wasn't rich. And just at the moment she wished that her hair were combed, her teeth were brushed and she were climbing into bed.

FROM the kitchen came a tremendous rattle of griddles. The night chef was banking the fire in the range. The back door banged as he went out.

Hired help had all the luck, Delphine reflected. There were state laws to limit the hours they worked. She and her father merely owned the joint. No one cared whether they got any sleep or not.

She turned her head to glance in the wall mirror. Were those shadows under her eyes? Or was that just from the overhead light? She yawned. No use worrying. By the time she was twenty-five she'd look like an old hag anyway. Seven in the morning until midnight was too long for anyone to work. Going on three weeks now and they didn't even have track of another cashier. Cashiers who could take Delphine's place in the Varsity Lunch were hard to find. A girl had to be pretty enough to attract the boys and smart enough to refuse dates and honest enough to keep the cash straight.

The last cashier had been pretty and smart. Too smart. They couldn't prove anything, but Delphine felt sure that the Lunch had paid for that girl's fur coat. And the cashier before her had been honest and pretty. But was she dumb? Any girl who elopes with a boy from a CCC camp doesn't know enough to go in when it rains.

Delphine banged a cash register key and began counting the silver in the drawer. "Dad," she called loudly, "it's after midnight. If you want to sleep here, you ought to get yourself a cot."

From a booth in the darkest corner of the room a grunt answered her.

The screen door banged.

Delphine, pausing at $8.40 in dimes, straightened up angrily. The chef had gone for the night and she wouldn't make a western sandwich for the best man who ever . . . "Why, Tucky!" She threw the dimes back into the drawer and held out her hand. "Dad. Wake up. Tucky Rollins has come back."

Tucky looked fine. He was sunburned to the color of an Indian. The quick grip of his fingers made her wince. She noticed that he had just had a haircut; there was a white line above his ears and around his neck. He must have needed a haircut terribly. Probably hated to spend fifty cents for it.

HE WAS glad to see her. Just as glad as she was to see him. They looked at each other. "Good summer?" she asked.

"Swell." He grinned. "I've got every cent of my tuition money in my wallet."

"Rob a bank?"

"Yeah. A sand bank. I've been working for a road contractor."

"How'd you get here?"

"Thumbed my way, of course. You don't think I'd spend money for a bus?"

They both laughed.

"College doesn't start for two weeks . . ."

"I know. Two weeks from tomorrow. I came back early."

"Fine. Put on the white jacket at

eleven tomorrow. We need a pie slinger. Don't we, Dad?"

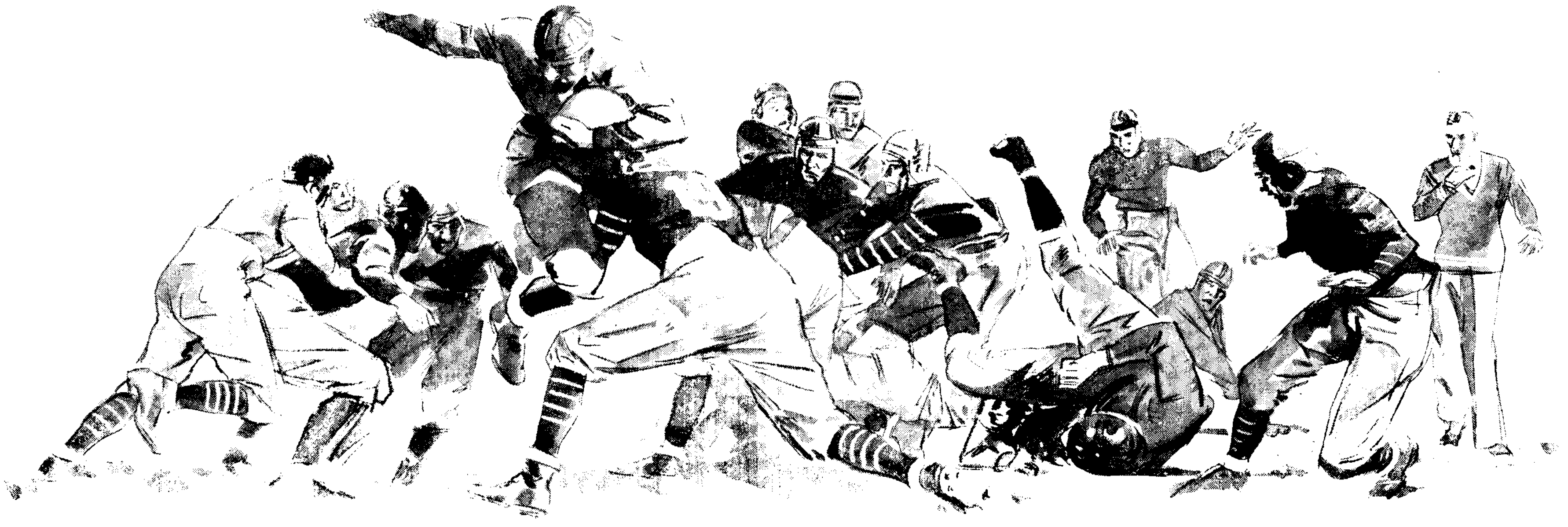
Moore lumbered out of the booth where he had been dozing. He was the best pastry chef in ten counties and too fat to go to the movies. He couldn't squeeze into the seats. Delphine got her good looks from her mother.

"Delphi," said Dad, "Tucky's hungry. You should fix him a western and a glass of milk and a piece of pie. Of course he's going to work regular until school starts. Twelve bucks a week and his meals."

The girl darted out into the kitchen, taking three eggs from the ice box on her way. Customers got one egg in a western sandwich, but Tucky was different. She slapped two pats of real butter into the skillet, instead of compound which the chef would have used. Butter cost more but it tasted better. As she diced the onion and ham and whipped up the eggs, she heard her father's deep voice at the counter. "We was lonesome for you all summer."

Delphine was glad her father liked him so well. Tucky slung pies for his meals in the restaurant. He'd worked there two years and he was just like one of the family.

"Say, Dad," the boy's voice was asking, "suppose I didn't come back until Thanksgiving. I know it's a lot to ask, but suppose I didn't. Do you s'pose I could have my job back? Right after Thanksgiving?"



For eighteen minutes he had been the projectile of the Varsity offense

"Sure, Tucky. That will be all right."

The girl put down her egg whisk as she listened.

"The coach, Donnally you know, the football coach, has been after me to play this fall. I'm a footballer, you know."

"Sure. You look like a footballer," agreed Dad Moore. "I knew you was one the first time you walked in this door and asked for a job dishwashing."

IN THE kitchen, Delphine sniffed. Dad was some judge of players. He had never seen a football game in his life. Game days were always hard work in the restaurant and Dad caught up by taking a nap in the afternoon while the game was being played.

"The coaches have fixed me up with a job. Steward of the training table. Just for the season. It will pay me my room and meals. I told 'em I'd do it, if I could have this job back at Thanksgiving, when the season's over and the training table is closed down."

"Sure, Tucky. I'll get a boy to fill in until Thanksgiving."

Delphine thrust the skillet back to the rear of the range. She poked her head through the swinging door. "That isn't right, Dad, and you know it."

"What isn't right?"

"Getting someone to fill in. If Tucky doesn't want the job this year, we ought to give someone else a chance."

They stared at her. "Why, Delphi!" protested her father.

"It's not fair to hire a boy and then fire him, when Mr. Rollins makes up his mind to come back," she insisted.

"But I'd explain it to the other boy. Tucky's welcome to his old job back, now or any other time. I'm surprised at you, Delphi. If Tucky wants to play football, he's going to have a chance same as anybody else. We ain't goin' to stand in his way. Cook him his sandwich and don't talk so much."

"Nuts," retorted the girl savagely, slamming into the kitchen. "Stand in his way. A lot you know about it." There were tears in her eyes not caused by the onions she had sliced.

IT WAS silly of her to lose her temper about it, but it made her mad. A poor boy, working his way, shouldn't tangle up with athletics. Juniors in the engineering college had enough trouble with their labs and field work and math. They'd make another football bum out of him. He'd probably bust out. And then where'd he be? No football. No college. No money. No job.

She turned the egg, ham and onion mixture in the skillet, warmed a double slice of bread, fished two dill pickles from a jar and filled a fourteen-ounce glass with milk.

She'd thought Tucky was different. But it seemed he wasn't. Just because he weighed one hundred and ninety pounds and could run, he must put a number on his back and go out to wallow in the mud with twenty-one other fools. And what would it get him?

She put the sandwich together, garnished it with a sprig of water cress and the two pickles, picked up the glass of milk and pushed open the door into the lunchroom. "What kind of pie?" she snapped. "Apple, lemon, lemon-chiffon, mince, berry, blackberry, fresh peach, custard, raisin, grape." The Varsity Lunch specialized in homemade pies. "Butterscotch, fresh prune, huckleberry, plum, strawberry tart and Danish pastry." She'd show him he was only a customer now.

"Try the lemon-chiffon, Tucky," urged her father. "Delphi's makin' them lemon-chiffons herself. That is, she makes the fillin'. She's got me licked on lemon-chiffons, honest she has."

The girl, soothed a little by the praise of an expert, opened the back of the showcase and reached for a plate on the top shelf. There was a secret to the chiffon pie. She hadn't even told her father. You grated a bit of the lemon rind into the meringue and it made a different taste.

"No pie, thanks," said Tucky reluctantly.

"There isn't any poison in it. I didn't know you were coming," she retorted, slamming the showcase shut. She turned to the cash register. "Now, both of you shut up while I count the dimes again."

The two men looked questioningly at each other. Dad Moore leaned forward to whisper in the boy's ear. "Delphi's mad about somethin'."

It was mid-October when Tucky was promoted to the first team. They needed a stocky, broad-shouldered, plunging fullback, who could back up a line on defense and run interference for Speedy Lang, when the swivel-hipped halfback carried the ball. Tucky had weight, speed and courage. He wasn't so hot on snaring passes. He didn't kick or pass, himself. But when he took out an opposing end or halfback, that particular opponent was flat on his back.

The stands don't think much of players like Tucky. The cheering for the Tucky Rollins type of footballer is all done by the players and the coaches.

"It's funny we don't see Tucky no more," Dad Moore observed to Delphine one night when they were closing up the restaurant. "He don't even drop in to say hello."

"You won't see him from now on," the girl replied, shrugging.

"You think he's too busy, Delphi?"

"If he had nothing to do, he'd be too busy to bother with us."

"Why, what do you mean?"

"From now on we'll pay four bucks a seat to look at him. He's made the grade," she explained bitterly. "He's a big shot up on the campus. They'll be rushing him for the fraternities, because he might be picked football captain next fall. He's through with us."

"NOW, Delphi. Tucky ain't that kind."

"They're all that kind. And if he does lie awake nights, it's from trying to forget that he ever slung pies in this dump." She switched out the lights and locked the front door.

Just before the Fordham game, Delphine called her father's attention to a paragraph in the Campus Star. "William (Tucky) Rollins, '36, engineering honor student and regular fullback on this year's Varsity, has just been pledged Tri-Theta. Seven lettermen are now members or pledges of the active chapter."

Dad Moore read the item twice. "I don't see no harm in that."

"Harm," she fumed. "The Tri-Thetas have an initiation fee of three hundred dollars. Some alumnus will have to pay it for him or he can't get in."

"What of it, if they want him that much?"

Delphine looked at her father. "If your pies weren't better than your ideas, we'd end up in the poorhouse," she informed him. "You'd tell me it was okay if Tucky put on his football suit and took a tin cup and begged."

"I can remember when you thought most anything he did was all right."

"Your memory's longer than your common sense. He had me fooled. You're right about that. But I know better now."

HOMECOMING Day and the Leighton game always come on the Saturday before Thanksgiving. Delphine and her father reckoned it in terms of food. To them, Homecoming Day meant one hundred and fifty T-bone steaks, one hundred and fifty individual pork pies, one hundred and fifty single chicken pies, twenty gallons of oysters, fifty gallons of milk and cream for the oyster stew special that they served after the game, and five extra waiters and countermen. By midnight of Homecoming Day, the crew in the Varsity Lunch was a darn' sight more weary than the losing team.

On the Thursday before, Delphine was checking the chef's grocery list when Tucky appeared. "Hello." She nodded, making a mark beside an item of fifty pounds of coffee. Fifty wouldn't be enough, for the Sunday business would be heavy too, especially in black coffee.

The fullback leaned upon the counter. "Say," he asked, "what's the matter, anyway?"

"Well, if you must know, I've been up since six A. M. and my dogs hurt."

"That isn't what I mean."

"That's what you asked. The only way I have of knowing what you mean is by what you say."

He looked as if he'd like to shake her. "Of course, if you want to be nasty, Delphine . . ."

"I don't like being nasty," she corrected him. "If I am that way, it's from associating with college men."

He looked at her without speaking for a moment. "Here." He took two

(Continued on page 49)

Mid Shot and Shell

By John T. Flynn

What's the munitions maker's place in a civilized world? A committee of the Senate, after pondering the question and examining mile after mile of more or less related evidence, is about to propose rules for keeping him in hand. Mr. Flynn brings a battery of cold reason to bear on the Senate's objectives

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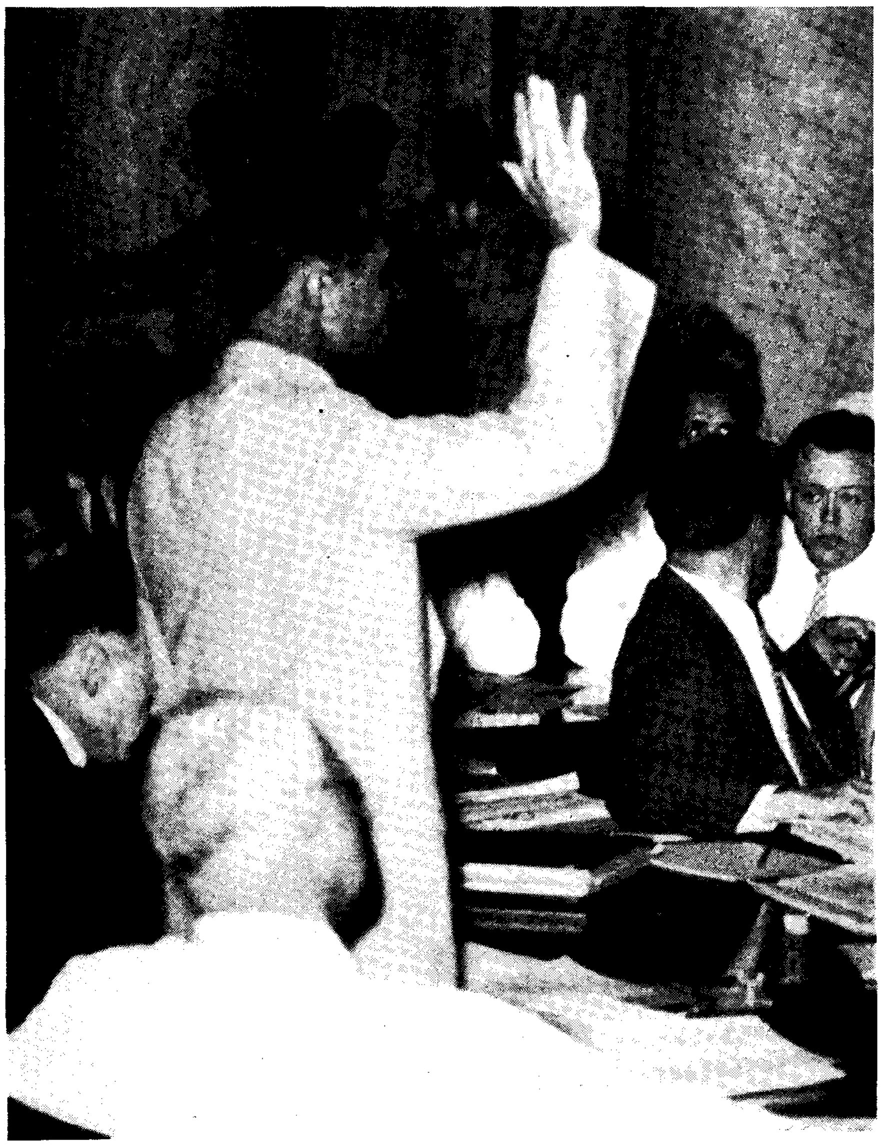
Munitions makers at the Senate investigation. They are, left to right, H. M. Brayton, Frank E. Sweetser, Alfred Mirande and Frank Johnson, of the American Munitions Corporation


WIDE WORLD

DuPont officials before the Senate Committee. Left to right, standing, Senator Nye, Irenée duPont, Fin Sparre, Lammot duPont, Felix duPont. Pierre duPont is seated in front of Mr. Sparre

ABOUT a year ago an eruption of books, articles, orations broke out against the arms makers of the world. Immediately the United States Senate named a committee to probe the matter. The committee has met, scratched the surface and kicked up what might be called the preliminary surface dirt. Now it is ready for another go at it. And immediately thereafter the whole subject will move to the Senate floor for what may prove one of the bitterest and most hectic scraps in a session which is expected to produce plenty of turmoil and struggle.

There will be two sides in this battle. One will contend that war is inevitable because the world today is a bristling arsenal. The other will insist that the world is a bristling arsenal because war is a grim and terrible fact and, as Mr. Mussolini gravely observes, "is in the air." One side will insist that it is the sword-forgers and gun-mongers of the world who make the world's wars. The others will be just as sure that it is the world's wars which make its armorers.

But before the argument gets under way on the Senate floor, the Senate Committee will have one more session to bring to the surface a batch of facts to buttress its case. One story at least will form the basis of its boring. There is in Europe today, the senators will contend, a perfect laboratory, crawling with millions of human guinea pigs, for the study of this business of detonating human emotions with firearms. In the preliminary hearings something was said of rumors of Germany rearming and of the part played by arms makers in the underground passages by which that process is carried forward. It was just a rumor, just a few stray scraps of reported facts. That rumor the Senate Committee has been tracking down. It proposes to attempt to reduce it to proof. The story is at least intriguing.

You will have no difficulty remembering the alarming news from Austria which broke out on the front pages of the newspapers last February. For a long time observers had been looking with nervous eyes at the Polish Corridor, that narrow strip of land assigned to Poland by the Versailles Treaty and thrust up through Germany to the North Sea, "cutting the Fatherland in two parts," as the Germans bitterly described it. Hitler had said the Polish Corridor must come back to Germany. Then suddenly he announced an agreement with Poland to permit the status quo in Poland to remain undisturbed for ten years. This was a surprise to the uninitiated. But not to the expert.

War Clouds Over Europe

It merely meant that Hitler had shifted his strategy. He had put first on the agenda of German rehabilitation the union of all the German peoples of Middle Europe. It meant that the German High Command considered it of first importance that Austria should be united to Germany. Then the experts watched for events. They had not long to wait.

In February the Nazis launched their first attacks on Austrian independence. Fascists attacked the Socialist headquarters in Vienna. In a few days the city was a broiling battlefield. Dollfuss made up his mind, between these warring Socialists and Fascists, to turn his powder against the Socialists. Austrians were shooting each other in the streets of Vienna. France, Italy and Britain were discussing a joint note warning Germany to keep her hands off Austria. Paris sent a note to Hitler telling him that Germany's semi-military organizations must be regarded as part of her regular military establishment. Statesmen in Europe were urging Paris, London and Rome to send a tri-national army into Austria to safeguard her national existence.

Europe became for the moment a flaming furnace of war talk. A squalid banking scandal in France brought the radical elements of Paris into the streets for a series of amazing riots. In the midst of this the British and American efforts to bring about an arms conference were sunk. And then, suddenly, Stanley Baldwin announced that England was planning to increase her air forces. Italy was massing troops near the Austrian frontier. In those three months the war clouds came down closer and darker over Europe than in any days since the Armistice of 1918.

This was the setting when, according to the Senate Committee, American arms makers sent their salesmen swarming into Germany. This disclosure was designed to show that Hitler's plan is to arm in the air on a vast scale. That he has been doing it, from whatever source he has obtained his supplies, there can be little doubt. In April the Belgian premier warned Europe that it was no longer a question whether Germany should be permitted to rearm (this is why Stanley Baldwin warned that England would build in the air); it was a question of how to stop Germany from rearming. And these rearming operations were being pressed forward frantically through the aid of American firms. A single American airplane manufacturer made a contract with Hitler to supply the German government with one hundred planes, or the essential parts of planes, each month.

Who's Rearming Germany?

When it is realized that the entire United States Navy has only 936 planes, it will be seen that in ten months this would exceed the whole plane strength of the American Navy. Still another American company was supplying to Germany each month sufficient parts, gyroscopes and automatic equipment of various kinds, to equip fifty planes. A third American company rushed to the scene and was making arrangements to supplement these orders. Hitler was cabling frantically for speed—more speed. American agents of the government in Germany during the Dollfuss rumpus in Vienna reported that Germany would have an air force from American sources alone within a short time of 2,500 planes, or

KEYSTONE

The author, John T. Flynn (left), with Senator Nye, chairman of the committee, and Irenée duPont at Washington during the hearing

a greater air armada than the United States.

Germany makes machinery for fabricating machine guns and had large orders from other countries for these machines. But all these orders were canceled and the whole of Germany's resources were brought to bear on producing machine guns for arming her planes. And German agents were at the time in contact with American machine-tool manufacturers to reinforce and expand her equipment for making machine guns. Another large maker of machine guns in America was rushing weapons to Holland to be transshipped along the Scheldt for Germany. Small arms manufacturers here were arming the Nazis. All this was in addition to vast quantities of small arms and great quantities of explosives supplied by European manufacturers, including one great firm controlled by the French themselves.

This, of course, will be one of the chief exhibits offered by the Senate Committee to prove the peril from the unrestrained manufacture of war engines by private concerns. Germany's rearming was in violation of the Versailles Treaty. America is not a party to that treaty, but the American State Department has taken a strong stand against the sale of arms to Germany in violation of the treaty. The peace of Europe, at this moment, was at the mercy of an accident chiefly because Hitler, appealing to the strained emotions of Germany, was able to make so much progress in rearming his countrymen. Had the explosion come, where it would have led no one can tell.

Many feverish tales have been told of how the munitions makers hang on the edges of peace conferences, disarmament conferences, distill their poison into the ears of the high contracting parties, break up the parleys and boast about it. It is not done quite that way. The men who are in this arms business are by no means demons. I have met most of them and they seem to be quite like any other human beings. Occasionally, of course, you find gentlemen who are willing to hire deft hands to throw monkey wrenches into disarmament conferences, as in the case of Mr. William Baldwin Shearer, who went to the Geneva conference, posed as a representative of patriotic societies with the high purpose of protecting America against the pacifists, but in reality was being paid by an American firm interested in ship contracts. But this, at least so far as American firms are concerned, is not general.

I have the assurance of a former high official of the United States government, one of the leading figures in the whole world and a delegate to various arms conferences, that these conferences were in every case broken up by European arms makers. In the case of the Americans, however, the business takes on a somewhat different form. For instance, when one disarmament conference met, an American maker of submarines had contracts for six submarines from England and two from the United States. One point raised was the outlawing of the submarine as an instrument of war. England favored this. France was against it. Now it is easy to see how the American submarine manufacturer, with eight contracts immediately threatened with cancellation and his whole business actually in danger of extinction, would hope fervently for the failure of that convention. It is also easy to see why he would conclude this would be a great crime against small nations and believe that the submarine was the greatest instrument of peace in the world, since it was good for nothing more than defense. I suggested that the submarine did not contribute very much to the peace of America, since it was the depredations of the German subs which had brought us into the war. But this official admitted that he had hoped fervently for the disarmament conference not to break up but to fail to outlaw submarines. It was on this point that the conference did actually break up.

How to Start a War

Nevertheless, it is not in these disarmament failures that the chief evil of the arms salesmen is seen by the Senate. In military and naval circles there is a phenomenon which is under continual discussion. It is called the balance of military power among nations. As long as two or three countries lying contiguous to each other have more or less equal or at least proportional naval and military equipment, the balance of power between them is supposed to be in a state of equilibrium. This is supposed to make for tranquillity and order. But if one of these nations suddenly takes a notion to go shopping for a submarine or two, or half a dozen airplanes, the balance of power is upset. If Bulgaria suddenly stocks up on heavy ordnance, it is certain that Yugoslavia, her neighbor, will get enormously jittery, papers will flare up with nervous alarms and the great nations who preside over the peace of the world will take steps to inquire what is at the bottom of this "upsetting of the balance of military power." The solution is pretty nearly always the same. The way to restore the balance of power is for the apprehensive neighbor nation to go shopping in her turn and buy a batch of machine guns or a consignment of subs or airplanes. And she generally does not have to go far. The salesmen are sitting in the anteroom of the proper minister, waiting to make the deal.

This is perhaps the chief source of peril from the activities of the munitions makers and salesmen. But it must be said, in all fairness, that in this traffic the munitions makers are not only encouraged but actually set on by the governments themselves.

(*Continued on page* 39)

© INTERNATIONAL

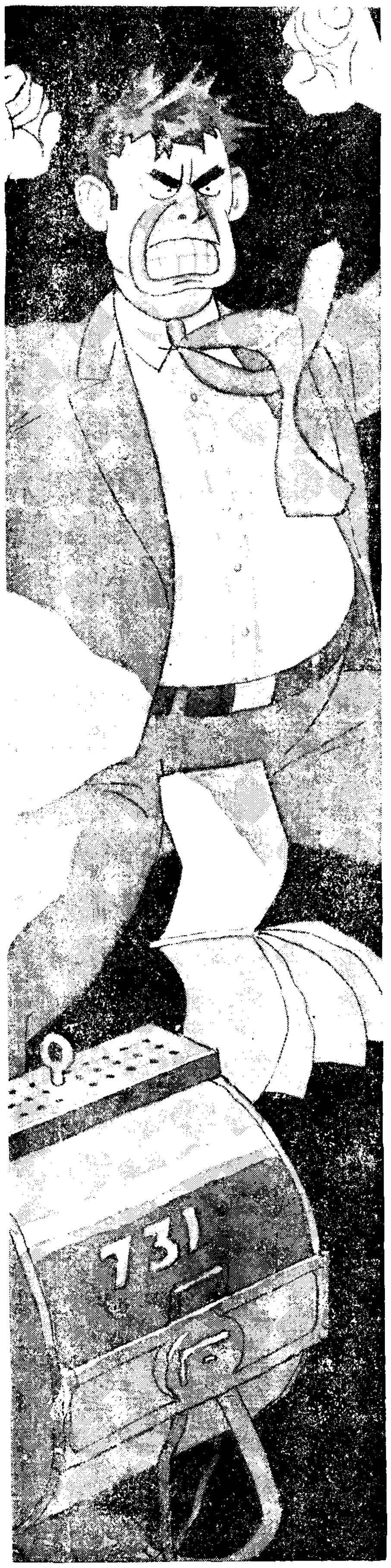
The Breaking of Cox'n Linn

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT O. REID

Another rollicking episode in the career of Dunnevan and Linn, U. S. N. It will explain Fireman Dunnevan's air of sweet innocence whenever Seaman Linn mentions their friends, Georgine and Millicent

BOUND north to San Pedro, the U. S. Destroyer Trimble corkscrewed through a dirty sea. She was doing twenty-five knots and her old bones ached. An early autumn storm had blown out of Mexico; wind made a deep bass xylophone of the Trimble's stacks and villainous rollers nipped at her starboard quarter. The sky showed signs of clearing, however, and soon the Trimble would raise Point Firmin.



"Ten thousand dollars for that junk and it iss burning!"

These prospects of hope and quietude, of a safe anchorage and a generous shore liberty, meant nothing to Timothy Dunnevan, fireman second. Mr. Dunnevan was brooding on the lee side of the after deckhouse.

When Fireman Dunnevan brooded, he brooded alone. His dungarees were greasy, his sweat-towel was damp, and God, Fireman Dunnevan felt at the moment, hated him. Forlorn and bereft, he huddled on a dry spot on the deck. But although Fireman Dunnevan brooded alone, it could not be said that he brooded in silence. Above the muffled clanking drone from the port fireroom hatch, the mourning of wind and wave, Fireman Dunnevan's muttered anguish was distinctly audible.

" . . . So they give Benny a crow and *maybe* he deserved it, but he *ain't* the same guy he was. He ain't the same Benny. And what am *I* gonna do now?"

Tragedy, swift and inexplicable, had descended upon the beautiful friendship of Fireman Dunnevan and Seaman Benny Linn. For many months they had been inseparable pals on ship and shore. And then in a twinkling all was changed. Seaman Linn, a simple sailor, had distinguished himself at Short Range Battle practice. Not only had he pointed an E gun—he had discovered a defective shell and prevented a *possible disaster*. Whereupon he had gathered much "grease" with Lieutenant Wheeling, the Trimble's "Guns," had been smiled upon by Lieut. Commander Herrick, the Old Man, and was now Cox'n Benjamin Linn.

Cox'n Linn. A petty *officer*, even if only a third-class petty officer.

Brooded Fireman Dunnevan: ". . . We rate a forty-eight liberty in L. A. and I got a post card from Millicent and Georgine and we got dough and the Fleet's on the East Coast and we got the whole town to ourselves. But Benny ain't the same guy he was."

HE COULD not understand it. Him and Benny had been best buddies. Him and Benny had been in jams together in Dago, in Manila, in Shanghai, in Panama. Together their pants had been thrown into brigs. Together they had been fined, reprimanded and, infrequently, praised. "Force *and* brains," that had been Benny's motto. Him and Benny. And now—

"Dunnevan!"

Fireman Dunnevan heaved to his feet.

"Oh . . . hi, Benny!"

Cox'n Linn frowned. He glanced down at his jumper sleeve where a bright new eagle screamed.

"Don't call me Benny when I'm on duty, Tim!"

"Oh . . . uh . . . okay."

"And when I'm on duty and there's no officers around you salute me, see?"

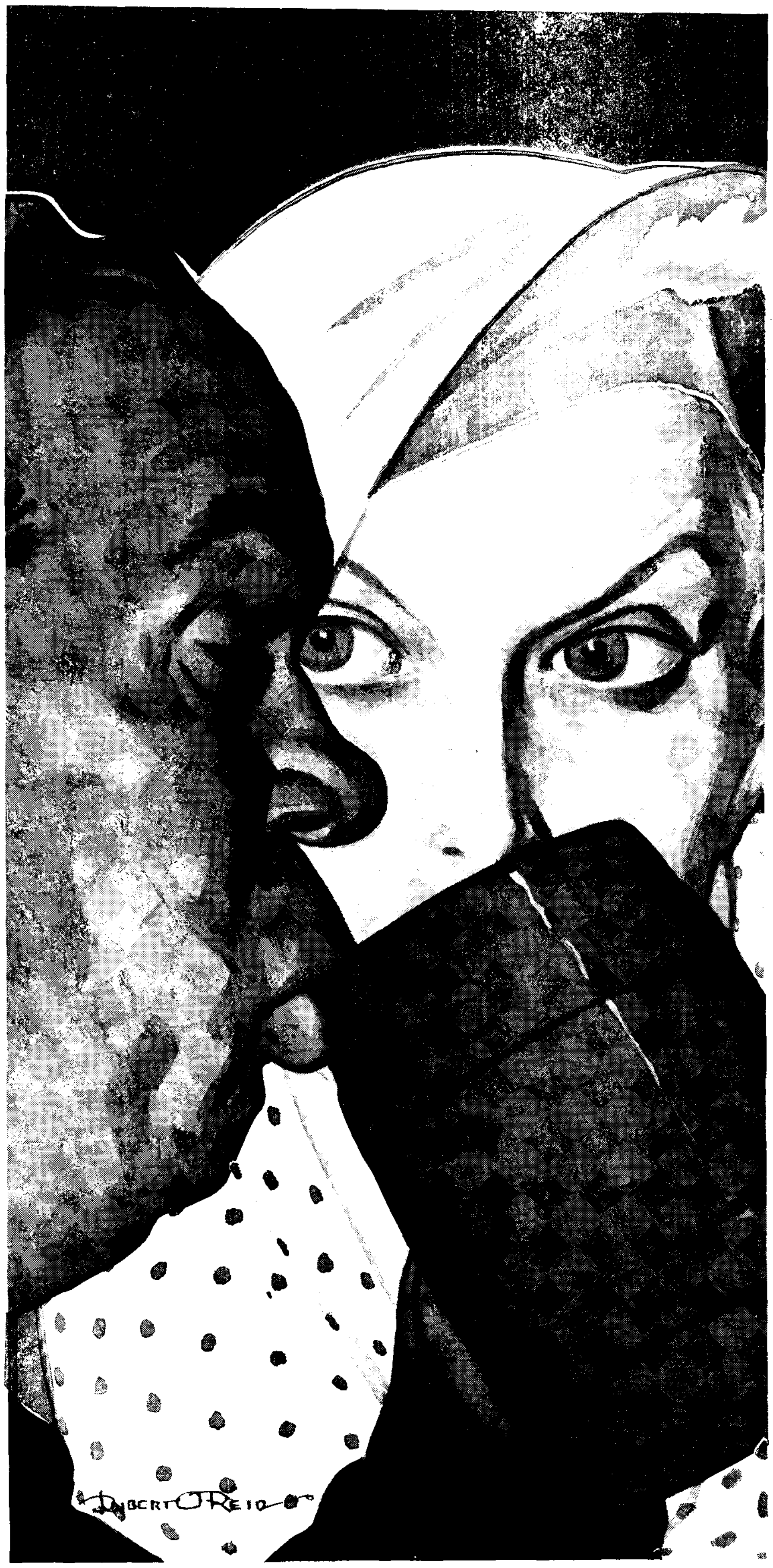
"Salute *you*, Benny?" Well did Fireman Dunnevan know that he was never required to salute a petty officer.

Cox'n Linn, swaying undignifiedly to the eccentric motion of the Trimble, scowled with self-importance.

"It ain't the man you're saluting, Tim. It's the *uniform*," he said.

Fireman Dunnevan's hurt brown eyes were so eloquent that Cox'n Linn faltered.

"I told you it wouldn't be for very long if you would study and make Fireman First, Tim. But what are you doing? Takin' the air out here when you had oughta be in your bunk studying



"A Hollywood girl's bound to get U. S. sailors into trouble." This merely caused Fireman Dunnevan to grunt into his beer "that book on turbines that I give you!"

"I know, Benny, I tried. But that book gimme a headache on account of the air is bad and I guess I need glasses."

Cox'n Linn shook his head with pitying unction. His big Adam's apple in a long, skinny throat betrayed a momentary nervousness; then the pride of rank took complete possession of him.

"Dunnevan," he said, "this Navy is a huge organization of *specialists*. You cannot make yourself fitted for rating unless you utilize every moment of your spare time studying to be a better fireman. Remember, Dunnevan, us officers is watching you *all* the time!"

It was too much. Somewhere in the hulking two hundred and ten pounds of bone and sinew that was Fireman Dunnevan an articulate protest erupted:

"Listen, Benny—remember how it was? Remember how we built up Sampson and went to L. A. in the bridal suite with him and Perminta? Remember that Mex town where I fell in with Don Miggle Casey on St. Patrick's Day—"

Cox'n Linn scowled.

"I'm ashamed of it and you should be too, Tim. Us officers know when a enlisted man is just a playboy and when he takes himself serious and wants to make buttons some day. Just remember, Tim, that even though you are only fireman second now, the Navy is waiting and anxious to make you Machinist's Mate and then a Chief as soon as you prove yourself worthy!"

Fireman Dunnevan blinked. The worst had come to pass. Him and Benny—

"Listen, Benny," he said desperately, "I got a post card from Millicent and Georgine. They want us to meet 'em at the Silver Spray in Long Beach—"

"Ain't you heard, Tim?"

"Heard what?"

"The men of this ship has got no time to be wasting in Long Beach. This ship is gonna be in the movies!"

"Movies?"

"Yeah. There's a whole movie company coming out from Hollywood to make scenes for a picture called Spirit of Our Navy."

"Gee! Right on this ship, Benny?"

COX'N LINN nodded with profound reverence.

"Think of it, Tim! They picked this can outa all the destroyers at Dago to use in the picture. It's the very first picture that's been made glorifying the dungaree navy, too. The chief was telling we petty officers this morning that we was picked because we're the crack ship of the Nineteenth Division!"

"Gee! You gonna be in the picture, Benny?"

Overpowering ambition glinted in Cox'n Linn's bright blue eyes.

"There's just a chancet that I will be in it, Tim. I'm in charge of the best lifeboat's crew and if they use a lifeboat in it, why—not that it matters to me, personal. Us officers can't think of self. It's the *ship* that counts, Tim."

Only a few feet of heaving deck separated them, but Fireman Dunnevan glumly realized that it might as well have been a yawning chasm. He gulped, his honest brown eyes were tragic. But admiration and loyalty held him steadfast.

"Gee, Benny," he said, "I bet they put you in them movies and I bet you make a hit, too!"

Cox'n Linn smiled bitterly.

"Aw, they wouldn't gimme a *real* chancet. They take some guy like Cagney and go nuts about him—" He saw Fireman Dunnevan's stricken stare and his conscience twinged. "What you so sad about, Tim? Gee, your mother die or something?"

"Naw, I—I just been thinking—we ain't apt to have no more good times together and—"

"Sure we are, Tim. Jest as soon as you study up and make a rate. If you'd put your mind to it you could be Fireman First and then Machinist's Mate and then Acting Chief and then C. P. O. permanent. Gee! I and you wearing buttons, Tim!"

Fireman Dunnevan was inconsolable.

"I got no head for writing them exam papers, Benny. Nope. I guess we ain't pals no more."

Moved, Cox'n Linn slapped him on the back.

"I'll help you, Tim. That'll be easy. It's your behavior ashore you got to watch." In spite of his emotion, the superiority of all cox'ns swaggered into his voice. "You got to keep off the report and show we officers that you want to be part of the service's splendid promotion system. It ain't ships, Tim, it's men, see? Men with high ideals of the Navy that knows the Navy is a huge organization of specialists—"

Fireman Dunnevan could bear no more. All that from Benny! All that from his old buddy, partner at the mast, true even unto the brig—

"S'long, Benny."

And he lurched around the deckhouse to the hatch leading to the black gang's quarters.

That evening, Fireman Dunnevan met Georgine on the Pike in Long Beach. It was an hour past the appointed time for the foursome to meet at the Silver Spray, and Georgine had not waited idly. In fact, Georgine knew all. And she was extremely indignant.

"So your old pal Benny is nursing a buzzard and gone high hat on you, huh?" she greeted.

"Benny's all right," Fireman Dunnevan said.

"Sure, sure. Just talked to him—from a distance! He had a Hollywood extry girl or somepin on that mighty arm."

"That ain't so. Benny wouldn't go with no immoral gal."

"Oh, he wouldn't? Wait till you see Millicent. Is she burned! I and she turned down swell dates with a couple of fellas from the Arizona. It's up to you to do the right thing, Tim."

Fireman Dunnevan was in no mood for feminine society.

"You and Millicent go to a picture show. Here—"

Georgine ignored the gesture. She and Millicent worked in a store in Venice; the Fleet was on the East Coast and sailor dates, easy going and innocent, were scarce.

"Don't take it that way, Tim. Gee. Benny was a nice fella and all that before he went uppity—"

"Yerse! Benny is a good guy."

Millicent joined them. She too knew all. "Tim, we gotta *do* somepin," she announced at once. "Benny's in awful bad company!"

"Yeah, an extry girl."

"She ain't even that! She's a stunt girl outa a circus and she's gonna double for Merced Brunelle in the picture and they changed the title from Spirit of Our Navy to Navy Love and she's simply making a fool outa poor little Benny!"

Fireman Dunnevan blinked at the two maidens. It had not occurred to him that anything could be done.

"Yerse, but what we gonna do?"

GEORGINE suggested quickly that they repair to Bide-A-Wee Restaurant for a little something to eat and they could talk it over, and after that they should go over to Pedro to see if the movie company was doing any shooting, and after that, if they could find another fella, they would go—

"I would simply say to Benny, Tim," said Millicent, "that you and I and Georgine and everybody that knows him and has his interests at heart are simply disgusted with his conduct."

"Yeah, and that his being only a cox'n ain't a thing to you, Millie, as you have had dates with C. P. O.'s and yeomen and radiomen that are the really brainy men—"

Millicent interrupted:

"I would simply say that you palled up with Benny because you thought he was a clean, straight fella that a decent, self-respecting girl—why, she could go with, and I would simply say that any Hollywood girl of that one's type is bound to get U. S. sailors into serious trouble, and I would just simply—"

All this merely caused Fireman Dunnevan to grunt into his styrun of beer.

"That ain't it," he said hopelessly; "it's all on account of Benny got promoted and I didn't, see?"

Georgine smiled cheeringly.

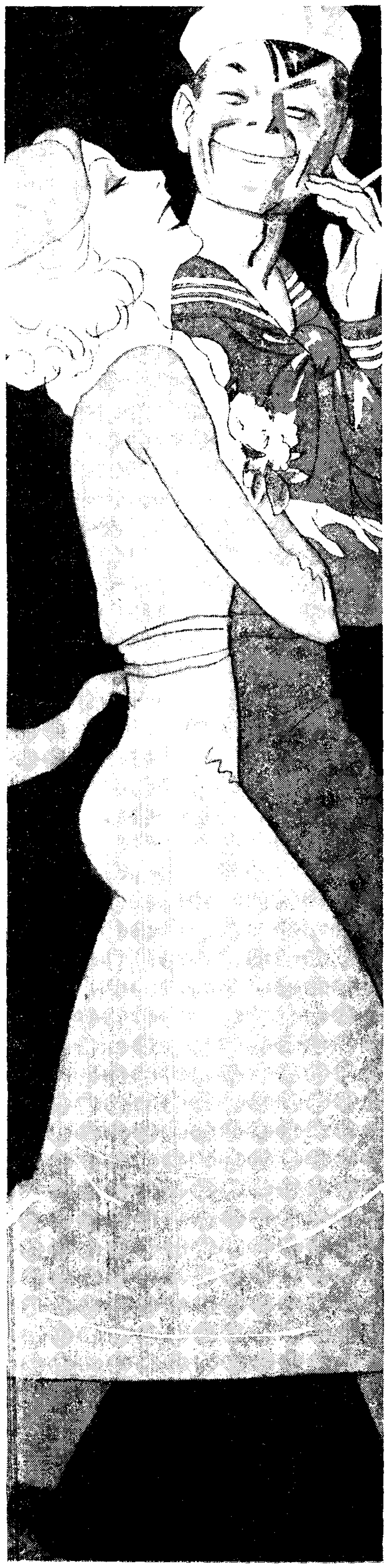
"I bet I can get you promoted, too, Tim. I know a fella—"

It was Millicent who redeemed her species' reputation for sagacity and guile.

"Tim don't wanta be a officer," she said. "Tim's happy like he is. And Benny would be happier like he was. The thing to do is to kinda get Benny into some simply simple jam that will get him busted back to seaman first!"

Fireman Dunnevan pondered this dazzling ray of light in the gloom.

(Continued on page 52)



"He had a Hollywood extra girl on that mighty arm"

Tuning Up the Team

By Lou Little

"The dope was all wrong. What an upset, folks, what an upset!" That's what the announcer and the newspapers tell you. But come into the locker-room and see how upsets are made. Watch Lou Little discouraging his team to victory

Cliff Montgomery, Columbia quarterback, carrying the ball in the 1933 game with Virginia. The Columbia team, overconfident, nosed out a victory of 15-6

WIDE WORLD

LET'S go back about twenty years. Thirty boys huddle in a bare room under a slanting ceiling. A rubbing table and benches are the only furniture, aside from metal lockers. Wrists are being taped and, here and there, an ankle bandage inspected. The laces of shoes are being tied, retied and knotted for the tenth time. The subdued roar of five, or fifteen, or thirty thousand people, the crowd noise that is like nothing else in the world, filters into the little room.

The only man in the room who wears civilian clothes has just dropped to a bench after ten minutes of blistering oratory that would make a Union Square radical break up his soap box. There is a knock and a man in white knickers and shirt opens the door.

"Three minutes," he announces, and the door closes.

The man in civilian clothes gets up once more.

"And now," he begins anew, "now is the time you prove to me what you are. Your college is waiting to see whether you are worthy to wear the color its great football players have worn before you. There are old graduates up there in the stands who have traveled thousands of miles to see you prove that you are worthy to wear that color. Your classmates, your fraternity brothers, your friends are waiting to see you prove it. Are you going to make them proud of you? Are you going to make me proud of you? Are you going to earn the right to walk around this old campus for the next twelve months like men with your heads up—or are you going to be beaten? The college is depending on you. I'm depending on you. Are you going to fail?"

Yes, that's a faint impression of the old-time "fight talk," by no means overdrawn, which was considered necessary years ago to bring a team up to its keenest mental pitch in the dressing-room. As a matter of fact, I falter on the side of conservatism in attempting to give you even a mild description. I must bequeath the job to more gifted masters of words.

There is a case on record, actually true, of the youthful assistant manager who, listening to such a dressing-room pre-game flight of oratory, ran out on the field with the starting eleven, fell into the formation beside one of the ends and had to be conducted forcibly from the field so that the team could run through signals in its last-minute tuning-up. Under the spell of the dramatic call to the colors, the youngster had forgotten all save "fight, fight, fight for the old college."

Fully as effective in its play on the emotions but markedly in contrast was the fight talk of Percy D. Haughton, one of the greatest coaches the sport has ever seen, to his Harvard varsity before a game with Yale. Haughton was one of the oratorical school of coaches but, unlike many of his contemporaries, he was a really skillful psychologist and he knew well the value of contrast. He had what you might call an oratorical "change of pace."

"Ten minutes before we went on the field," a great Harvard backfield star of those days told me, "Haughton walked into the dressing-room in which, according to earlier instructions, were only the eleven starting players. Before the Princeton game two weeks earlier, he had been pretty rugged in his closing remarks. Now we were tense, strained, ready for anything.

Tension Plus Coolness

"A tall, spare man, with the most commanding walk I have ever seen, he strode up and down the little room eight or ten times. We wished it were all over and that we were on the field.

"Suddenly he stopped, placed his black derby hat on the rubbing table and said in a quiet, conversational tone: 'Now you men know what you can do and you know what I hope you'll do. I know you'll do your best. Go out there now and God bless every one of you.'

"I've never experienced anything quite like it," this player told me.

Football has changed tremendously in twenty years. Football players have changed as well. So have the methods which are considered most effective today in bringing a team of players on the field at top mental efficiency. Schedules have changed. Teams no longer mark their season's success or failure on the score of one objective contest. The mechanics of the sport have developed to the point where cool, calculating efficiency must be combined in the right proportion with "the ol' fight." For instance, the substitute about whom Tom Thorp, the veteran official, tells would not have been a very dependable quantity in the pass defense or calling plays on the goal line.

This young man, Thorp relates, came in as a substitute for a certain Middle-Western team which we'll call State. It was an important intersectional game. Burning with zeal, the boy rushed up to Umpire Thorp to report. The last words a substitute hears when leaving the bench are, "Don't forget to report to the umpire."

"I'm in for State," the boy shouted at Thorp, tugging on the official's arm.

"Well, that's fine," said Umpire Thorp, "but whom did you come in for?"

"I'm in for State, I tell you," insisted the young man.

"Yes, yes, I know," responded Thorp. "But tell me—what man did you come in for?"

"State, State," shouted the excited player. "Doesn't this look like a State jersey? It's green, isn't it? The coach sent me in, didn't he? I tell you I'm in for State."

It required the combined and persuasive efforts of Thorp and the referee to glean the information that the young man had come in to relieve State's left end. The left end was notified and the game went on. Since then the plan instituted by Commissioner Walter R. Okeson to have each incoming substitute present a written slip with his number and position and the number and position of the man he relieves has eliminated possibility of such a situation in Eastern games. Perhaps the plan has also been adopted elsewhere. But the incident illustrates the mental strain under which a high-strung boy may enter a football game. The job of the coach today is to control that fire without destroying the spark that drives men and teams to inspirational performances.

Why Games Are Won—and Lost

The courage of boys, or men—I don't quite know when they stop being boys and become men—in intercollegiate football is just about a constant quantity, I am convinced. So rare as to be almost negligible is the boy of whom it might be said that "he lacks courage." Boys vary, rather, in temperament, in reaction. That's why the old slogan that "a team that won't be licked can't be licked" doesn't always work out because when two teams that "won't be licked" happen to get together on the same field, victory usually goes to the one which is the more clear-headed. The winning team is the team that re-

"Bucky" O'Connor, Knute Rockne's surprise fullback, en route for a touchdown in the 1930 Notre Dame-Southern California contest. Score: Notre Dame 27, Southern California 0

ACME

members its practice lessons and scouting information, that is equipped with the better methods and timing and, above all, the team that goes into action with well-based confidence.

Well-based confidence—I think that is what I have been trying to say. That's what gives this winning team its extra dash, its assurance, its poise, its ability to outscore a rival of equal courage, equal fighting capacity, equal will to win. That well-based confidence constitutes in the truest sense of the word, I believe, first-class mental condition in football. It wins games.

Overconfidence? No, not that. That's the gridiron pestilence which has blighted more football records than all the Charley horses, sprained ankles, fumbled punts and intercepted passes combined in the history of the game. Why? Because overconfidence is an insidious, slovenly thing. It bespeaks carelessness, lack of respect for your opponent, lack of concentration.

I know. The Columbia eleven of last year knows, too. In the second game of the season, Columbia played the University of Virginia. Virginia had been defeated a week earlier by Ohio State, 75-0. Columbia was to play Princeton the week after its game with Virginia. Try as we would, it was impossible to keep our squad from looking beyond Virginia to the so-called major games. Virginia, the boys were convinced, could be little more than a tuning-up test. They would listen seriously to warning that most of the Virginia regulars had not played much more than half the game against Ohio State but I could sense the fact that the warning was not taking. Sports columnists remarked humorously that they hoped we had scouted Virginia's defense against the point after touchdown play because we'd be facing it often enough. The boys read the papers. That's one inconvenient thing about coaching in modern days. The boys read readily.

So it came about that Columbia outscored Virginia only after a close contest in which my own mental condition wasn't too good during most of the afternoon. Columbia went into the second half trailing, 6-0, and the final score was a meager 15-6. But it was not until one week later, in 20-0 defeat by Princeton, that the lesson was really learned. Columbia had beaten Princeton the year before and the team couldn't quite imagine the Tigers reversing that score. Relieved of their delusions of grandeur, Columbia came home from Princeton to become a truly fine football eleven.

In passing, it is interesting to note—and it is probably a good deal more than a coincidence—that Princeton, on the week after its victory over Columbia, barely nosed out Washington and Lee by a score of 6-0.

No Game is "Easy"

Not being a professor of metaphysics, I can't tell you exactly where this line between insidious overconfidence and sound self-confidence may be drawn. I think perhaps the line of demarcation is the player's own estimate of his opponent. All the confidence in the world will not hurt a player if he does not permit himself to believe, or if he can be convinced not to believe, that next Saturday's rival can be beaten easily. But let the player begin to coast mentally, even though he is putting in the practice hours faithfully, and it will require a considerable shock to bring him back to normal.

Except in rare instances, a football team or a football player cannot snap back to full power and efficiency on the field after starting a game in an overconfident frame of mind. Exceptional personalities perhaps have done it and have rallied their teams from a dazed, overconfident state. But it takes a Hinkey, a Shevlin, a Poe or a Mahan. Occasionally an outstanding coach has been able to jar a stunned, erstwhile overconfident squad together between halves. Knute Rockne did it at Notre Dame on two or three notable occasions. But almost invariably it's too late to do much about it after the game has started and an overconfident team has been knocked from its perch of self-admiration by a group of rude young men who had refused to believe all they read in the sports columns, where they had been told they had no chance. If the care and the concentration and the mental attitude have not been there through the week and at the first whistle—well, you can repent under fire but you take your licking, too.

The antidote used to be the fight talk, the knocking down of the player's ego to put him in a fighting frame of mind. But instead of this intensive keying-up process climaxed by vocal explosives in the dressing-room, I like to rely as much as possible on the situation at hand for the keying-up process.

I have no doubt whatever that superior mental condition—what Bob Zuppke calls Old Man Mental Attitude—was a definite factor in Columbia's victory over Stanford in the Rose Bowl at Pasadena last New Year's Day.

(Continued on page 26)

Brominski of Columbia makes two yards on an end run in the 1933 Princeton game, the game that woke Columbia up. Score: Princeton 20, Columbia 0

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Bad, but Very Good

By Kyle Crichton

The story of Bette Davis, who specializes in playing Woman at her Worst—and manages to make a lovely job of it

BETTE DAVIS is going to be honored some night by the gentlemen of the seventy-eight nations of the world. The gentlemen are going to assemble in their respective cinema theaters and rise in a concerted body and tear the screen to pieces. The gentlemen will do this unless they are anticipated in it by the ladies. Which is to say that Miss Davis is on the way to being the worst hated woman on the screen—and also one of the best actresses.

The Davis case is unique. The lady has looks, she is young, she has the air of a modern flapper and she is now playing parts which no other actress of the same beauty and charm would touch under order of the National Guard. The comforting thing from her point of view is that she will probably still be playing them as a Hollywood star when the other beautiful young things have reached such a state of cloying sweetness that they will melt down into syrup at the first sign of spring.

"That Awful Girl"

There have been vamps before in the movies, such as Theda Bara and Pola Negri and Greta Garbo, but they have always been nice, romantic vamps. You might resent them and even deplore them but you couldn't hate them without leaving yourself open to the charge of jealousy. Miss Davis is altogether different. When she played in Fog Over Frisco and ended as a corpse in the rumble seat of a roadster, there was general recognition that justice had been done. When she played the cockney hussy in Of Human Bondage, signs of revolt in the audience were so pronounced that unless she had wound up as a wreck in the charity ward of a hospital, there would have been danger of riots.

If you were to go up to eight different people on the street—men, women and children (and we do not recommend it because you are likely to get a poke in the nose)—and ask them about Bette Davis, we will give you odds of three to one that they will curl up the edges of the mouth and say, "*That* awful girl!" The line between the screen life and the private life of a star is so thin that good citizens are apt to think that Miss Davis in her home is given to cutting off the ears of cats and strangling the servants in their beds, but with our unrivaled sources of inside information we can assure you that she is kind to her dogs, her husband and her mother. Furthermore, she is a stanch New England soul and her only mistake is in insisting on being an actress. This has also been Wallace Beery's error and he has barely managed to last twenty years in Hollywood.

Bette Davis has achieved stardom by playing rôles which are most foreign to her own disposition in private life

The story begins with Bette's mother being left with two daughters, a small alimony and an abundance of ambition. The alimony was enough to live on but Mrs. Davis wanted her daughters to have advantages and she became a professional photographer. This consisted in doing family groups of the more opulent Bay Staters, going to their homes and posing Mamma and Papa and the children in a setting of their own, generally on the porch by the wisteria vines.

From the beginning Bette (Betty, not Bet) had notions about acting but she first went through a spell of cheesecloth dancing in which she was the star pupil of Roshahora at the Mary Arden School, Peterboro, New Hampshire. There are pictures still extant of Bette floating through the void as the Swan or the Goose or even as Miss Mary Elizabeth Davis, of Lowell, Massachusetts.

It was a little later on that Mrs. Davis met a gentleman who for want of a better name may as well go down in history as Mr. Kumquat. Mr. Kumquat, it seemed, was something very large at the Cape Playhouse at Dennis, Cape Cod, and he was so entranced by Bette that nothing would do but a summer engagement for her on the Cape. Mrs. Davis sewed industriously on Bette's clothes and did what could be done with her hair and led her proudly out to Dennis.

"What does Bette play first?" asked Mrs. Davis.

"Who is Bette?" asked the people at the theater with some interest.

A Lady in Waiting

Mrs. Davis explained very carefully who Bette was and also mentioned a bit haughtily that she had been sent by Mr. Kumquat, the big shot. It turned out that Mr. Kumquat was somebody who pushed the furniture around on the stage when they were changing scenes and it was plain that he had exceeded his small authority by hiring the cast. Anyhow, said Mrs. Davis, recovering as rapidly as possible, Bette was there and wanted a job.

"The only people we really need are ushers," said the management, becoming a little tired of the argument. "Does your little genius want to be an usher?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Davis promptly.

Bette became an usher, a good enough usher, but there was never any secret around the Cape Playhouse that it would be fatal for one of the lady actors to be late for rehearsal. Either the Davis girl would be going over the part herself back by the stage entrance or she would be hanging around in such a prominent position on the stage that the director would either have to climb up in the wings to escape her, or fall over her. It was soon a question either of running Miss Davis off Cape Cod or putting her in a play.

Laura Hope Crews said she could have a part in Mr. Pim Passes By. All she had to do was learn the old English ballad, She Passed by My Window, and be on hand to sing it next morning at ten o'clock. Nobody in the company knew the song and the music store had never heard of it and it was only when Mrs. Davis, in despair, went over to Hyannisport and got in touch with the church organist that they could find it. Not wanting to break your heart with suspense, we will admit that Bette sat up all night learning it and sang it very touchingly next morning at rehearsal.

(Continued on page 50)

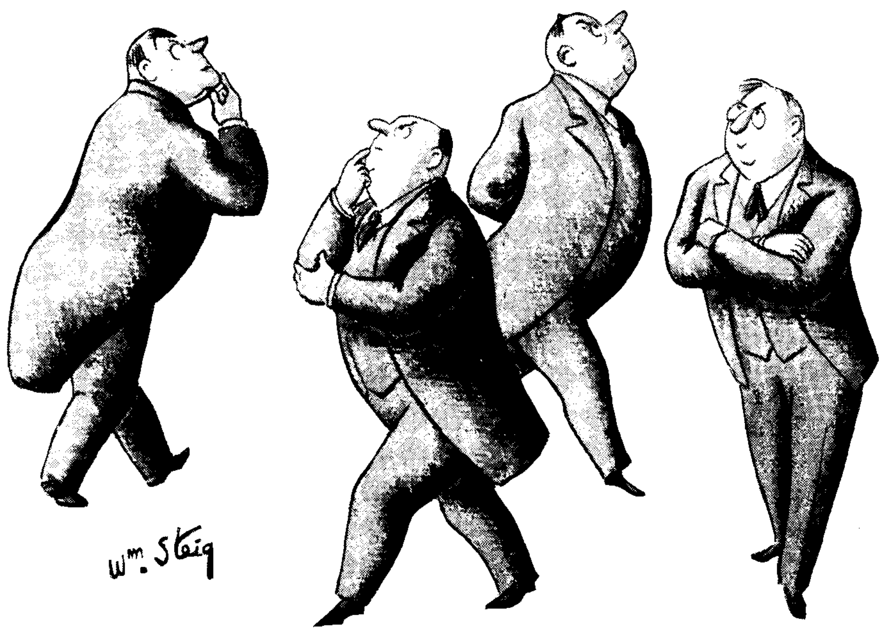
The Red Dragon

By Ray Tucker

Collier's Staff Writer

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM STEIG

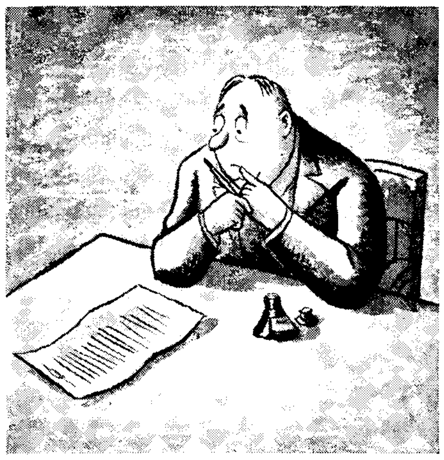
On March fourth, last year, President Roosevelt swung his sword aloft and slashed through several million strands of red tape. His followers rushed madly after him, itching to come to grips with the red dragon. But they never quite reach it—tape gets in their eyes



There seems to be in Washington some lotus-like atmosphere which strips the most robust characters of all decisiveness and directness

REGARDLESS of politics or policies, red tape winds on forever at Washington. It is an imponderable, impersonal force which seems to defy the strongest personalities. Though the Rooseveltians have slashed at it more spectacularly than recent predecessors, they cannot escape its strangling clutch. The most cocky and omniscient newcomer at the Capital still suffers from a feeling of baffled resentment against this daily threat to his fine, feverish plans for overhauling the form and function of government.

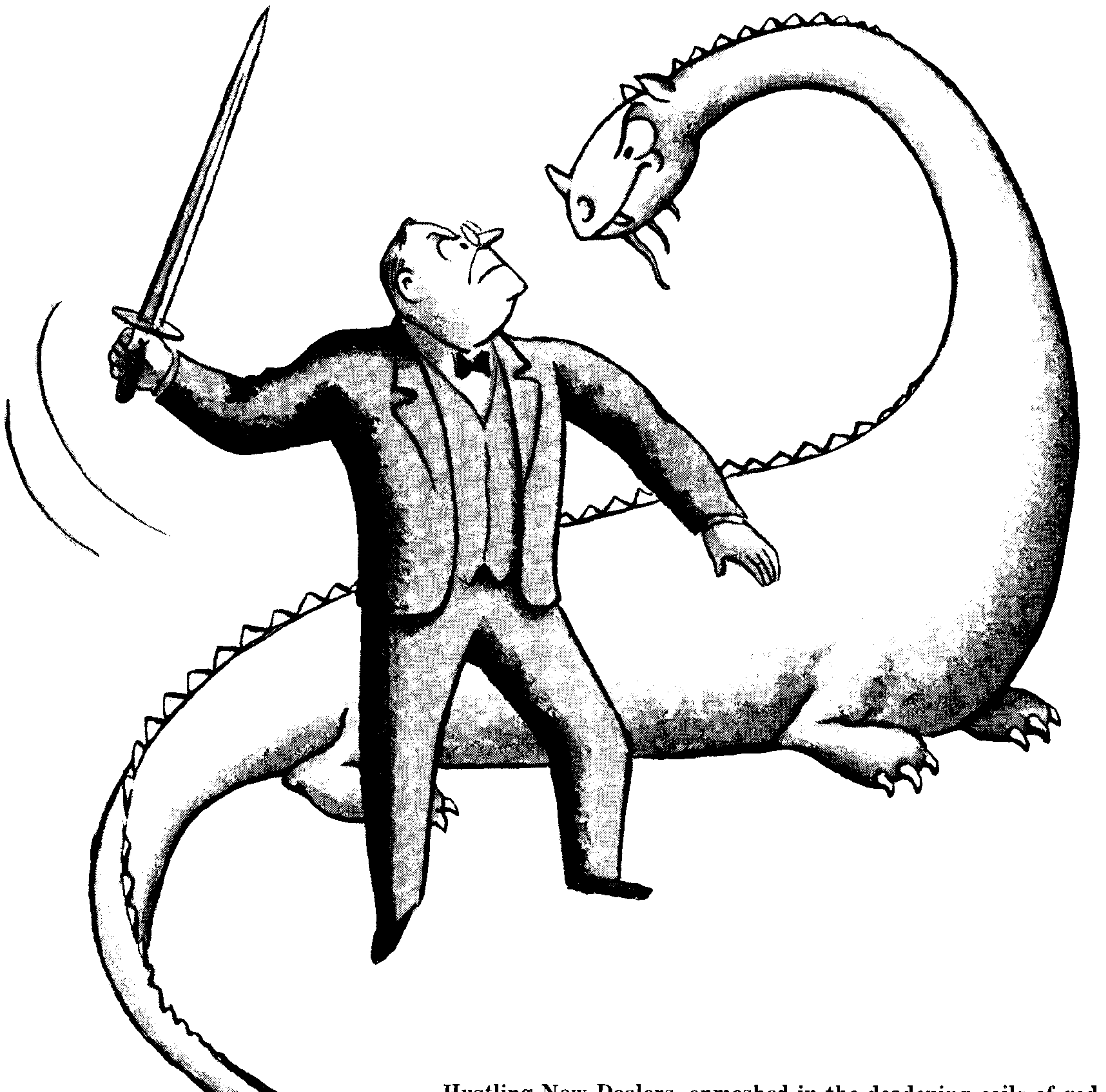
The New Dealers and red tapists became bitter, natural enemies from the fall of Jack Garner's gavel on Inauguration Day. It is a picturesque contest, for it is waged by plodding, elderly, poorly paid and obscure chief clerks against ballyhooed brain trusters, brilliant reformers and go-getting business men and manufacturers who march under the Roosevelt banner.



Red tape begins with the timidity of the vast brigade of clerks

The conflict was never more acute than now—understandably so. Mr. Roosevelt has assembled in Washington a wholly new type of government official. Few held public office before, and their only interest was to make their theories and ideals—and his—come true overnight. Whether professor or business man, they had often poked fun at what they termed governmental callousness and slothfulness, and they welcomed the chance to speed up and refine official processes. A little boastful, a little snobbish, they served notice that they meant to rout federal fogies from their long bureaucratic slumber.

President Roosevelt bade them hop to it, and he set them several cheering examples. In his first hundred days he shattered tradition at both ends of Pennsylvania Avenue. He forced the passage of bills which had been shuttling back and forth on Capitol Hill for a decade. Under unprecedented emergency authority he issued executive orders which abolished, created or combined departments. He established emergency agencies whose heads possessed more power than some earlier Chief Executives. He overrode weaker Cabinet members who, as often happens, succumbed to routine advisers hanging on from previous administrations. He made the government hum as it had not since World War days.



Hustling New Dealers, enmeshed in the deadening coils of red tape, like to look on the President as a new kind of St. George

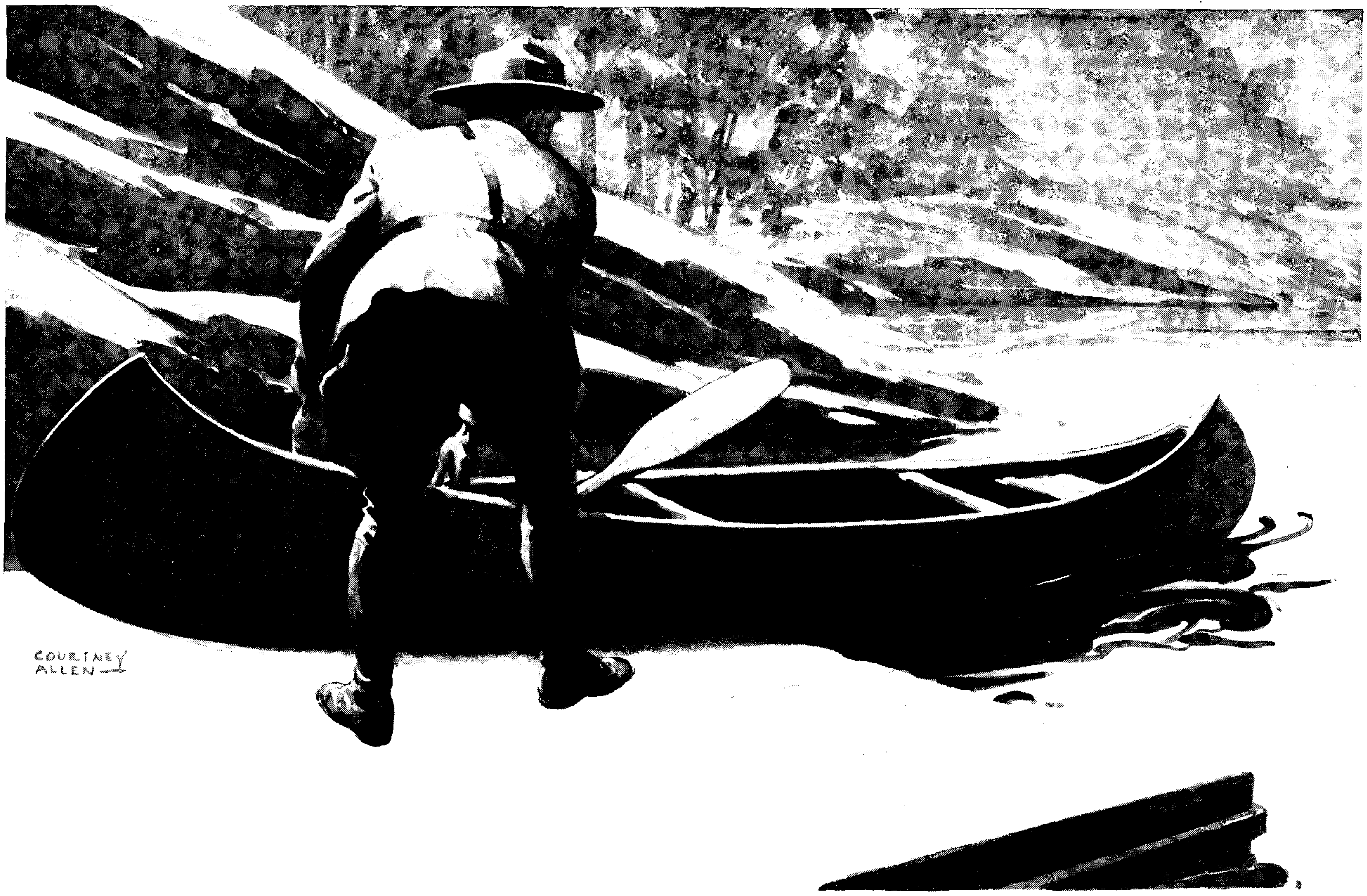
Common-Sense Short Cuts

He attacked such Gibraltars of red tape as the War and Navy Departments. Never have the slow-going admirals and ponderous generals jumped around so spryly or suffered so many shocks to their old-fashioned systems. When military men told him that they could not place CCC boys in camp for several months, he replied: "That's too long. I want them in the woods in a week." They were there on schedule.

He intervened on behalf of an artillery major whom the brass hats had flung out of the Army in 1918 and kept out despite repeated requests for reinstatement. The officer was originally court-martialed and discharged because, in the war's closing hours, he would not let his battery carry out GHQ's order for a barrage. The major defied his superiors only after his liaison men informed him that the proposed barrage would drop death among American soldiers in the advance. Although the military court verified this fact, such trifling evidence could not weigh against his deliberate disobedience of orders. In the intervening period he has sought again and again to remove this stain from his record. He asked no cash, only vindication. But successive hearings and reports by reviewing boards, judge advocate generals, staff officers and Secretaries of War rejected his plea. Congress spiked all special bills in his behalf because of the Department's adverse attitude. Red tapists always stick together.

When the file on the case reached the White House, it was ten inches thick and tied with pretty red tape. After a cursory glance, the President turned it over to a trusted adviser for a crisp,

(Continued on page 43)



Moonlit Mystery

Wherein robbery and murder are done, and wily Constable Barradine plays a little guessing game with a girl in love

By Laurie York Erskine

ILLUSTRATED BY COURTNEY ALLEN

AN INDIAN boy named Gatchi paddled swiftly down the river in the early morning. He was naked to the waist and the glint of the sunlight on the rhythmic movement of his copper body caught the eye of Constable Barradine, who smoked an after-breakfast pipe on the porch of the police post while he enjoyed the splendor of early sunlight which covered the wide sweep of the river and picked out in silvery gold the rugged planes of rock against the forest of the farther shore.

Constable Barradine rose from his chair as Gatchi swung the canoe deftly up under the bank and scrambled up the rocks.

"Mister Barradine, you come quick!" cried Gatchi. "Robbers! At the mill!"

"Lumme!" said Constable Barradine, whose cockney voice remained loyal to his London origin. "They might let a bloke digest 'is breakfast!"

"Robbers!" repeated Gatchi, sticking to his point.

Constable Barradine stepped back into the post where Corporal Carstairs worked on reports at a typewriter surrounded by breakfast dishes.

"There's a robbery at the mill," said Barradine.

"Robbery?" said Carstairs, rising to his feet.

"Thought I'd run out an' 'ave a look," said Barradine.

"Good man," said Carstairs. "We'll both go."

Since the railway had built its spur twenty miles through the forest from Carrolton to tap Belden's lumber mill, Woodvale had changed from a settlement into a town. By the same stimulus the grass-grown wagon track that had run up the river from Woodvale had developed into eight miles of fairly well-graded dirt road along which Carstairs and Barradine rattled with extraordinary speed in the antique police flivver. At the mills they found old Belden himself and a select group of employees waiting for them in the company's office.

Old Belden was walking up and down—"stumping," his employees called it, for the old man had been lame since one of his own logs had rolled over his left leg and left it shorter than the other. This affliction, combined with a small, thin body and a waspish disposition, gave the old man in moments of excitement a bantam-like strut and swagger.

"Police!" he piped derisively, as Carstairs and Barradine entered the office. "Look at 'em!" The invitation was freely extended to the world at large. "Waited for breakfast, I suppose! Polished your buttons, I suppose! Shaved and bathed and changed, I suppose! While we all might be murdered in our beds!"

"WE CAME as soon as we could," said Carstairs. "You can help us most, Mr. Belden, if you calm down and give us the facts."

"Facts!" snapped the little man. "If I knew the facts, why'd I send for you? The safe's been opened, that's all I know, and fifteen thousand dollars taken. It's up to you to find out the facts!"

"Arsk me," announced Constable Barradine portentously, "an' I'd call it an inside job!" He frowned heavily, but his eyes glittered with an impish glow that would have been a warning to anyone knowing Barradine better than Belden did.

"Nonsense!" snapped Belden. "You know nothing about it!"

"There's many a business man," insisted Barradine, "that's robbed 'is own safe for reasons best known to 'imself."

The little man stood petrified with astonishment, shocked out of agitation, anger and the vindictive need of a vessel for his wrath.

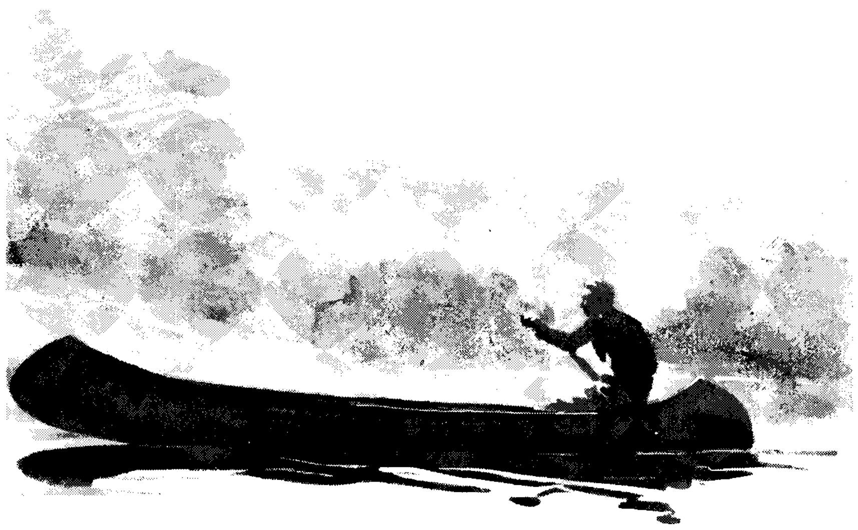
"Are you accusing me?" he faltered.

"Look for the smoke," quoth Barradine, " 'n' it's sixpence to a brarse farthing you'll find the ruddy flames. If a cove wants a problem solved, 'e don't badger the police at their work, does 'e?"

There was a silence. In a stream of sunlight that entered the office through an east window, the little man stood in front of his violated safe and blinked from one uniformed officer to the other.

"Of course," he said after a time, "you want to know the facts. That's why I've got these people here. You know who they are, I guess."

Carstairs and Barradine looked them over, Barradine's eye lingering appreciatively upon the face of Barbara Belden, who sat on a bench beside the door. The bench was directly in front of a window that opened to the south and the early sunlight, streaming through it at a sharp angle, was diffused through the mass of fair hair that surrounded her forehead. It was a wide, characterful forehead, and the well-designed face



He was halted by the appearance of another midnight canoeist who at that moment emerged from the silvery mists of the river to run his craft in under the undergrowth a few rods down the stream

beneath it was full of character, too.

"David got the money yesterday," Belden was saying. "He went down to Carrolton and met the 1:27. He came back on the jigger, and didn't get here until after the bank was closed. So he put the money in the safe."

"FIFTEEN thousand dollars," said Carstairs. He turned to David Trent, the cashier, who sat in a chair beside the iron safe.

"No," said Trent. "Three thousand, six hundred. It was the pay roll, for use tomorrow." He spoke very straightforwardly, looking well-bred and honest in his khaki shirt and trousers, his neat tweed riding coat. He was in his late twenties, his dark hair, uncontrollably curly, giving the only distinctive touch to a moderately intelligent, aquiline face with friendly brown eyes.

"I thought you said fifteen thousand?" Carstairs turned politely to Belden.

"There were some bonds," snapped Belden. "Some securities that I'd sent for to put up at the bank." Carstairs continued to gaze at him expectantly. "Collateral belonging to the company!" snapped the little man impatiently. "A company loan!"

"You put the pay roll and these securities in the safe?" asked Carstairs of the cashier. "When?"

"Directly I got back. I was too late for the bank, so I spoke to Mr. Belden and he told me to put them in the safe."

"Did anyone see you put them there?"

"Only Barbara—Miss Belden. She works on the books. She was at the desk over there when I put them away."

Carstairs turned to the girl, who was returning, with amused defiance, the steady gaze of Constable Barradine.

"You saw Mr. Trent put the money and the securities in the safe?" he asked.

"Yes." She smiled brilliantly on the impassive Barradine. "There were some notes, too—promissory notes that we'd taken from various customers. I'd been checking them against the books. But they're not worth anything."

"You mean they're not negotiable?"

"Yes," said the girl.

"But the bonds were?"

"As good as cash!" snapped Belden.

CARSTAIRS turned back to Trent. "So you put the money, the securities and the notes in the safe. What happened then?"

"Nothing!" snapped Belden. "Until this morning, when we found the safe opened, with the combination, and everything gone!"

Carstairs gazed at the safe.

"Who knows the combination?" demanded Carstairs.

"Only myself and Mr. Belden," Trent said unhappily.

"I know what you're thinking!" snapped Belden. "But it's rubbish! The boy's honest as an Indian! Knew his father!"

"Let's see yer open it," said Barradine suddenly.

"It's open now," said Trent.

"Then lock it, an' let's see yer open it again," insisted Barradine.

Young Trent stooped in the shaft of sunlight which streamed in through the east window across the door of the safe. Surprisingly, Barradine turned and walked out through the door to the open.

TRENT spun the combination, locked the safe and began the painstaking business of opening it again. After the requisite number of careful turns he spun the tumblers into place and swung the safe door open. As he did so Barradine strode in from outside, shoved a slip of paper into Trent's hand and turned jauntily away from him, his back to the safe, so that he faced the room.

"Read that!" he said.

Trent stared at the paper.

"It—it's the combination," he faltered.

"Right!" said Barradine. He was watching closely the bearded man who sat in the far corner, the fair young giant who sat on the bench, and the girl beside him. "I stood outside that window"—he pointed to the south window behind the bench—"an' took dahn the combination w'ile you made it. With the early sun acrorss the door o' the safe any bloke wot wanted to watch you w'en you opened it of a mornin' could 'a' done the same." He saw the girl's quick move, and he turned away, so that his involuntary smile was focussed on Belden. "Common property, that combination," he said. "'N' now about that door jamb."

He crossed to the door he had just entered and Carstairs joined him to examine the marks of a violent entrance that had torn from its place the heavy old-fashioned lock.

"You had a watchman, of course?" mused Carstairs, strolling back into the office.

"Jacques Trudeau," said Belden.

The bearded man rose and came forward, a ponderous woodsman with sharp eyes gleaming from the mass of black hair about his face.

"You, I s'pose," sniffed Barradine, "was up the tother end o' the yards w'en this 'appened?"

"Yes," said Jacques. "Eet most 'ave 'appen w'en I was een Nombair Five Shed, back of de mill."

"Why?" demanded Barradine.

"I was pooting out de fire," said Jacques.

"What fire?" demanded Carstairs.

"Be'ind Nombair Five Shed dair was waste burneeng," explained Jacques. "Eet did not belong dair, dat fire," he complained darkly. "You go see?"

"Yes," said Carstairs. "Later." He turned to Barbara Belden. "Is there any other information you can give us, Miss Belden?" he asked. She smiled at his formality. Since she had returned from college a year before she and Corporal Carstairs had been good friends.

"No. I guess I'm here just to testify that the money and things were placed in the safe. I'm rather sorry I saw it, now."

"Why?" demanded Barradine bluntly.

"Oh, all the trouble, that's all." She laughed uneasily. "I suppose I'll be put on the witness stand. I remember we fooled about it when David locked the safe. David said I'd have to watch carefully, so that I could bear witness for him." She moved over to Trent and looked confidentially up at him with a nervous laugh.

"Careful bloke, David," muttered Barradine, but his eyes were not on the girl now, nor upon Trent.

"And how about you, Riordan?" asked Carstairs.

It was Riordan whom Barradine had been watching, and as the immensely tall, powerfully built young man rose to his feet, the glint of his reddish-fair hair setting off the square, hard lines of his determined face, Barradine felt a pang of humorous sympathy for Trent, whom he knew, as all the town did, was vying with Riordan for the affection of Barbara Belden.

"I guess I'm a witness for the defense, Corporal," laughed Riordan. "It was I who brought Trent back from town on the jigger. I'm supposed to be production engineer here, but Mr. Belden figures that if you get a chauffeur's pay you ought to do a chauffeur's job, and a bodyguard's as well." His slate-blue eyes played mockingly upon the little mill owner. "So I ran the jigger down to get Trent and the pay roll. Just to prove it wasn't Trent's prearranged plan to get back too late for the bank, I'm here to testify that the engine got overheated with a stuck valve back at Potter's Cut. It made us an hour late."

"Let's look over the fire in Number Five," said Carstairs.

IT WAS a long day for the two officers of the Woodvale detachment. Carstairs stayed out at the mill, interviewing employees. Barradine roamed far on more active duties of investigation. It was long past midnight when they finally sat together at the post and compared notes.

"Tomorrow," said Carstairs, "we'll search Trent's lodgings."

"W'y Trent?" Barradine's eyes widened as if in surprise.

"It's Trent, all right. Everything points that way. He's in desperate need of funds, for one thing."

"W'y?"

"I got it out of him this afternoon. He's crazy about Barbara Belden, and Riordan's pressing him hard. Trent thinks she'd marry him if he had money enough to do it on."

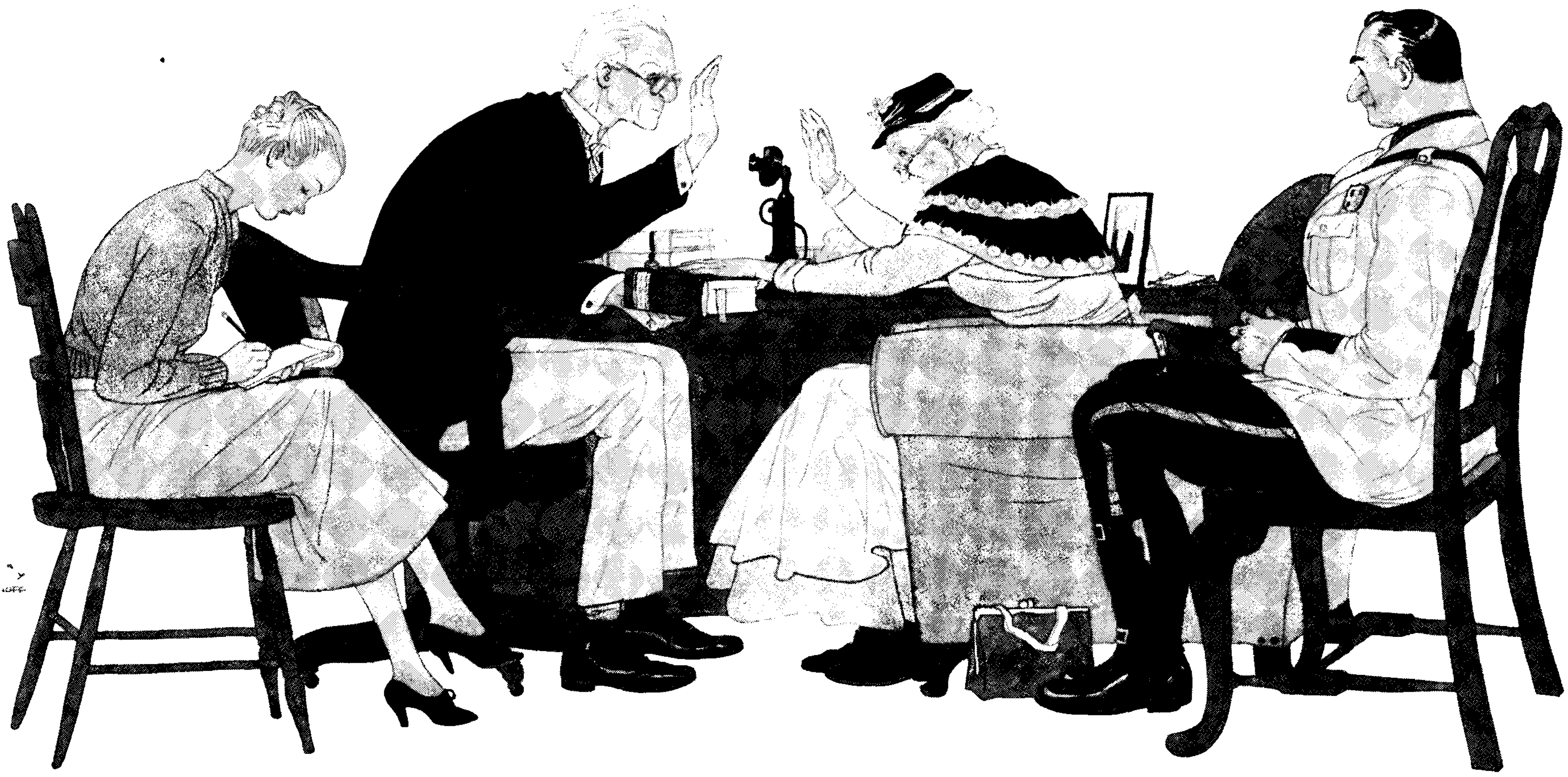
"An' Riordan's in the same boat," said Barradine promptly. "I looked into it. 'E's been gamblin' heavily, an' that island 'e lives on, 'e's tryin' to sell it."

"But Trent knew about the money being in the safe, and he had the combination."

"So did Riordan know. An' the girl. An' old Belden."

"But Riordan didn't know about Trudeau," said Carstairs quietly. He chose a sheet from the pages of notes before him. "Listen to this. Trent is responsible for the hiring of the watchmen. He lays out their patrols. About a month ago there was some trouble about the night watchmen loafing on the job, so Trent put in a time-clock device which they have to punch at various stages of their patrols. He's even making surprise visits out there at night to check up on them. Riordan, on the other hand, shoves off to his island 'way down the river as soon as work's done for the day, and he knows nothing about the arrangements for the watchmen. I've checked that, and it's important,

(Continued on page 37)



"Say 'I do,' Aunt Julie," Larry said. "Now go ahead and tell the squire about it"

Straight Story

A Short Short Story Complete on this Page

By James Gould Cozzens

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

ABDOMINOUS and compact, Larry Walker filled up his yellow-piped breeches and tight slate-gray jacket. He gave his cartridge belt a hitch to bring the heavy revolver over his massive thigh, ready to sit down; but he hesitated. "Oh," he said casually, "one thing I got to ask you. Jake wasn't carrying any life insurance, was he?"

Mr. Phillips, the recorder, looked a moment at Aunt Julie, who bent, shaking a little, her face down. Letting his gaze shift to Larry, he moved his eyebrows slightly above his silver-rimmed glasses.

"She don't hear very good, Squire," Larry said. "Anyway, she knows Jake's dead, all right. Shotgun. Some mess."

Mr. Phillips sucked air through his teeth, looking sidelong at Aunt Julie. "Poor old soul!" he said. He shook his head. His limber face twitched wryly. "Jake came in and canceled his policy. Said he wasn't going to leave her anything he could help leaving her."

Larry Walker drew a breath. "That's all I wanted to know. That's what I thought, but I had to make sure." He sat down, put his left hand on the oval city of Childerstown badge pinned to his breast pocket. It was a police badge and bore the numeral 1, for he was chief of the three policemen. Mr. Phillips' forehead contracted in faint perplexity. He glanced over the top of his glasses and met Larry Walker's eyes a moment. Larry looked deliberately away to the corner of the room, clearing his throat. "Now, Squire," he said, "I viewed the remains and talked to the widow. Get in Rose, and we'll take Aunt Julie's deposition."

Mr. Phillips pressed a button on his desk and Larry roared, "Aunt Julie, you raise your right hand—" He raised it for her, while she peered at him, startled, her stubborn little square jaw up, her black eyes small and shining in her wonderfully wrinkled face.

"Take this, if you will, Rose," Mr. Phillips said. To Aunt Julie he shouted, "You swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help you God?"

"Say 'I do,' Aunt Julie," Larry said. "That's it. Now go ahead and tell the squire about it. Nothing to worry about. Just talk right along the way you did to me."

She blinked at him. "Well," she croaked, "I'd as soon tell anyone. I stood for him more years than—"

"No, don't take that, Rose," Larry said, "she's not very clear in the head right now. I guess I got to help her some. Eighty-one years old, Squire. Fact! Except being upset, she's just as hale! Now, Aunt Julie, you remember you told me Jake for a couple of days was feeling even more ornery than he usually did, cursing and discouraged through ill health and some money he lost on a deal."

SHE looked at him apprehensively for a while and nodded.

"Rose," Larry said, "the squire won't mind if you fix this like she's saying it. She said it to me. We just want to get down the straight facts. Now, Aunt Julie—" he tapped her on the shoulder to get her attention. "Along about sundown, you think you hear something in the chicken house, a skunk, maybe—" He resumed a conversational tone and observed to Mr. Phillips, "Only skunk around there was right in the kitchen with her, truth is, I guess—and so you ask Jake to get the shotgun and go see. He says he won't. So you have to go down yourself—"

She nodded. "I take the gun and go on down," she quavered.

"No, no," said Larry quickly, "you're mixed up, Aunt Julie. You went down, but you didn't take the gun. He had the gun. So you poke about a bit, and don't see anything; and just then you hear the gun go off back at the house. You start running up, but you slip and fall in the dark—that's how you got that bruise alongside your ear. You must of hit something falling—"

"No, I didn't fall," she objected, "you don't tell this right. I know I got a sore. That's where Jake hit me—"

Mr. Phillips' chair creaked. He stared hard at Larry over the top of his glasses again.

"Don't take that, Rose!" Larry said. "Wait till she gets it straight! Listen, Aunt Julie, Jake's dead. You don't want to say that about him. I know maybe he used to hit you sometimes, but remember that wasn't today. Jake'll never hit you again, so why not let bygones be bygones?"

She blinked at him, working her lips in and out. "Sure," Larry said, "you don't want anything like you had a quarrel on the record. We'll just strike that out." He looked steadily at Mr. Phillips and Mr. Phillips looked steadily back at him. "Er-ah," Mr. Phillips said slowly, "strike it out, Rose."

Aunt Julie's face worked harder, the wrinkles crumpling and deepening. Larry patted her gently on the back. "Now, you mustn't cry. I know it was a terrible sight to have to see, but you won't have to see it again. Rose, put it down, after that other: 'I was kind of dazed but I got to my feet and run on and, entering the kitchen, I find my husband has taken the shotgun and shot himself in the head.' That's all you know," he said. "Rose'll take you in the other room and you lay on the couch just a minute, and then I'll drive you to my house, and my wife'll put you up so you get a good night's sleep."

When the door was closed Larry sat rubbing his badge deliberately. "You swear me and take a statement when you want it that Chief Walker of the local department investigated—shotgun wound inflicted by his own hand, and so on. All in order, Squire?"

MR. PHILLIPS looked away. "All in order as far as I'm concerned, Chief."

"Well, Pete's never keen on the coroner stuff anyway. I'll let him look once. It's no sight for children. Just so long as we're sure about what you told me."

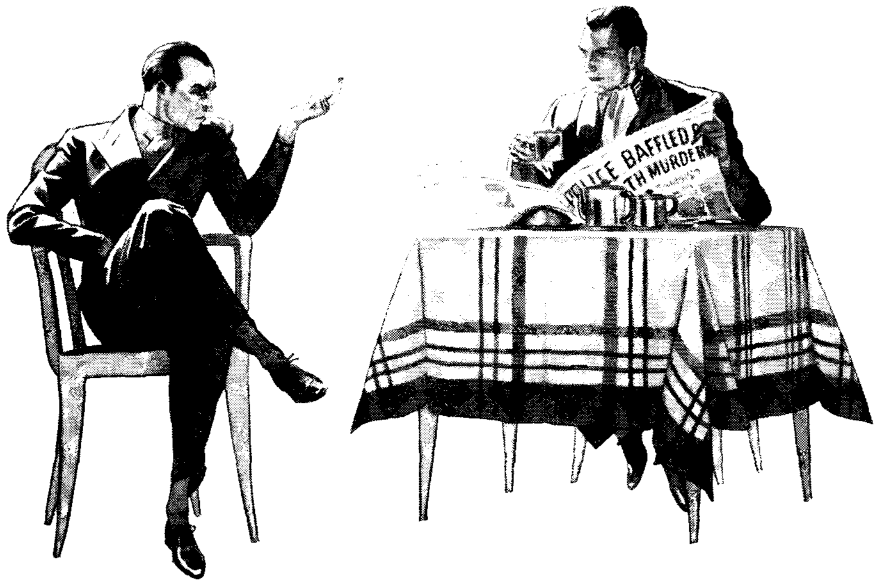
"The insurance?" Mr. Phillips asked. He pushed his glasses onto his forehead. He said carefully: "Yes, I'm sure. I tried to argue Jake out of it. He's got money in mortgages, he could afford it, but he was the meanest cuss I ever saw or heard of. I tried to make him see he ought to provide for her after he was gone. But it shows how things work."

"Yeah," agreed Larry. He slapped his holster back, standing up. "I'm just sorry Jake can't know how nice it was of him to take care of that. That one thing was worrying me all the way down here. She's an old lady, Squire, and a life like hers wears on you. I hardly believe she'd of been strong enough to hold her end up and get simple justice if a real tough insurance inspector was going to be brought in on it."

Shadow of Doubt

By Arthur Somers Roche

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER



"Has it occurred to you that you're just as much up against it as I am?"

The Story Thus Far:

LEN HAWORTH, New York's wealthiest playboy, is murdered in his apartment—shot to death with a .38-caliber revolver early on the morning of the day he was to marry Trenna Plaice, a motion-picture actress. Sergeant Wilcox, of Police Headquarters, finds three suspects: Sim Sturdevant, prominent advertising man, in love with the actress; Trenna Plaice; and Lisa Bellwood, a débutante.

Sturdevant, interrogated, tells the truth: He had gone to the Merrygoround, a night club, to offer a radio job to Inez Johnson, the star of the revue. Accompanied by Lisa Bellwood, and intoxicated, Haworth had entered, insulted him. Whereupon, he had knocked the man down, walked to his apartment and retired.

Trenna Plaice is equally insistent that, urged by Haworth, she had gone to his apartment; that he had come in, intoxicated, at 1:30—with some woman; that she had slipped away, unseen, and gone home.

Lisa Bellwood admits that she was the woman with Haworth. She maintains, however, that, since he was in a helpless condition, she had merely escorted him home, and left him.

Sturdevant receives a series of shocks. Cognizant, at last, of what Haworth's true character had been, Trenna Plaice tells Sturdevant that she loves him. And she makes a confession that appalls him: Although she had told the police that she has never owned a *revolver, she has owned one—a .38!*

Shock No. 2 is administered by Lisa Bellwood, who, deeply interested in him and hurt by his indifference to her advances, calmly informs him that she *may* tell the police that, on leaving Haworth's apartment, *she had seen him, Sim Sturdevant, standing near by.*

A third shock follows quickly. Inez Johnson tells him that she had followed Haworth and Lisa Bellwood. "I did it," she says, "to protect you—I thought Haworth might try to kill you." Then— "Reed Ryan, of the Crier"—a newspaper-man whom Sturdevant knows—"is my sweetie. Wouldn't he be jealous, if he knew!"

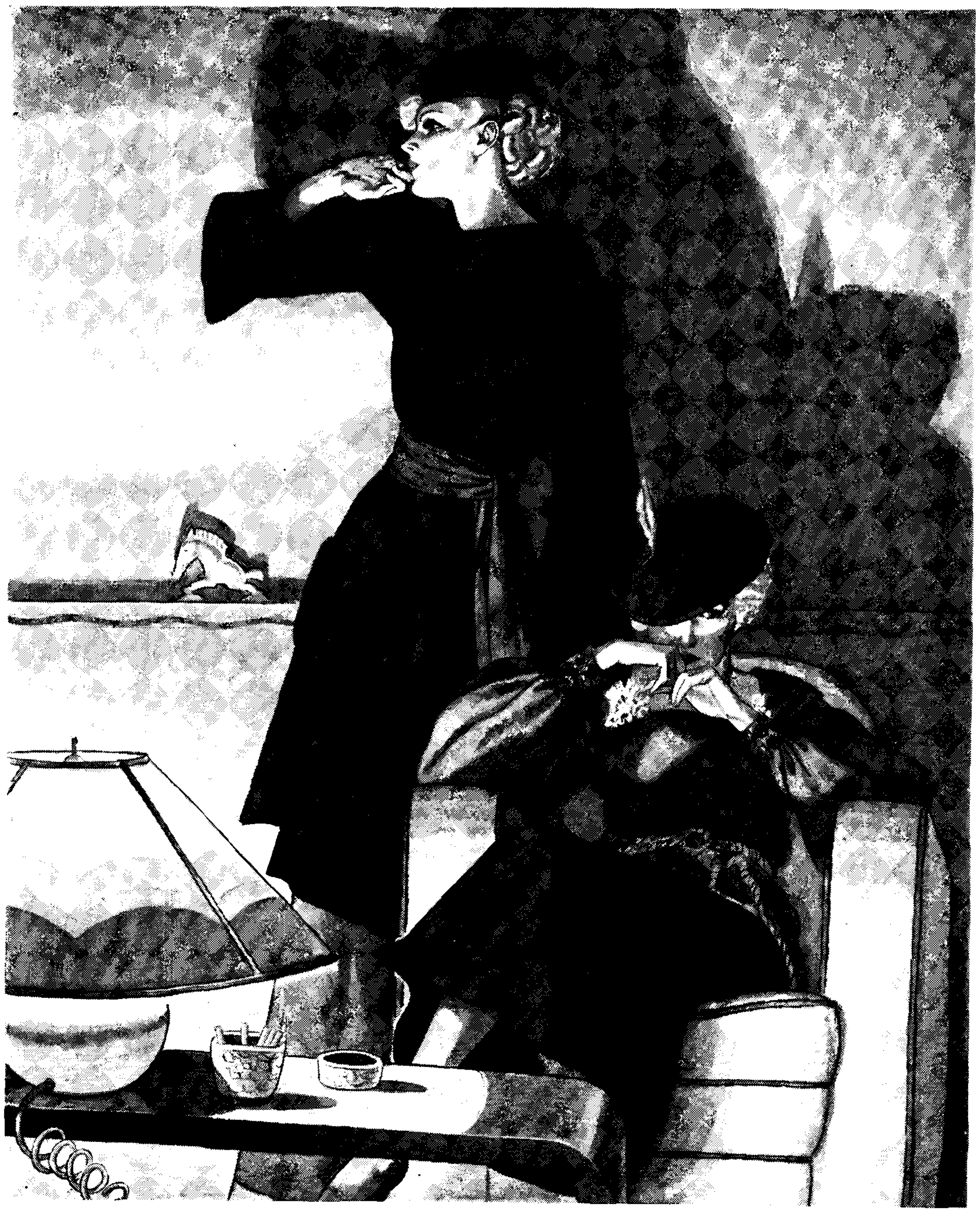
Having lunched with Lisa Bellwood, Sturdevant receives a phone call from her. "Sim," she exclaims, "if Freddie Burnham calls you, and asks you if we lunched together, say we didn't. Please—*for my sake, darling!*"

VI

EXASPERATION lingered with him as he got into pajamas and dressing gown and with a highball at his elbow sat down before a pleasant wood fire. Lisa was the most incredible girl of her incredible generation. Involved in the mesh of suspicion, standing in the same chill cloud of distrust that enveloped Trenna and himself, she was apparently indifferent to her situation. She could find time, at a moment like this, to indulge in cheap intrigue.

She was a fool, and she was also a dangerous fool. It would have been, Sturdevant thought, the most natural thing in the world for Lisa, on the morning after such a tragedy as this, to have explained to Freddie Burnham that she could not keep an engagement with him. It would also have been natural to have told Burnham the name of the person with whom she was lunching.

But the natural thing, the obvious thing, was never the one to appeal to Lisa. He hated to think it of anyone whom he knew, but Lisa was a natural-born liar. And one of her lies, the one she had told him today at luncheon, was fraught with menace for Sturdevant. Sipping his highball, he again pondered this lie. He wanted to believe that it was a lie, but it was a pretty dangerous one even for a girl like Lisa to invent. Perhaps she really thought she had seen him outside Haworth's apartment.



"What can we do?" countered Trenna. "I don't know, but something ought to be done," said Inez

He finished his highball and put the glass down with a thump that he meant as a period to his thoughts about Lisa. He yawned. Despite the excitement of the day he was sleepy. As he rose from his chair, Dexter entered the room.

"Anything else, boss?"

"Nothing, thanks," Sturdevant replied.

"Well, if you want anything, just ring. You want to grab yourself a load of sleep."

Sturdevant smiled at this solicitude. He nodded good night and went into his bedroom. As he adjusted the pillow beneath his head and was reaching for the electric light switch the telephone beside his bed changed the destination of his hand. Freddie Burnham spoke to him.

"Hello, Sim. Nasty business, this Haworth thing, eh? Hope the stupid police haven't annoyed you too much."

"They haven't," replied Sturdevant dryly.

"Bothered Lisa quite a bit. I talked to her over the telephone. You haven't seen her today, have you?"

"Why?"

"Well, I just wondered. I thought maybe you might have lunched with her."

"What if I had?" asked Sturdevant.

"Well, nothing, except that—did you lunch with her?"

"Did Lisa say I did?"

BURNHAM hesitated a moment before speaking.

"No, she didn't. As a matter of fact she said she lunched with some girl, but a friend of mine says he saw you two together—"

"Is Lisa a friend of yours?" asked Sturdevant.

"Sure she is."

"Is her word as good as your other friend's?"

"I guess so."

"Then why ask me if Lisa's telling the truth? What sort of a tramp are you, Burnham?"

"You can't talk to me that way, Sturdevant," cried Burnham.

Sturdevant laughed.

"But I am talking to you that way. What do you mean by calling me up at this hour of the night to ask me such a stupid question? If you aren't decent enough to take a girl's word on a simple matter, why not be smart enough to hide your character? Why let me know what kind of a person you are?"

He hung up the receiver angrily. That was Lisa! He knew her only slightly, but well enough to be able to judge her character. She was the kind of liar that drags other people into lies. Well, he hadn't lied to Burnham, but he hated any kind of evasion. A sudden thought came

(*Continued on page* 44)

Two on Safari

By George Agnew Chamberlain

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

The Story Thus Far:

STRANDED in London, Ballard Mallory, an American wanderer, receives a remarkable assignment. Grast, Furman & Menck, solicitors acting for Lord Morland of Morland, send him to Africa to search for a missing boy—the Hon. Laurence Morland, who has disappeared in the interior of East Africa. Should he find the boy alive, he is to receive one hundred pounds a month until he returns. Should he find the boy dead, *he is to be paid a bonus of five thousand pounds!*

At Johannesburg, en route via Lourenço Marques to Inhambane (where he plans to plunge into the bush), he boards a train. There, facing him in his special car, is a beautiful girl: Jo Cascoden, whom he had met on the boat, and who had, despite his violent objections, insisted that she was going to accompany him, wherever he might go.

Now, again: "I'm going with you," says the girl. They argue the question. Who, Mallory wonders, is "Jo Cascoden"? Why, preparing to dance with him on shipboard, had she shrunk away from his touch as though she loathed him? Why, at other times, had she given every evidence that she liked him, was attracted by him? Puzzled, perplexed, he finally agrees to take her on the *safari*. He attaches one condition, however: She must tell him, later, why she had reacted so strangely to him, before that dance. "I'll accept that condition," says the girl. "I'll explain everything, *when I'm where I want to be.*"

Arrived in Lourenço Marques, Jo and Mallory take rooms at the same hotel. Realizing that he has a perilous mission to perform, that he must devote all his energies to it, Mallory knows that he must not become too deeply interested in the girl. But, dancing with her that evening, he finds himself gradually falling under the spell of her beauty. Then, suddenly weakening, he makes some veiled remarks, virtually tells her that he loves her. Jo Cascoden makes a cutting reply—and leaves the room abruptly.

Alone, Mallory realizes that, for once in his life, he has met a girl he cannot fathom—the strangest, most fascinating girl he has ever known. *And perhaps the most dangerous.*

IV

STANDING alone on the parapet, Mallory felt an abrupt revulsion within himself. He was like a dreamer who awakes. For the first time in weeks he could see himself clearly—not only himself but other people. Josephine, for instance. He visualized the Messrs. Grast, Furman & Menck, abetted by the goggle-eyed old clerk and Lord Morland, as a sort of springboard from which he had been catapulted into Miss Cascoden's lap. Looking back, there seemed to have been no interval between take-off and landing, yet everything had happened so naturally he perceived himself in retrospect as a medicine-ball of a joke, and laughed aloud—a laugh without mirth. At the sound a figure came forward out of the darkness and joined him.

"Let me in on it, Mallory."

He made out Kennicott's erect figure, illumined by the white glow of their mess jackets. "Oh, hello! I thought I was alone."

"So you were, but you aren't now. You may have forgotten it, but I collect American jokes. Come across."

"Sure," said Mallory, "but in this case you'll have to collect me. I'm it."

Kennicott stood for a long time in silence, thinking hard. "I don't get it," he said gravely. "I'll have to write it down and study it out in the morning. I've laughed before breakfast only three times in my life, each time on account of delayed fire of one of your jokes."

Ballard had always liked Kennicott and would have put him straight had he not foreseen the difficulties of an explanation. Instead he gave the conversation a violent twist.

"Who's running Panda this year?"

"I don't know. Why? Is that where you're headed?"

"More or less," said Ballard, vaguely annoyed with himself. Standing amid luxury, it was hard to realize he was already in Africa, where buried secrets are bound sooner or later to sprout into the light of day. "Yes," he affirmed frankly. "I'm going in at Inhambane."

"Alone?"

"No."

THERE was an infinitesimal pause, during which Ballard had time to reflect that an Englishman's reticence lasts only as long as your own; ask him one question and it's like releasing a spring—he'll ask a dozen back.

"By the way," said Kennicott finally, "did you say her name was Miss Casfolen or Cascoden?"

"Cascoden," said Ballard shortly.

A moment later he regretted the abruptness of his speech. Instinct told him that it was to ask this question alone that Kennicott had invaded his solitude, but instinct was a second too late; the Englishman's jaws closed as if they had never opened. The two men stood in silence for the space of a cigarette apiece, then Kennicott departed with only a nod. Ballard still felt it was useless to go to bed; he faced the bay again, his thoughts riveted on Josephine. The clarity which had come to him embraced her along with everything else and now he perceived that her startling metamorphosis of an hour ago was the best thing that could possibly have happened.

Far from entangling him, it had done just the opposite—it had set him free. Previously he had stood outside her by exclusion, living in an atmosphere of perpetual defeat. But now, beginning with this moment, things were bound to be different. It was he who would draw the line henceforth, set the mark beyond which he would not trespass. Upon that decision he went to bed and to sleep, awaking to a feeling of rejuvenated power.

FOR a moment he was at a loss to account for it, but as soon as he was wide awake he realized it consisted solely in the transfer from a passive to an active rôle. Springing from bed, taking a plunge in the sea, attacking his breakfast and the routine of a swift toilet, he looked back with astonishment upon the confusion which had beset him at the discovery of Josephine's essential humanity. He was elated to find she had returned into true perspective as a young girl—young enough to spank. Without bothering to communicate with her he started for town.

At the moment of his departure the subject of his thoughts was propped against pillows, a breakfast tray straddling her middle. As she munched her French bread and sipped her tea her eyes wandered down one leg to her pink toes and then down the other. It was a sort of exercise, since she had interest in neither legs nor toes. She was drowsing rather than thinking. To her the event of the previous evening had been a mere incident. First she had felt like dancing, then like dancing with Ballard Mallory. They had danced, and that was all there was to it.

As for his strange reaction, it had puzzled her at the moment, but only transiently. At night people do strange things; in the morning, if they are normal, they forget them. She was normal now, normal enough to wonder what Ballard was doing. He had warned her this forenoon was to be devoted to a shopping expedition, but failing to hear from him, she did not worry. It was pleasant to lie on the stretched sheet, examine her toes or lift her eyes to the profound blue of the brazen sky. Hot outside; what should she put on? Ask Mallory. She roused herself sufficiently to make inquiries and learned he had been gone for hours. It angered her to think she had been treated so cavalierly and she started to dress, intending to go out on an expedition of her own. A knock came at the door. She opened it and was confronted by a sallow woman with bright black eyes, followed by two porters laden with parcels.

"THERE must be some mistake," murmured Josephine.

"Aren't you Miss Cascoden?"

"Yes. But—"

"Then it's quite right," said the woman. "I'm Mrs. Semster and Mr. Mallory sent me." She entered and motioned to the blacks to lay down their burdens. As soon as they had done so she waved them out and closed the door. "He's a very efficient person," she continued as she started to open the packages.

"Too efficient," said Josephine, but promptly surrendered to curiosity. "What are all these things?"

"There's not much here—not really. Have your boxes come?"

"What boxes?"

"He ordered two tin ones."

"No—" began Josephine, but was stopped by a second knock at the door. She opened it and drew back from a towering figure crowned by two black trunks, one smaller than the other.

"Here we are!" said Mrs. Semster, taking charge. She ordered the boy to set the trunks beside the wall. He opened them and departed.

"He promised me three," objected Josephine quickly. "I'll need more room than that."

"No, you won't," said Mrs. Semster with a half laugh. "For one thing, that's all the room there is; for another, it's plenty." She began laying things out on Josephine's disordered bed. "Three cotton combies, very soft; half a dozen white stockings."

"I won't wear them," rebelled Josephine.

"Oh, yes, my dear; you'll find them very kind to the skin. Three sets of jodhpurs in khaki linen. He sent nine but you may choose only three."

"I don't need them; I have my own riding togs."

"Breeches and boots?"

"Yes."

"TOO hot," declared Mrs. Semster. "Besides, you can't walk in riding boots." She opened a huge carton and took out half a dozen pith helmets. "Only one of these—whichever fits best."

"I hate all those browns, yellows and greens," said Josephine. "I prefer white."

"White—on the veldt?" interjected Mrs. Semster with a sad shake of her head. "They won't let you have even a white handkerchief because white scares the game."

"I'm not going shooting."

Abruptly the woman straightened and turned, so changed in appearance it was as though a new person had come to life within her shell. The sallowness of her face was more marked than ever, but her black eyes were enlarged and her thin chest seemed to be pumping at the double quick to supply breath to her body.

"Oh, Miss, aren't you?" she gulped. "Then—then what? Oh, Miss, you're so young, so toothsome—"

"Toothsome!" gasped Josephine, and broke into laughter. "What an extraordinary word! I'm sure you mean it for a compliment."

"I do indeed. Why, Miss, you came only yesterday and already the whole town is talking of nothing else."

"That's a bit of cheek," said Josephine, abruptly sobered. "Suppose we try on some of these things."

IMMEDIATELY Mrs. Semster returned into her station with a sigh. She became the expert assistant and a moment later Josephine, in nothing but cotton combies and stockings, was standing like a white statue before the pier glass.

"You seem to have guessed at my size fairly well," she commented.

"It was Mr. Mallory, Miss. He looked over all our girls, then he went out and came back presently with one from another shop. She was as flustered as a wet hen till she found out he wasn't taking her with him permanently. Then he gave her a pound note and she cried, but it was all right."

"I gather Mr. Mallory is in a hurry."

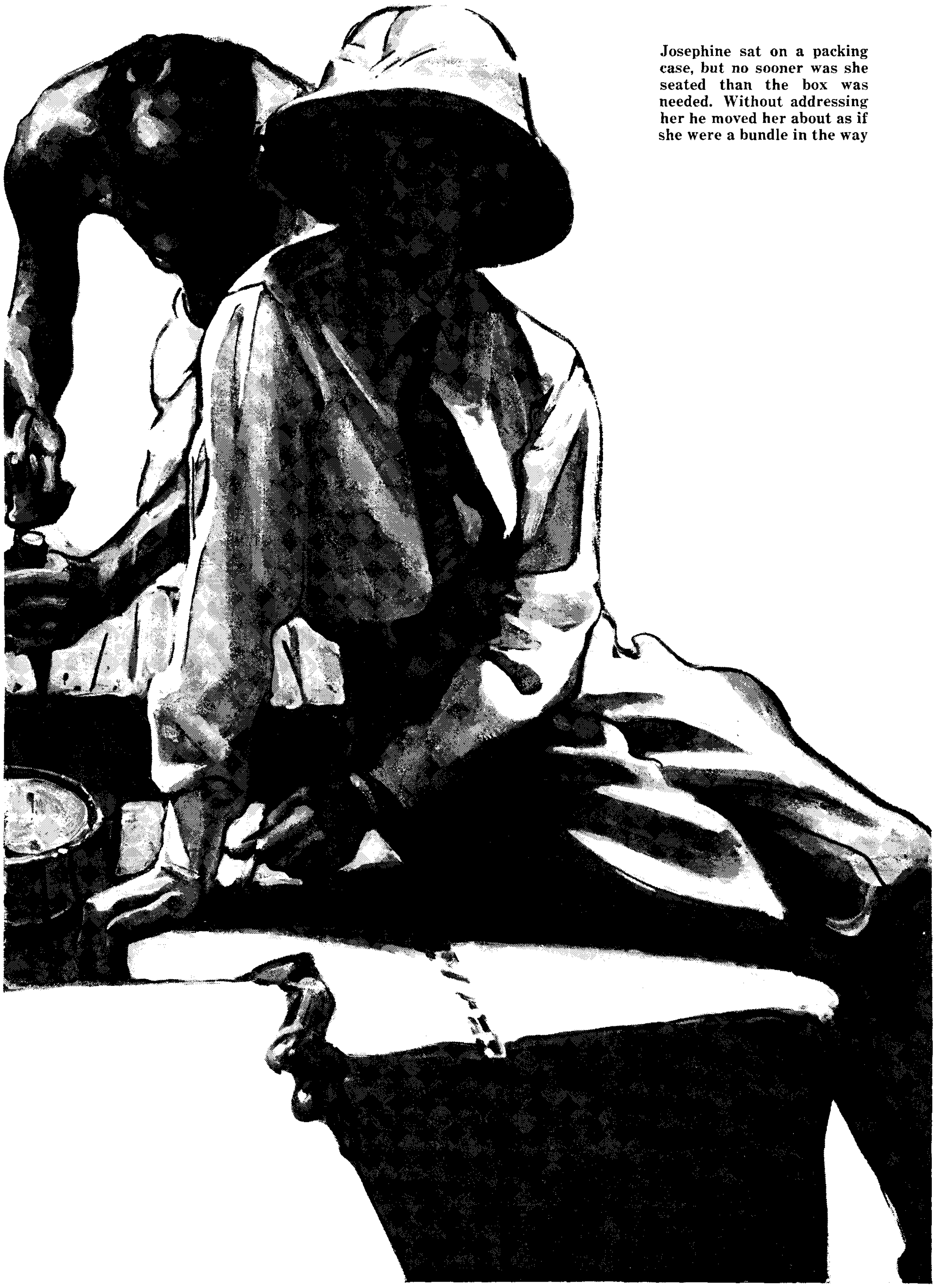
"A great hurry, Miss. He's borrowed three Swahili head boys from his friends and half a dozen Kaffirs. You've seen three of them and he's using the rest himself."

"Did the girl model for all of these things?"

"Yes, Miss; we dressed her complete. These are the shirts—boy's size. Won't you try one? Then the jodhpurs; they're by far the most important."

Josephine slipped on a shirt, then sat on the edge of a chair. Mrs. Semster

(Continued on page 28)



Josephine sat on a packing case, but no sooner was she seated than the box was needed. Without addressing her he moved her about as if she were a bundle in the way

Tuning Up the Team

Continued from page 17

Except by a half-dozen New York football writers and one or two on the Pacific Coast, the choice of Columbia as the Eastern representative in this outstanding intersectional classic was greeted with cynicism, or humor, or even sympathy. For nearly a month, Captain Cliff Montgomery and his teammates read that they didn't have a chance. The Stanford players, of course, were reading the same stories. They would have been less than human not to believe some of them.

Meanwhile, the effect on our squad was the thorough realization that here was a task that would require every ounce of concentration and every resource that could be called to its command. But the coaches were able to emphasize the fact that a great prize lay at the end of all this. It was a prize that would make every effort worthwhile, the greater because so many were thinking and writing that it was unattainable. But it was not unattainable, we told them time and again. It could be attained if every man came to 2:15 P. M. on January 1 in the best physical and mental condition of his career.

They began to be jumpy, a bit fidgety, the last day or two at Tucson, where we had stopped for a week in the quiet—and the heat—of the Arizona desert. We moved into Pasadena thirty hours before the game. I noticed little inclination on the part of the boys to eat breakfast on the morning of the game. Doc Barrett and Jimmy Judge, the trainers, almost had to feed some of them by hand. I was glad. I recalled that two or three of them had remarked before lunch on the day of the Princeton game that they were hungry. I don't like a hungry player on the day of a big football game. He's likely to be too complacent. This time they weren't hungry. They were mentally right and they had accomplished a great deal of the keying up by themselves. That nervous energy, that extra something, that sound self-confidence—they were all there, I noted with satisfaction. A great deal of the job of preparation had been their own. We coaches had drilled them, talked to them, impressed them with our sincerity in the belief that they could win.

Mammy Songs Don't Help

The result was that when Referee Tom Louttit tooted his opening whistle, he released eleven steel traps in Columbia Light Blue.

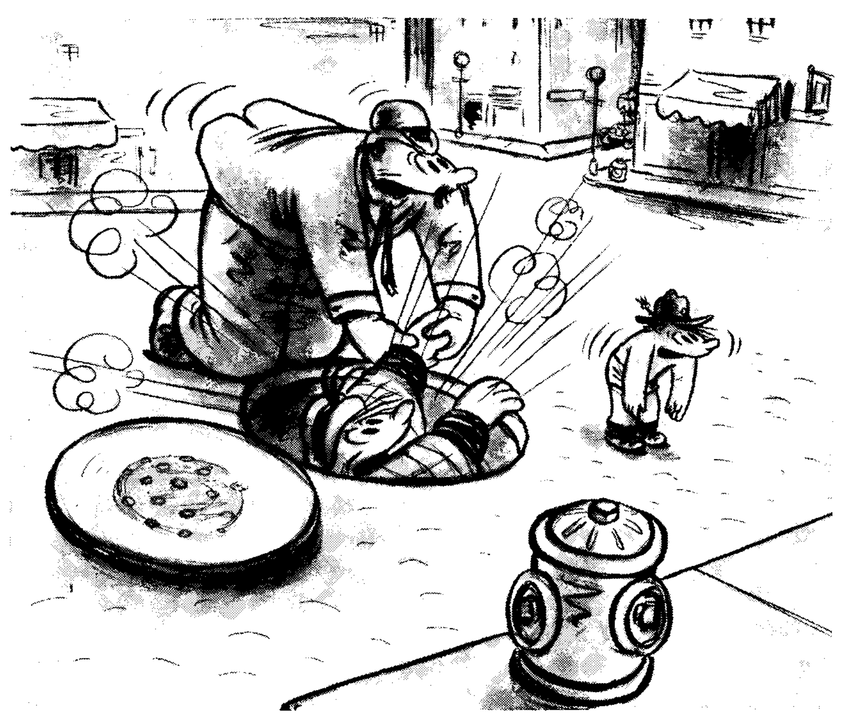
Between the halves, with a one-touchdown lead, which certainly was not a wide margin in view of the power of those fine Stanford backs and linemen, the boys spent twelve of the fifteen minutes lying on benches in the dressing-room. Here and there the coaches talked quietly. Then, just before they went out again—

"You've been playing good football," I told them, "but you'll have to play even harder and better in this second half. This is a fine Stanford team you're facing and Stanford knows now that it has a fight on its hands. You'll miss Matal at end this half. Doctor Schullinger says he'd better not go back in because of the blow on his head. Barabas has a bruised shoulder which will keep him from tackling. He'll have to throw his body, instead. That means we'll have to have even better defensive football from you linemen and you backers-up. But you're playing good football and if you play as you can play in this second half, you'll hold that seven-point lead and you'll win."

That was all; but it was enough. Primarily that game had been won in the three and a half weeks of preparation when this squad had convinced itself that, through full use of its resources, it had the capacity to win.

The trick of creating a favorable psychological situation can, of course, be influenced sometimes by the coach. My good and wily friend, Gilmour Dobie of Cornell, has accomplished that time after time. Mr. Dobie is not really a gloomy or dour person, as you would learn in the course of a round of golf with him. Unless you are a good golfer, however, it might be an expensive lesson because Mr. Dobie is an extremely good golfer as well as a great football coach.

The boys who have played football on his squads know well that he is not a gloomy or dour person but that he has a keen understanding of the proper way in which to fit a squad mentally for an important game. The Cornell teams come to their objective contests equipped with a great deal more than the beautifully devised off-tackle play which the public insists on associating with Dobie as it does the mammy song with Al Jolson and the standing broad grin with Joe E. Brown.


"So the boy scout was helping Mamma across the street, and she had to go fall in and spoil your good deed today!"

In my mind, probably the most sparkling bit of mental conditioning I can recall was that which brought the Notre Dame squad of 1930 through to a smashing, 27-0 victory over Southern California in Los Angeles. It was the last game into which Knute Rockne was destined to send his Fighting Irish. No coach could ask for a greater valedictory.

Not a Chance

The Irish had headed west unbeaten but a bit tired and blasé after two tense, grinding games with Northwestern and Army, closing the season in the East. The latter contest had turned out almost to be one of those upsets, Notre Dame winning only by 7-6. Savoldi and Mullins, the squad's leading fullbacks, had been lost. Dan Hanley, the only remaining fullback, was an uncertain quantity.

Meanwhile, Southern California had been defeating California, Stanford and Washington by sweeping scores. All the Pacific Coast was supremely confident that the Irish would be chaff before the Trojan whirlwind. Even one or two former Notre Dame stars had been quoted in Los Angeles sports pages hinting that they could see little hope for the Irish. The interviews were displayed by Rockne to his boys as if he had known nothing of them beforehand. The effect on the players can be imagined.

Into the Pitfall

To the West Coast writers who greeted the squad at Tucson, Rockne glumly admitted his pessimism and his perplexity at the disposition of the fullback post where, it was indicated, Dan Hanley would start. Meanwhile, Paul "Bucky" O'Connor, later an assistant coach at Yale, was working assiduously, spending more time at fullback than Hanley, although that was a detail Rockne somehow neglected to emphasize for publication. Rockne realized the Trojan scouts had seen more of Hanley than of O'Connor, or at least had a more definite impression regarding Hanley. In fact, they hardly knew Mr. O'Connor up to that time and, I suppose, Rockne reflected, "Why worry them?" To make doubly sure that they would not be worried, the ever-thoughtful Rockne even had O'Connor and Hanley change numbered jerseys in the last couple of practices held at Tucson, practices at which, as usual, the sports writers were welcome. The squad moved into Los Angeles gratefully accepting the sympathy of well-wishing Californians.

All of this, of course, had been working two ways, convincing the Trojans that there was a definite weak spot in the Notre Dame backfield and that conquest would not be difficult; keying up the Irish, on the other hand, to the last possible degree of mental efficiency.

This mental difference was apparent immediately after the kick-off. Notre Dame put on immediate pressure. A forward pass, Schwartz to Carideo, I believe, scored an early touchdown. Five minutes later a great punt drove the Irish far back into their own territory. On the next play a Notre Dame back ran eighty yards to a second touchdown. No, it wasn't Marchie Schwartz, one of the country's most famous halfbacks. The Trojans had been looking for him. It was Bucky O'Connor, converted overnight from sub halfback to varsity fullback, who galloped eighty yards to a score and who, a little later, ran for another touchdown on a lateral pass from Schwartz. Swept from its stride by these totally unexpected happenings, a truly fine and well-coached Southern California team never was able to show its power in overwhelming defeat. Through no fault of their coach, the Trojans had dropped into the pitfall that yawns for a football team not keenly conditioned mentally.

I saw Knute Rockne a week later in New York. Characteristically, he had gathered the most famous of his old players together, including the Four Horsemen, to play a game with the New York Giants' professional team for relief of the city's needy families. The late Ed Thorp, whose untimely death last summer shocked football men everywhere, refereed that day and I was pressed into last-minute service as field judge. After the game, Rock talked about the events of the preceding week in the casual, humorous vein with which he always regarded his teams' gridiron successes. But there had been nothing casual, you may be sure, about the skill with which he had prepared that football team for Notre Dame's last game of the Rockne régime.

The Boys Are Too Smart

In such a situation as that in which Southern California found itself, the coach more often than not is nearly helpless. My own coach at the University of Pennsylvania, Bob Folwell, was as astute as any man I have ever known on this subject of the mind and muscle in football. He and Charles "Buck" Wharton, one of the great line coaches, were an exceptional pair. I well recall the day in 1919 that found me, a regular tackle, demoted for the first time to the second team without warning and without explanation. I continued to be a second-string, but much less than complacent, tackle until five minutes before the whistle blew for the game with Dartmouth in New York's Polo Grounds on the following Saturday. Dartmouth won that game, 20-19, but I admit that that was one contest in which no mental or psychological advantage played a part on either side. Power and stark courage predominated on both teams that day in the most rugged game in which I ever found myself.

The coach who used to take each member of his team for a walk on the night before the game, swearing him to secrecy and confiding that the entire plan of attack on the morrow depended on him, wouldn't be smart today. The boys themselves are too smart. They are playing a game because they like to play it and they are beginning to expect sincerity and information instead of oratory and psychological tricks.

But they can be guided. Situations vary, of course. With care, however, overconfidence usually can be avoided. I have decided after all these years of coaching to throw away orthodox rules in this most interesting phase of a coach's job, meeting each squad and each game and each season as the situation occurs.

Did I say I'd thrown away all rules? I meant to say I'd thrown away all rules but one:

Never tell 'em they're going to win without a lot of trouble next Saturday afternoon.

The Team Moves West, the final article of this series, will appear in next week's Collier's.

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TOMATO SOUP
CHICKEN SOUP
BEEF SOUP
BEAN SOUP
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Dainty, clear, sparkling consommé, garnished with whole peas and shredded vegetables.

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Beef broth, tomatoes, celery, herbs, toothsome pieces of meat, richly blended with sherry.

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An unusual Oriental style chicken soup. Laden with flavorous vegetables, herbs and seasoning.

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A purée made from choicest cultivated, whole, fresh mushrooms blended with fresh, double-thick cream—liberally garnished with mushrooms.

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Mutton broth garnished with fresh mutton, barley and vegetables—splendid for children and invalids.

NOODLE with chicken
A full-bodied chicken broth containing hearty egg noodles and delicious pieces of tender chicken meat.

OX TAIL
Vegetables, barley, sliced ox tail joints in an Old English style ox tail broth, with sherry.

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Purée of delicious, nourishing peas. Strictly vegetable. Even more nourishing served as Cream of Pea.

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The real famous "Philadelphia Pepper Pot" with macaroni dumplings, potatoes, spicy seasoning and meat.

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It's a meal in itself. 15 fine garden vegetables cooked in rich beef broth. A great family favorite everywhere.

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BOUILLON SOUP

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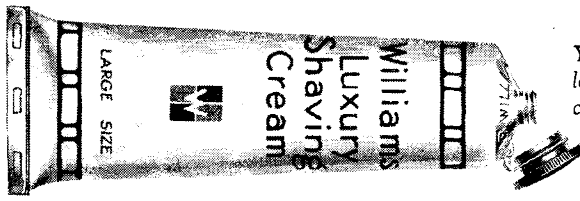
JUST NOTICE THE FINE SKINS OF MEN WHO USE

Williams



You can't lose this cap

Shaving Cream

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY, GLASTONBURY, CONN., U. S. A.—LaSalle, MONTREAL, Can.

Two on Safari

Continued from page 25

kneeling at her side, hauled the breeches snug.

"Not bad," she commented. "An inch more of cuff and they'll do you very nicely. You haven't a pair of walking boots, have you?"

"One," said Josephine. "I brought them along on a chance. You'll find them in the closet."

"A lucky chance, Miss, because naturally we could do nothing about footwear with the exception of mosquito boots, which don't have to fit."

"What are mosquito boots?" asked Josephine as she opened the cuffs of the jodhpurs to tie her laces.

"I'll show you in a minute," said Mrs. Semster. "Now stand up and take a look at yourself."

JOSEPHINE colored with pleasure and her eyes shone before the apparition which confronted her. "I look like a boy," she exclaimed, "like an awfully nice young boy!"

"I said Mr. Mallory was efficient," reiterated Mrs. Semster. "You may have a tie and a belt and one more inch to the cuffs. His idea is very simple, Miss. Everything you wear, except your hat and boots of course, goes to the wash at night, gets dried and ironed the next day and is ready for you again the following morning. So, you see, you really need only three of each."

"Theoretically," murmured Josephine. "Now let's see the mosquito boots."

"Here they are," complied Mrs. Semster, taking out two pairs of rather shapeless knee-high boots in soft leather. "You pull them on over your pajamas in the evenings to keep mosquitos and other insects from biting your ankles."

"I see. So that's why he allowed me two suits of lounging pajamas." She picked up one of the helmets and was astonished at its lightness. "Like a feather!" she exclaimed.

"It's because it's true pith, Miss; he wouldn't have anything else. In the old days they were no good after the first rain, but now they're covered with waterproof material and they'll stay light whatever happens. There's only one thing against them; they dent very easily."

"Then I'd better take two."

"You can't, Miss; only one, and a couple of small felt hats—very simple."

"I have those," said Josephine, and began trying on the helmets until she found one which fitted snugly on her head.

"The strap across the front comes down," explained Mrs. Semster, "and buckles under your chin. But you wouldn't need to do that except on a very windy day."

"No," said Josephine, "it looks better the way it is."

She was in the grip of a strange excitement quite distinct from the elation which comes to any woman through the simple process of trying on new clothes. While the charm of daintiness was totally missing, she was aware of the far more subtle sensation arising from a conviction of utter transformation. In her own things she had been herself, a person so familiar as to seem at times a little boring. But in this outfit, so simple, so eminently practicable and complete, she evolved abruptly into a new being. These clothes divided her from the known past and placed her upon a threshold never before crossed. She had burned her bridges behind her more than once, but this was somehow different. She stood before a portal which could open only on adventure. At that moment Ballard's voice asked at the door, "Is it all right for me to come in?"

"Quite all right, Mr. Mallory," said Mrs. Semster.

He entered and for an instant stood spellbound, stopped in his tracks by the apparition which confronted him. A smile—more of a grin than a smile—spread across his face and shone in his eyes. This was going to be great, he thought; a boy for a pal, a young kid to show the ropes of a first trek! Her anger forgotten, Josephine stared back at him, her feet slightly apart. He proceeded to examine her as impersonally as if she were a manikin. A frown drew his brows together and half cleared.

"Not bad, Mrs. Semster," he decided, "not at all bad. But you'd better reinforce the seams around the patches and tighten up the calves a full quarter of an inch; these khaki things are bound to stretch. I see you've marked the cuffs for letting down; that's right, they need it." He walked up to Josephine, inserted three fingers inside the waistband and pulled. "Too loose," he declared; "make them snug enough so she won't have to depend on a belt."

"I won't go without a belt," protested Josephine.

"Naturally," he agreed, "but wrinkles won't help, belt or no belt. Can you finish up today, Mrs. Semster?"

"Yes, sir; quite easily."

"Why?" asked Josephine. "What's the hurry?"

"We're sailing at dawn, my dear," said Ballard with a touch of exultation. Then he corrected himself hurriedly. "I mean we're sailing at dawn."

MALLORY drew Mrs. Semster aside. "Here's your check list," he said, handing her a slip of paper, "pinned to a present for you."

"Five pounds!" gasped the woman. "Oh, Mr. Mallory, I couldn't—I really couldn't—"

"You haven't earned it yet," said Mallory, "but you will. I've paid for all the articles on the list, so if you let her have another blessed thing, you pay for it yourself. As for earning the money, I expect you to hang around until Miss Cascoden sails."

Mrs. Semster's eyelids lowered and faint pink tinged her cheeks. "You mean I'm to watch her, sir?" she murmured, her spare body straightening with importance.

"Watch her?" exclaimed Ballard, taking no trouble to lower his voice. "Not at all. All I said was hang around. Make yourself useful, pack everything—the things that stay as well as those that are going—keep her company and do anything she asks. I'm going to be busy."

"Since Mrs. Semster is doing all the packing," asked Josephine from her stand before the pier glass, "is there any reason why I shouldn't go with you?"

"Too hot, and I'll be traveling too fast," declared Ballard, making for the door. "You stay here."

She watched him go, a frown tugging at her brows. She was trying to reconcile the Mallory of this morning with the Mallory of last night, and failed. What had happened to make him so care-free? Was this the man who couldn't see himself shoving his head into a hanging noose? Quick suspicion stirred within her. How ridiculous she would be if he went and never came back! She snatched up handkerchiefs,

(*Continued on page 32*)

THEY'RE FRESH

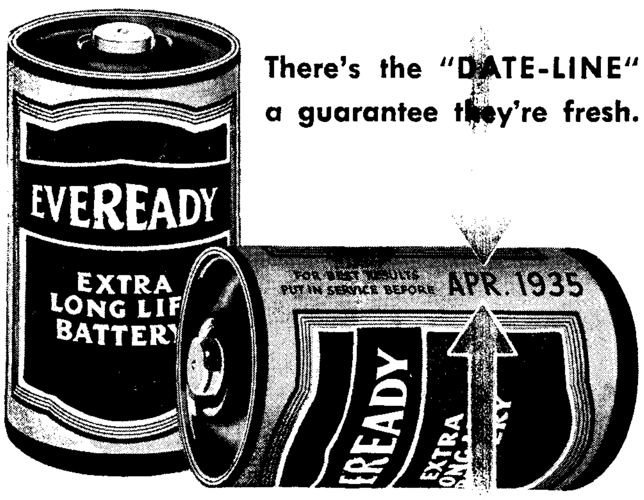
KEEP THE question of battery *freshness* in the forefront of your mind when you're buying. A stale battery is close to a dead one. It cannot be trusted.

Buy Evereadys and you buy *fresh* batteries. Your dealer sells them so fast that, when you buy yours, he can assure you *they're fresh* . . . and prove it by the "Date-Line" on each battery.

But *freshness* is only a part of Eveready's superiority. Inside the zinc case, there's a patented Eveready "power-stabilizer." It holds a balanced mix of the six active chemicals in perfect alignment . . . ready to light instantly. While outside, sealing in freshness and power, there's a spun metal top.

Back of the "Date-Line" which guarantees Eveready's *freshness* there's work . . . and lots of it. But it's work that pays us . . . and you, too . . . for it brings you the comforting knowledge that in buying an Eveready for your flashlight, radio, or motor ignition you're buying . . . packaged electricity at its *freshest* and best.

National Carbon Company, Inc. General Offices: New York, N. Y.
Unit of Union Carbide UCC *and Carbon Corporation.*

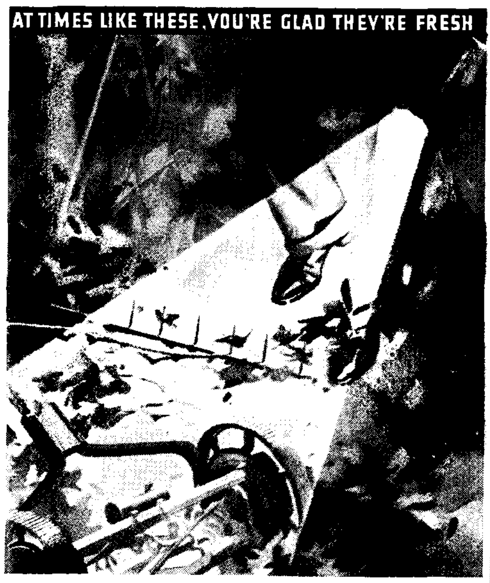

EVEREADY
EXTRA LONG LIFE BATTERY
FOR BEST RESULTS PUT IN SERVICE BEFORE APR. 1935
EVEREADY
EXTRA LONG

There's the "DATE-LINE" a guarantee they're fresh.

AT TIMES LIKE THESE, YOU'RE GLAD THEY'RE FRESH

FLASHLIGHT SCARES PROWLER. Awakening to discover an intruder in her home, Mrs. Peter Bradbury*, wife of a prominent banker, courageously ignored the man's threats, turned a flashlight on his face and called for help. The intruder escaped . . . but thanks to her courage and foresightedness her family was safe.

*Not her real name, although her real name was given in the coast-to-coast newspaper report.


AT TIMES LIKE THESE, YOU'RE GLAD THEY'RE FRESH

BEWARE OF AMATEUR GARDENERS. Johnny might be a great little helper but the chances are he's a bit careless . . . and there are painful results from stepping on the garden rake. Play safe, use your Eveready.

EVEREADY
MADE IN U.S.A.
Your dealer will show you the
"DATE-LINE"

EVEREADY BATTERIES *packaged electricity at its best*

Socony-Vacuum

A NEW DISCOVERY

that will save Millions for Motorists this Winter

How the Socony-Vacuum Clearosol Process purges oil of impurities . . . new Mobiloil Arctic starts as much as 50% easier . . . Lasts as much as 25% longer . . . Completely Protects your engine in Zero Weather.

HERE'S NEWS that would be big news at any time. Now—with Winter just around the corner—it is news that is too important for any car owner to miss.

This week, Mobiloil dealers are selling *a new kind* of Mobiloil Arctic.

It's new because it's made by an entirely different process.

It's new because of definite advantages that you can experience yourself—advantages which can save millions for car owners this Winter.

This oil, by actual test, makes starting as much as 50% easier in cold weather.

It lasts as much as 25% longer—and the harder the service the better it compares with other oils in performance.

It eliminates gum and sludge—which are the causes of stuck rings and gummed valves.

It flows quickly—so that on bitter cold mornings you have instant protection throughout your engine. And it holds its body under extreme ranges of heat—sticking stubbornly to its job no matter how hot your engine may get.

These are not mere theories—they are *proven* facts, taken from actual performance records both in the laboratory and on the road.

With the new Mobiloil Arctic in your car, you'll see a definite difference in performance. You'll find your starting easier and faster when cold weather comes. Your oil gauge will show you that this oil gets into action instantly.

You may well ask—"How does all this happen? What have you done to oil to make such a tremendous improvement possible?"

The answer lies in a *new approach* to oil refining. In the past, refiners tried to remove dirt and impurities with acid baths and filters.

Socony-Vacuum found a way to *wash* away these useless, non-lubricating elements. Our new method *dissolves* impurities, much as soapy water dissolves dirt.

You may be wondering about cost. Such an oil is naturally worth more.

But we haven't increased the price per quart by a single cent. Without spending an extra penny, you can insure quicker, easier starts this Winter—up to 25% better oil mileage—a cleaner, smoother, better-running engine.

Now is the time to prepare your car for Winter driving. Go to the nearest Mobiloil dealer today—you'll know him by the Mobiloil sign with the red Gargoyle, or the sign with the Flying Red Horse. Drain off your Summer oil—and refill with clean, new Mobiloil Arctic. Act now—for better performance from your car this Winter.

SOCONY-VACUUM OIL COMPANY, INC.

Mobiloil Arctic

MADE BY THE NEW SOCONY-VACUUM CLEAROSOL PROCESS

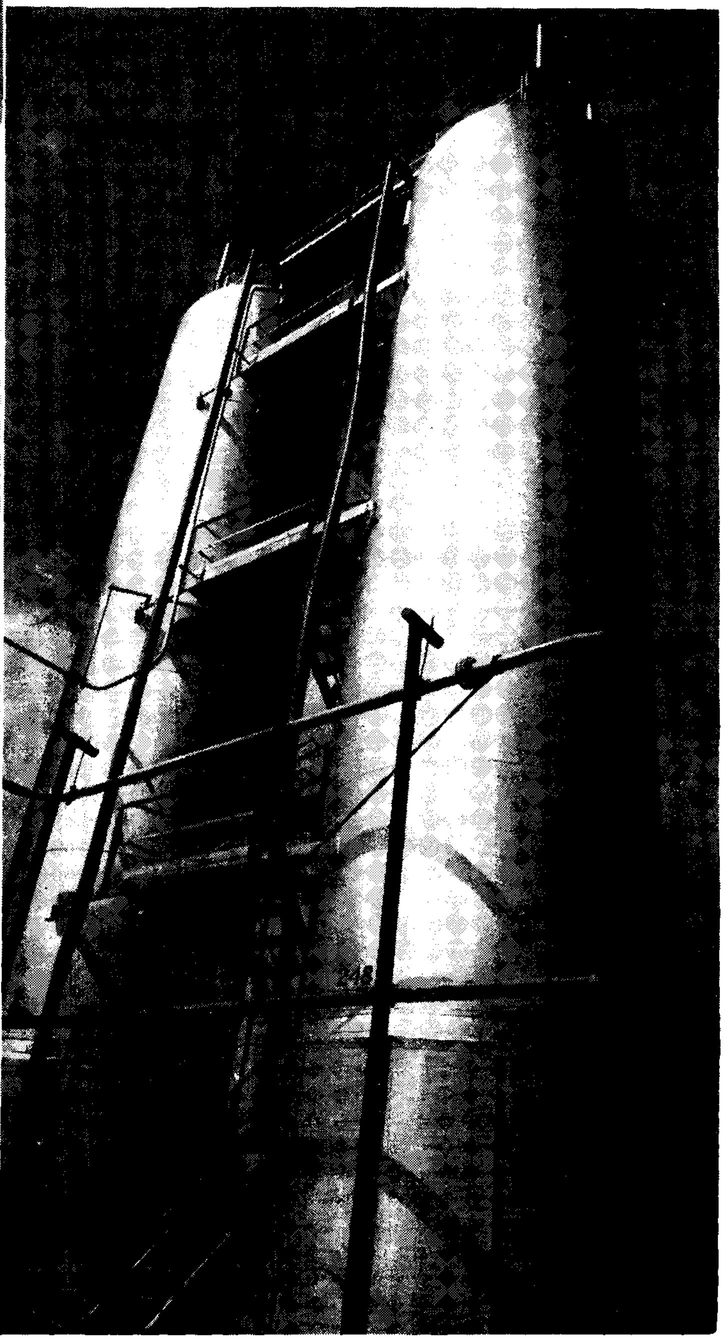
SOCONY-VACUUM

Announces IN OIL REFINING...

ERY ON A WALL. Here's the complete refinery in miniature where Socony-Vacuum engineers put the fin-
touch on the Clearosol Process. They worked for months to make this oil what it is—proving once more
ood oil must be *made*—it is never *found!* Get the best motor oil science knows how to make for your car.
ight) These two huge tanks, fully four stories high, contain materials that wash impurities from oil.

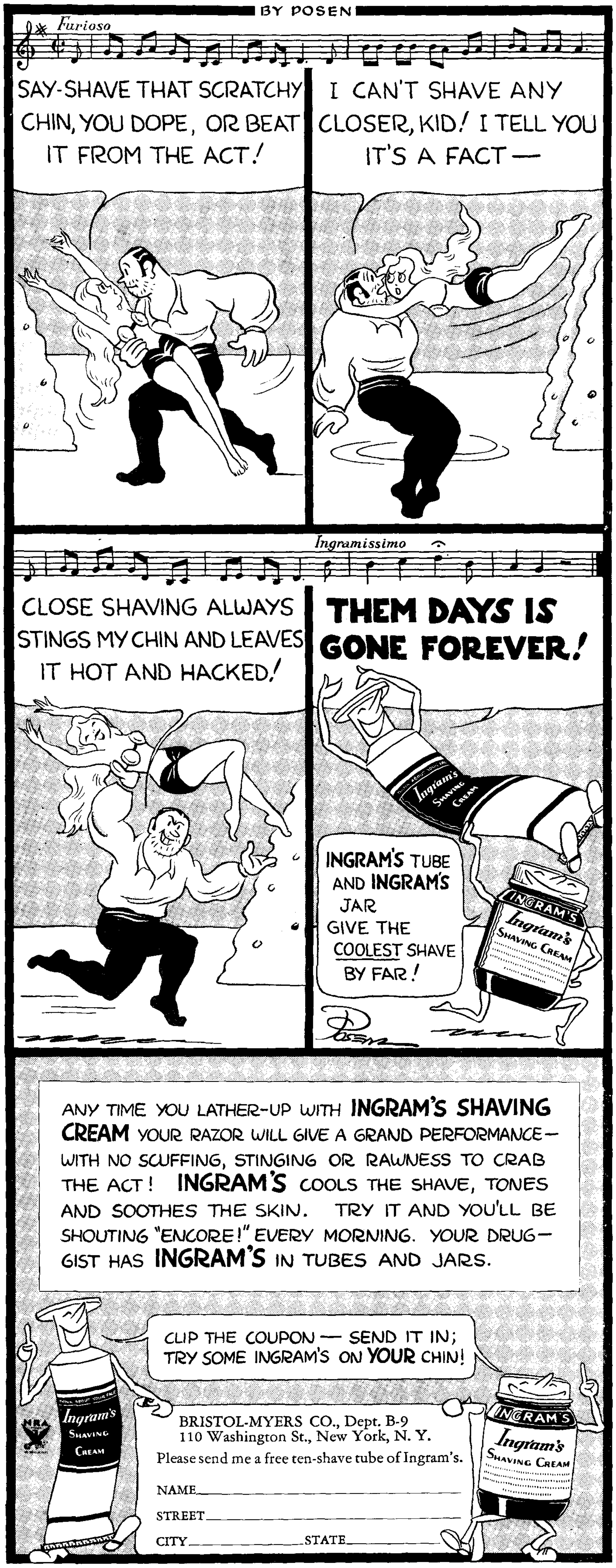
WHAT MOBILOIL ARCTIC DOES FOR YOU

1. STARTS MUCH EASIER... which means *faster* starting as well as less drain on your battery, less strain on your starter and less wear and tear on your engine.
2. LASTS LONGER... by actual test gives as much as 25% greater mileage. You save up to 25% on oil.
3. MUCH CLEANER... you'll find no gum, no sludge, no stuck rings or gummed valves. It keeps engines in better condition than oils made the old way.
4. FLOWS QUICKLY at low temperatures—protecting your car against the danger of "dry" starts.
5. RESISTS HEAT... holds its body at high engine temperatures, giving full protection at all times.



THEM DAYS IS GONE FOREVER

BY POSEN


Furioso
SAY-SHAVE THAT SCRATCHY CHIN, YOU DOPE, OR BEAT IT FROM THE ACT!
I CAN'T SHAVE ANY CLOSER, KID! I TELL YOU IT'S A FACT—
Ingramissimo
CLOSE SHAVING ALWAYS STINGS MY CHIN AND LEAVES IT HOT AND HACKED!
THEM DAYS IS GONE FOREVER!
INGRAM'S TUBE AND INGRAM'S JAR GIVE THE COOLEST SHAVE BY FAR!
Ingram's Shaving Cream
INGRAM'S
Posen
CLIP THE COUPON — SEND IT IN; TRY SOME INGRAM'S ON YOUR CHIN!

ANY TIME YOU LATHER-UP WITH INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM YOUR RAZOR WILL GIVE A GRAND PERFORMANCE—WITH NO SCUFFING, STINGING OR RAWNESS TO CRAB THE ACT! INGRAM'S COOLS THE SHAVE, TONES AND SOOTHES THE SKIN. TRY IT AND YOU'LL BE SHOUTING "ENCORE!" EVERY MORNING. YOUR DRUGGIST HAS INGRAM'S IN TUBES AND JARS.

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. B-9
110 Washington St., New York, N. Y.
Please send me a free ten-shave tube of Ingram's.

NAME__________

STREET__________

CITY__________STATE__________

Two on Safari

Continued from page 28

money and compact, thrust them into her breeches' pockets, and turned on Mrs. Semster.

"Pack everything just as he said; I'm going with him."

The next instant she was hurrying along the hall, asking her way from whomever she happened to encounter. She reached the entrance just as Ballard was about to step into an arriving taxi.

"Wait for me, please."

He turned quickly to face her. "What did I tell you I'd do if you ever disobeyed an order?"

"Nonsense," said Josephine, pushing by him and stepping into the car. "A fine fool I'd look if you told me to stand still and then went away for a month!"

"Oh, that's it, is it?" he exclaimed with an understanding smile. "You think I'm a double-crosser."

By this time he should have grown accustomed to having his smiles go unanswered, but it still gave him a shock to have them collide with a wall of gravity. The realization that she was not stupid only made things worse. She seized on this moment to explode a small bomb.

"Aren't you?" she asked.

"Me? You know I'm not."

Her gaze did not waver. "I'm not quite sure what double-crosser stands for in American, but I think I know—and I hope you are."

A slow flush mounted to his cheeks. "What do you mean by that?"

SHE sank back in the deep seat of the tonneau of the open car and smiled, not at him but to herself, a smile like a slammed door. "I thought you were in a hurry," she remarked.

"I am," said Ballard sternly, "and you'll only be in the way."

Her dark eyes peered at him from beneath the steep rim of her helmet. "I'm sorry."

"You insist on going along?" She nodded. He sprang in across her extended legs and sat down beside her. "All right; since you think you can take it, I'll give you the chance."

A black frown on his forehead, he barked an order in Portuguese and they were off. The car hurtled into town and drew up at the door of the Standard Bank, where he sprang out and was gone for nearly half an hour. The high sun denied her shade, but she did not mind, so interested was she in the strange sights which met her eye. Foreigners and Portuguese in whites; banyans in diaphanous robes, close fitting jackets and embroidered skull caps; silent Swahilis, white-gowned and wearing red fezzes. Everywhere Kaffirs in various stages of undress, their bronze torsos glistening under an even layer of sweat. Street venders bearing trays of fruit or sweetmeats, pausing to tempt her and staying to gaze, whether out of admiration or merely from wonder she could not know. A blond barmaid, hatless and looking very fresh in blue and white dimity, left no doubt as to her appreciation.

"Hello, sweet," she called over her shoulder.

"Hello," said Josephine, giving her look for look.

At that instant Mallory issued from the bank and almost collided with the passing girl. She threw out both hands in greeting. "Darling! Who dropped you in my lap?"

"Cut it, Nellie," said Ballard with a laugh. "I'm in a rush." He set her gently aside and made for the car.

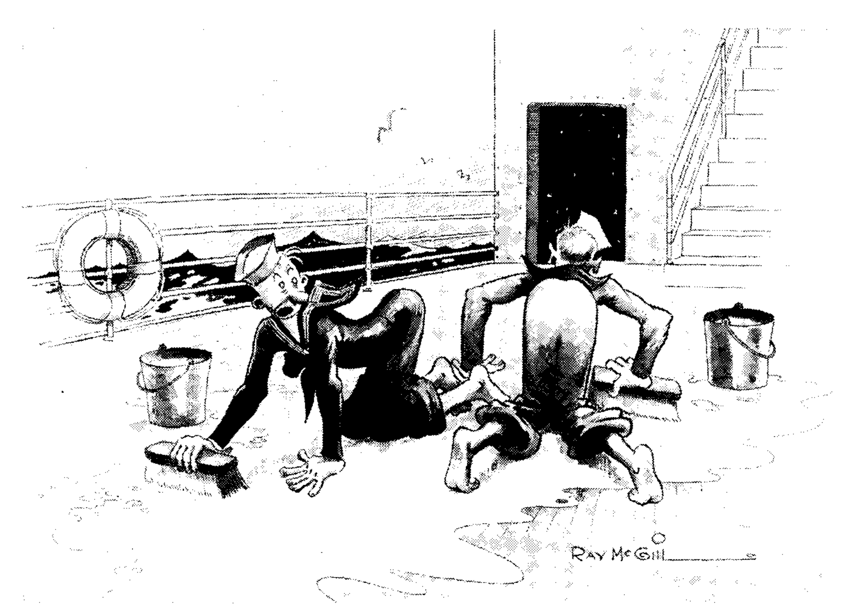
"No wonder!" called the girl, her cry cutting across the rasp of the gears.

Five minutes later they drew up in front of glaring white walls pierced by wide doors and half a dozen dusty windows. Again Ballard disappeared and Josephine waited patiently, but soon the sun began to get in its work. Her helmet protected her head but all the rest of her body felt as if it were being steadily roasted. She left the car and slipped into the shade within one of the doors. For a moment she was blinded by the sudden darkness, but as soon as her pupils had dilated she perceived it was not darkness at all. She gazed along counters and behind them at the most amazing variety of goods she had ever beheld. Here, apparently, was every object a human being could possibly need, from a full-sized ship's anchor to thimble and thread, to say nothing of an incredible assortment of food in tins and preserves in glass. At sight of her, three clerks abandoned their customers, stepped forward and asked her what she wished.

"Nothing," said Josephine, embarrassed, and then added to justify her presence: "I'm with Mr. Mallory."

"Mr. Mallory?" said the nearest of

(Continued on page 35)



"Why get married—make a thousand girls unhappy just to please one?"

RAY MCGILL

"—*discovered* in a great U.S. medical college!

...this new Yeast acts *much faster*"

explains

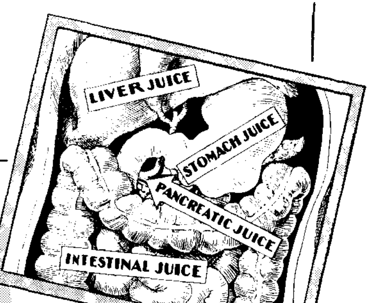
DR. R. E. LEE

... Fleischmann Health Research head and authority on Yeast for Health. He states:—"It's an entirely new 'strain' of yeast, very rich in hormone-like* substances."

Astonishing Results in Hundreds of "Test" Cases, clinic heads report

Thirteen American and 12 famous European clinics gave the new, "XR" Yeast to people with very stubborn constipation, indigestion, skin troubles, and general "run-down" condition.

"Never a yeast like it!" doctors reported. "Results in 2-3 days in many cases." "Remarkable!" Secret lies in hormone-like substances which make digestive juices flow fast, strengthen "insides."



—corrects constipation, indigestion and related skin disorders and "run-down" condition *far* quicker. (Newly-added Vitamin A combats colds, too!)

THOUSANDS, AMAZED by news of this quicker acting new yeast, have asked question after question. Here are the answers, by Dr. Lee:—

1. What led to its Discovery?

After years of research by many of the leading scientists in great American medical colleges, a noted bacteriologist finally isolated this new yeast ... was astounded by its quick action.

2. But isn't all Yeast alike?

No! There are dozens of "strains" or varieties. This new one (known as "XR" to scientists) is the strongest ever found ... acts *fastest* in the body

*It's very rich in hormone-like substances (natural body "activators") which speed the flow of your digestive juices and strengthen digestive action.

3. How do these juices affect Constipation and Indigestion?

Most constipation, indigestion, etc. *start* when these juices *slow up!* This new yeast makes your juices flow faster and muscles work harder *from stomach on down.*

Thus your food is better "churned"—digested. Your stomach empties sooner, food is passed along and out of you more quickly. You shouldn't feel "stuffed-up," or have indigestion after meals. Constipation usually stops.

Cathartics, which act harshly only on *part* of the bowels, can't *correct* constipation. "XR" Yeast "normalizes" you!

4. The Skin clears quicker, too?

Yes! Most common cases of "bad skin" arise when poisons from clogged intestines try to get out through your skin.

"XR" Yeast speeds up your digestive system and feeds pure nourishment into your blood—not poisons. Your skin gains "tone." Pimples, etc., soon disappear!

5. How does it give you Energy?

By helping you get more "good" from your food! People over 40, especially, need "XR" Yeast to correct the slowing up of digestive secretions often occurring rapidly after that age. It helps often in rheumatism.

6. Will it prevent Colds?

It helps—not only by cleaning you out, but by supplying Vitamin A (newly added), the "infection-preventing" vitamin. Fleischmann's "XR" Yeast also contains Vitamins B, D and G—*four* vitamins we need for health!

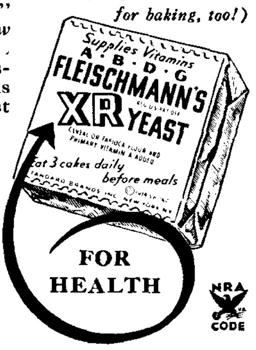
DR. R. KLEISSEL, hospital head and stomach expert, says: "In my tests, *every case* was benefited quickly, thanks to effect on digestive secretions."

EAT 3 CAKES of Fleischmann's "XR" Yeast daily, plain or dissolved in one-third glass of water—preferably a half hour before meals. Keep on after you begin to get quick results—till you're *well!* Start to eat it now

"This new, 'XR' Yeast acts twice as Fast!"

"After eating the new Yeast for only two days, I felt better," *writes* Mrs. J. A. Corney, *New York City.* "I was sluggish ... suffered with nervous indigestion—was tired, headachy. This new Fleischmann's 'XR' Yeast is amazing—twice as fast as the former yeast."

(As good as ever for baking, too!)



Fleischmann's XR Yeast

ON SALE AT GROCERS, RESTAURANTS, SODA FOUNTAINS

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DOBBS GAME BIRD MIXTURES

. . . Styled by Dobbs to match the fall season's favored patterns in suits and overcoats. Never before has a hatter offered so wide a range of rich and natural colors in fine and mellow felt — browns, greens, greys, blues — for an individual, becoming choice.

THE GAME BIRD WITH THE FAMOUS CAVANAGH EDGE (BROWN HAT) . . . $10

THE GAME BIRD WITH THE NEW HAND-FINISHED CRONAP EDGE (GREY HAT) . . . $8.50

DOBBS
NEW YORK'S LEADING HATTERS 711 FIFTH AVENUE
Representatives in all the principal cities

It's the DOBBS

Two on Safari

Continued from page 32

the clerks. "He's in the warehouse. This way, Miss; follow me."

She obeyed reluctantly and emerged into a vast shed, two sides of which formed a pier. A large square had been cleared for Mallory's convenience and was humming with activity. One Chinese carpenter was engaged in making oblong boxes while another fitted them with hinges, hasps and locks. At one side a Swahili in charge of three blacks was setting up a tent and furnishing it complete. Another Zanzibari herded a string of porters carrying provisions, while a third divided the various tins and jars into identical lots.

For a moment Josephine wondered what had become of Mallory, then she discovered him in the center of the turmoil. Stripped to the waist, his bare feet thrust into rope sandals, he was passing from heap to heap and with a pencil alternately slicing the sweat from the back of his neck and checking off items on a voluminous list. Occasionally he made an extra notation in the margin and barked out some supplementary order.

FOR two long hours Josephine watched him and his helpers. He did none of the actual work himself but evidently was under a greater strain than anybody else. No detail escaped him and at the most trifling error his voice, usually so controlled, took on a sharpness which was as injurious as the cut of a whip. She grew tired and sat on a packing case, but no sooner was she seated than the box was needed. Without addressing her he moved her about as if she were a bundle in the way. It was well past two o'clock when he took a handful of clean waste from a keg, swabbed his arms and shoulders, slipped on his dolman, put on helmet and shoes, and promptly became transformed into his dapper self.

"Eat?" he asked.

"I should say so," said Josephine, faint with hunger.

He took her to one of the kiosks in the central square paved in mosaic. It was as strange an edifice as she had ever seen, with a stalk like a mushroom and surmounted by a cupola and broad verandas. They climbed through the stem and chose the coolest of the four corners. He ordered curried prawns with rice.

"I'd rather have something cold, please," said Josephine. "Just a salad."

"No salad," said Ballard. "It's a funny thing about curry—the hotter the day, the hotter the curry, the better it goes." He piled her plate high with rice and dipped over it great spoonfuls of tiny prawns swimming in a thick, dark sauce. "Try it. No; no knife. Like this—spoon and fork."

She obeyed and after the first mouthful realized he was right.

She ended up by eating a huge lunch. With coffee she had a cigarette and was on the verge of turning friendly when he sprang to his feet.

"Must you go?" she asked with a touch of sarcasm.

Her first approach to humor startled him, but he acknowledged it only by a curious glance. "Yes," he said. "I'm going, but you may do as you please."

She rose and followed, accompanied him while he made call after call on officials, on the all-powerful head of the W. N. L. A., at the licensing bureau and the steamship agency. The hours dragged on; she grew pale with heat and thirst but was determined to make no complaint. They returned to the warehouse but only to see how things were going. Late in the afternoon the car drew up before a building in the main square and Ballard disappeared up a cool flight of stairs. She waited and waited. At last she spoke to the driver.

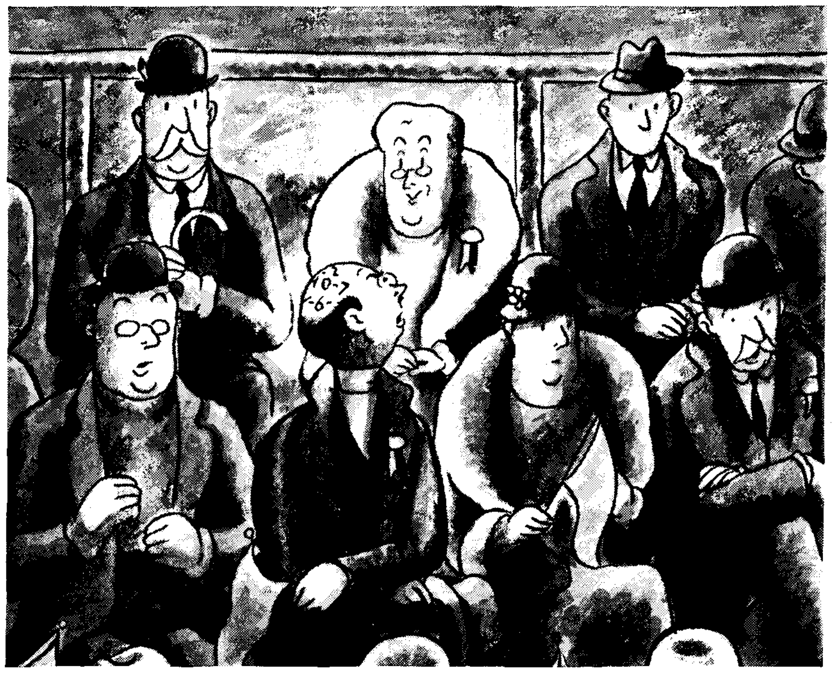
"Do you understand English?" He shook his head in denial. She remembered that the word hotel was the same in most languages. "Hotel," she said, waving her hand, and repeated wearily, "Hotel, hotel!" Evidently he understood but he shook his head again and pointed with his chin up the stairs. At that moment she recognized an approaching Swahili as having been in attendance on Mallory. Her ears had already taught her that boy is a generic term for all servants in Africa.

"Boy!" she called.

Ali drew near. "Yes, Missis."

"Do you understand English?"

(Continued on page 36)



"You wouldn't know, would you, madame, why it is my head tickles every time a team scores?"

LAURENCE REYNOLDS

"My gum troubles unnecessary? I don't understand, doctor."

"'Unnecessary' is the word. And you'll understand when you hear the new discoveries about

"Fresh Orange Juice-*It's the World's New Dental Story*"

"To learn more about the effects of diet on dental troubles, the twelve members of the Chicago Dental Research Club gave many years of study. Fresh orange and lemon juice seemed to aid nearly every case—gum troubles particularly.

"So they encouraged a large-scale study of the subject. At Mooseheart, Illinois they found the ideal site—hundreds of children leading full lives of play and study, receiving better than average diet and dental care. A three-and-a-half-year study was begun.

"The first year there was no change in the regular diet. It was excellent by all standards then known. But during these twelve months it did not prevent gum troubles and new cavities in the children's teeth.

"The second year a single change was made in the diet. At breakfast and again later in the day each child received an eight-ounce glass of fresh orange juice containing the juice of half a lemon.

"Only that one change, mind you. Yet at the end of this year only one-sixth as many children had gum troubles. Less than half as many had new cavities in their teeth. Their growth was better, on the average.

"Some authorities, however, had thought three ounces of fresh orange juice sufficient. So the daily serving was reduced to this amount during the final eighteen months. It aided growth, but did not give the dental protection of the full amount.

"So that is my advice to you. A well-balanced diet with two glasses of fresh orange and lemon juice every day."

"That sounds like a pretty pleasant duty, doctor. And I'm going to give you every chance to prove you're right!"

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"Hold the line please!"

AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES BELL SYSTEM

(Continued from page 35)

"Ali understand English very well," he declared with a grin.

"Find Mr. Mallory," she ordered. "Tell him I want to go home."

Without hesitation Ali went up the stairs and presently returned. "Mr. Mallory playing cards," he announced through gleaming teeth. "He say you go home if you want. You like?"

"Yes, please," said Josephine as soon as she could catch her breath.

Ali gave the driver an order in Portuguese and ten minutes later she stepped from the car at the hotel and found her way to her room. The place was so stripped and neat she thought she must have made a mistake until her eyes fell on Mrs. Semster, sound asleep on the couch. Beside her was the disorderly tray which had contained her dinner, but it struck a lonely note. So thoroughly had everything been packed that the apartment had taken on the forlorn air of an abandoned habitation. Giving way to despondency, Josephine sat on the edge of the bed, but only for a moment. She glanced at her watch, sprang to her feet and started to tear off her clothes.

"Mrs. Semster!"

The poor woman came awake with convulsive outflingings of her arms and legs. Her eyes stared about wildly at the strange room and filled with terror when they encountered Josephine in her masculine garb.

"Oh, oh!" she gasped. "Where am I?"

"Having a dream?" asked Josephine. "Wake up, please, and come help me off with these breeches."

"Oh, Miss, I didn't recognize you," said Mrs. Semster. She floundered forward, fell on her knees and proceeded to peel off the jodhpurs. "I've been waiting for these; you know they must be let down an inch."

"You can do it while I'm downstairs. Do you mind running a bath for me—fairly hot? What dinner dress did you leave out?"

"None, Miss; it won't be expected. I can assure you Mr. Mallory won't think of dressing."

"He has nothing to do with it," said Josephine; and added with a touch of disdain or bitterness, "He's playing cards at the club."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Semster.

"Get me out a frock," ordered Josephine, "the first you come across."

HALF an hour later she descended alone and went directly to the table she had occupied with Mallory on the previous evening. The head waiter hurried to her side and she ordered a simple meal. He continued to stand at attention.

"That's all," said Josephine. "No; you can send me a bottle of the same wine we had last night."

"You will await the gentleman?"

"Mr. Mallory is not coming."

So far, while she had been in action, she had had no time to notice what people were in the room. Now she became aware of other late diners and conscious of herself as a burning center of observation. It was nothing unusual to have people stare, but this was somehow different from all previous occasions. The air seemed to throb with questions. Why was she alone? Was she as young as she looked? Where had Mallory found her? She wasn't the type. Too much breeding, too good looking, too fresh for a spare tire. That smooth English glow, still untouched by the searing tropics. No—there was something queer about the whole business, something outside the formula and, as always, something new in Africa.

Her cup of madrilene came just in time; a moment later and her poise would have wilted under the strain. She ate slowly, both because she was not hungry and from a desire to kill as much time as possible. Even so, the meal could not last forever and with the wine only half drunk she sat toying with her coffee, letting it grow cold rather than consume her last excuse for dawdling. Her mind raced backward over the day—only a day, yet it seemed a week. Why? What had she done? Nothing but wait—wait in bed, in the car, on packing cases and in the car again—for Mallory. Then the final injury of settling down to play cards while she sat outside—small, mean. The man who could take that sort of revenge for a trifling insubordination would stop at nothing where more was at stake. Last night she had begun to tolerate him, but she had been wrong, she would not err again. So absorbed was she in her own thoughts that she was unaware of Kennicott's approach until he stood at her side.

"Good evening, Miss Cascoden—or is it Casfolen?"

"Cascoden," replied Josephine and added, "Mr. Kennicott."

"Do you mind my speaking to you?" he asked.

SHE looked up, struck by a change from his bantering manner of the previous evening. "Not at all. Won't you sit down? There's some wine left but I imagine you would prefer a whisky-and-soda."

"No, thanks," he said, drawing out a chair and seating himself, "nothing to drink. Has Mallory told you my job?"

"No; he hasn't mentioned you. Why should he?"

Kennicott eyed her thoughtfully, his habitual gayety banned from his face. "I run the local office of the Eastern Telegraph and Cable Company. About a week ago we received a message addressed simply Miss Casfolen, Delagoa Bay. Since meeting you last night I had it repeated back for confirmation of address but the sender could not be located."

"That was very kind of you," said Josephine.

"Aren't you curious?" he asked.

"Have I a right to be?" she countered.

"I think so. At any rate, here's the cable. Please open and read it. If you say the message is meant for you, we can consider it delivered."

As Josephine took the flimsy envelope and started to break its seal her attention was caught by a figure just emerging from the archway leading toward the hotel entrance. It took her an instant to recognize Mallory. He had had a hard day, one of the hardest of his life, and as he approached she perceived that his eyes, usually so clear, were slightly bloodshot. Considering the usage to which his clothes had been put since morning they would have been fairly respectable in any other surroundings but against this background and in comparison with Kennicott's immaculate attire they verged on the disreputable. Feeling vaguely annoyed, she paused to wonder why she should care and forgot the message.

"If you please," said Kennicott, reminding her, "until you read it we won't know whether it's yours."

With Mallory standing by she tore open the envelope. Her eyes perused the stenciled lettering slowly, then flew back to read the words again. Abruptly the color left her face. For a moment she sat quite still—so still she seemed a statue that might never move again. Then with startling suddenness she began to tear the paper across and across. But while she could not control her blood she at least remained mistress of her voice.

"Thank you," she said evenly. "The message was for me."

(To be continued next week)

Moonlit Mystery

Continued from page 21

because this job was obviously done by somebody who knew just where Trudeau was going to be at a particular time."

"Didn't check Trudeau, too, did yer?"

"How do you mean?"

"That fire was a fair knock-out. I'm layin' odds 'e started it 'imself."

"I don't think so. I'd say Trent set fire to the waste to keep Trudeau occupied while he opened the safe."

Barradine gravely examined the moonlit river beyond the window.

"That seems to let Trudeau out, an' Riordan," he muttered reluctantly.

"Leaving only Trent—or the rare possibility that Belden robbed himself to see what it felt like," smiled Carstairs.

"Or to put some company securities inter 'is own pocket," sniffed Barradine cynically. "I've got—"

He paused at the sound of heavy footsteps on the wooden floor of the porch outside. Both officers leaped to their feet as the door was flung wide to reveal the agitated person of Ben Tennant, foreman at the Belden mills.

"Corporal!" he cried. "It's Jake Trudeau! He's dead! Somebody shot him while he was making his rounds!"

CARSTAIRS was admirable. After the slightest pause of pardonable amazement he turned sharply upon Barradine.

"I'll go out to the mill!" he said. "Go to Trent's lodgings and see if he's there. If he is, have him come out to the mill immediately. Do the same for Riordan and Miss Belden and her father." Buckling his belt, he followed Ben Tennant from the room.

Constable Barradine wasted no time. Twenty minutes after he left the police post he strode away from the frame cottage where Trent had his lodgings with the knowledge that Trent was absent and that his bed had not been used that night. He continued to the big frame house of the mill owner, where he found both Belden and his daughter up and fully dressed in the heavily furnished living-room. Two aspects of this domestic scene surprised him. First, in a countryside notable for the early retiring of its inhabitants, he was surprised that these two should be awake and engaged in heated controversy—for Barradine had approached the house quietly—at such a late hour after midnight. Secondly, he was surprised by the ravishing appearance of Barbara Belden, who wore a startlingly becoming costume which combined a bright yellow jersey of knitted silk with a skirt of soft, oak-brown cloth. He broke the news none too gently.

"Trudeau's been done in," he said simply, and watched with professional interest to see how she would take it. "'E wos shot w'ile makin' 'is rounds. About an hour ago. Cawpril Carstairs would be obliged if you an' Miss Belden could join 'im at the mill."

Belden accepted the summons grimly after a few vain questions. Then Barradine took himself off for the trip down the river to Riordan's island.

Launching his canoe from the float below the police post, Barradine would have shoved forth vigorously from the shore, but he was halted by the appearance of another midnight canoeist who at that moment emerged from the silvery mists of the river to run his craft in under the undergrowth a few rods down the stream. Barradine waited until the mysterious voyager had drawn up his canoe and had started up the steep footpath which ascended the bank at the spot where he had landed. Then Barradine scrambled swiftly up the rocks to the top of the bank and, running lightly along its rim, was in time to see the unknown as he attained the summit. Barradine drew back into the undergrowth as the moonlight revealed the troubled face of David Trent.

Barradine gave Trent fifteen minutes' start, which he himself thriftily used to make a thorough examination of Trent's canoe. Then he invaded Trent's lodging house again and gave the startled young man his summons. Because of this delay and because, in the absence of the flivver, he had to saddle up on his return from Riordan's and ride out to the mill, Constable Barradine came late to the meeting.

He found them all—except Carstairs—gathered under the lamp which hung from the office ceiling.

Belden swung his chair around as Barradine entered and greeted him like an infuriated wasp.

"I consider this an outrage, Mr. Barradine!" he buzzed. "You've kept us waiting more than an hour in the middle of the night, and Carstairs absolutely ignores us! I call it—"

"Carstairs not 'ere?" cried Barradine in exaggerated amazement. "Coo blimey!" He was staring at the girl, perplexed by the intensity of emotion which robbed her face of the youth and the radiance he had been accustomed to see in it, when the door opened and Carstairs entered. His handsome face seemed drawn and tired. He held a revolver in one hand.

"I've had a gang of men going over the scene of the crime with me," he said gravely. "Trudeau was shot just as he punched the clock at Number Five Shed at twelve, midnight." He examined each of the faces in the lamplight with thoughtful gravity. "This gun," he said quietly, "was found some yards from the body. Do any of you recognize it?"

He held it under the lamplight. The little company closed in, staring at the gun in Carstairs' hand.

"Yes!" It was the voice of old Belden, sharp and strained. "I can identify that gun!" He was gazing with a peculiar, fascinated eagerness at Trent.

"Of course," Trent faltered. "It's mine."

"It's a gun we have always kept in the cashier's desk," said Belden slowly.

"But the drawer is never locked!" cried Trent. "Anybody could take it!"

"WHEN did you last see it there?" demanded Carstairs, his voice a hard indictment.

"I don't know! I don't see it for weeks at a time!" Trent seemed suddenly to draw himself together. "Say!" he cried. "What is this, anyway? You can't accuse me! Why—"

"I want to know when you last saw this gun!" cried Carstairs.

"Wait a minute!" boomed Riordan. His great body loomed over all of them, his voice sounding with a touch of mockery. "Trent's right. You can't bully him into answering questions like this! That gun could be taken by anybody!"

A silence fell; a mute tribute to this championship of civil rights.

"Now I'll tell you what to do," said Riordan quietly. "You and Barradine go ahead and make up whatever case you can out of it. I'll take Trent down the river with me, now; and you can have our word that we'll be at hand any time you want us. That's fair enough, isn't it?"

"It would be," smiled Carstairs easily, "if there weren't a small matter of mur-

(Continued on page 38)

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GOODYEAR WINGFOOT HEELS

NRA CODE

keep shoes and feet straight

(Continued from page 37)

der involved. As it is, I must insist—"

"You must be mad! You must be stark, staring blind!" It was the voice of the girl, cutting in sharply upon Carstairs.

"Can't you see?" she demanded, her words sharp with a strange, harsh note that shocked like an electric charge. "He did it! Of course he did it! David Trent! He had the combination! He told me he was going to get money by hook or crook! And that's his gun!"

"Barbara!" The cry came from Trent as if from a strangling man. He moved forward impulsively and she drew back, her face white as death, turning desperately in appeal to Barradine.

"Aren't you going to arrest him?" she cried. "Can't you see he's the man you want?" There was a shocked instant in which the room stood paralyzed. "Ask him where he was tonight!" she cried. "When Jacques Trudeau was killed!"

"Barbara!" cried Trent, grief, horror and despair seeming to choke him.

"I can tell yer w'ere 'e was," boomed the steady voice of Barradine. " 'E was out in a canoe, paddlin' in the river."

Barbara turned on Carstairs.

"Isn't that enough?" she cried eagerly. "Doesn't that prove he's the man you want?"

"But Riordan," boomed Barradine, "was out on the river, too."

She swung around upon him, her eyes blazing.

"I know that!" she cried.

"How?" demanded Carstairs.

"I was with him!" she said.

There was a pause.

"Now that," said Riordan calmly, "is a lie."

"Oh, I know!" stormed the girl. "You must protect my good name. But it's too late for that, Tom." Again she swung to Carstairs. "Will you arrest him now?" she cried.

Trent plunged forward and seized her savagely by the arms, below her shoulders.

"Barbara!" His voice was thick and guttural, his face convulsed with an emotion deeper than rage or fear. "Why are you doing this to me? I could—"

"Don't!" she screamed. "David! Don't!" She struggled to free herself. "Make him leave go!" Her voice rose, high pitched—a cry for help. "He killed Jacques Trudeau!"

Carstairs and Barradine closed in, the glitter of metal in Carstairs' hand. There was a moment of struggle, and then Trent stood manacled between the officers.

AT NINE the next morning Carstairs came up from the cells in the cellar of the police post and slumped wearily into a chair at the uncleared breakfast table. He poured himself a cup of coffee and drank it black. Barradine, who was working at the typewriter, ignored him while he pecked on to the end of a page; then, rising, he joined Carstairs at the table.

" 'E won't talk?" he asked casually.

"No," said Carstairs.

"Poor devil," said Barradine. "It must 'a' been a blow, comin' from the girl, the way it did."

"I was thinking of that," said Carstairs. "There was something queer about the way she demanded his arrest last night. She certainly wasn't moved by a desire to help the police."

Barradine, who had been filling his pipe, lit it with elaborate nonchalance.

"P'raps it was wot Riordan said set 'er orf," he suggested.

"How do you mean?"

"Well, it looks like she's in love with Riordan, don't it? An' 'ere she sees the man she loves goin' orf on a canoe trip in the middle of the night with a bloke wot's just killed 'is partner in crime to keep 'is mouth shut—fer you can depend upon it that's w'y Trudeau got drilled. Well, it forces 'er 'and, see? *She* didn't want to turn the poor blighter over to us, but she couldn't abide the idea of Riordan goin' orf on a canoe trip with 'im. That's 'ow I see it. . . . An' now wot, sonny?"

Gatchi, the Indian boy, had slipped into the room while Barradine was speaking.

"The lady," he said, "she go down the river. In a canoe."

" 'Strewth," said Barradine. "It's a good thing she didn't use a battleship, she'd 'a' run aground." He handed the boy a coin. "I've 'ad 'im lookin' arfter the girl for me," he explained. "Thought she might be 'avin' a chat with Riordan, an' thought I'd like to be there." Opening a drawer of the desk he took out a package wrapped in brown paper and made for the door.

"Where are you going?" asked Carstairs.

"Down the river," said Barradine. "In a canoe—to Riordan's house."

BARBARA and Riordan were in Riordan's cabin, when Barradine entered.

" 'Ope I don't intrude," he said cheerfully. Walking over to Barbara he handed her the paper parcel which he carried. "Thought yer might be lookin' for it," he suggested.

She opened the paper and a light jacket of oak-brown cloth decorated with bright yellow buttons fell into her lap. She clutched it in her hands with a quick gasp of apprehension.

"Thank you," she said, staring at Riordan with wide, anxious eyes.

"Don't mention it," said Barradine, and turned quickly to Riordan. "Perishin' 'ot in 'ere," he said brightly.

"Is it?" said Riordan. He was gazing at Barradine searchingly, intent upon some clue which would explain the officer's visit. "I've just finished breakfast." He indicated the littered table. "That little kerosene stove generates a lot of heat."

Barradine strolled across the room and gazed at the little kerosene stove. It brought him close to the big iron range; close enough to touch it with his hand and detect the warmth which the iron walls still held. Deliberately he took off one of the iron lids; then quickly, he plunged one hand into the ashes in the fire-box.

He heard the girl scream, but he had been watching Riordan's reflection in a windowpane. He turned and flung the iron stove lid before Riordan got his gun free of his hip pocket. It struck Riordan's forehead and the man reeled sideways against the table, which collapsed under his weight. With a crash of many dishes and the rending of shattered wood, the big man sprawled to the floor. Barradine pounced upon him, snapping the manacles home before Riordan regained his senses, and with a canny regard for the man's great strength he saw to it that Riordan's arms were locked behind him.

Barbara Belden bandaged a nasty cut across Riordan's forehead while Barradine removed from the ashes in the stove small scraps of charred paper which might prove that Riordan had burned a number of promissory notes made out to the Belden Lumber Company, and stout envelopes that had contained securities.

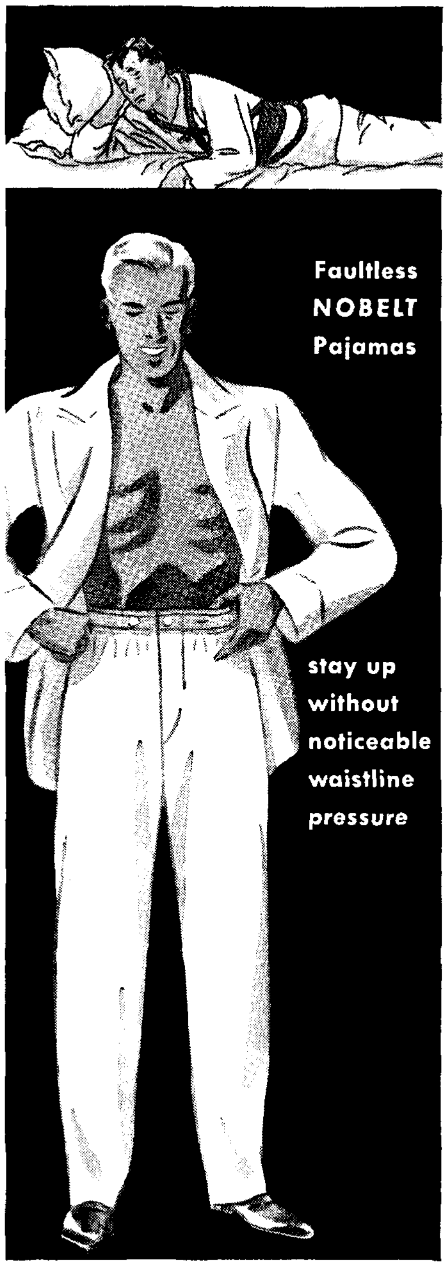
"Shouldn't 'ave burned 'em in batches," said Barradine reproachfully.

He gently placed a wad of partially consumed paper on the stove top. "Now, if you'll show me w'ere you stowed the swag, it'll save us searchin'."

But Riordan wouldn't. Instead he turned to the girl, his eyes glowing with such a malignant light that Barradine moved quickly to his side, pressing a restraining hand upon one shoulder.

"So you came to help me!" snarled

Get rid of the "ROPE" that ruins sleep!



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Riordan. "You wanted me to know that I could depend on you! And while I was listening to your lies you were bringing the police here."

"I didn't," she said coolly. "But I'm glad he came." She went back to her chair and picked up the jacket. "Where did you get it?" she asked Barradine.

"Trent's canoe," said Barradine. He watched her closely. "Arfter 'e put you ashore 'e took the canoe back to Todd's Landing. I let 'im land. An' then I found the jacket."

"SO THAT'S how you knew," she said.

"Beggin' your pardon, no," said Barradine. "Yer see, Riordan is the only suspect 'oo could deliberately make the money arrive too late to go into the bank, any time 'e wanted to. 'E did that by tamperin' with the engine o' the jigger. But bless my soul, miss, I could see you knew it was 'im w'en I came back inter the office with the combination. I saw you pull away from Riordan an' look 'im over in a way that, beggin' yer pardon, miss, could only mean you'd seen 'im sometime in the act of watchin' Trent open the safe."

"I did!" she cried. "I saw him there one morning, early. He was looking in the window and putting something down on paper. He laughed it off when I spoke to him, but when you did it yesterday morning I realized what it meant."

"W'y," queried Constable Barradine, "didn't you tell us?"

"Well—" She gazed curiously at Riordan's sullen face. "We were pretty good friends, you know," she said. "I wanted to talk it over with someone first."

"So you went out in Trent's canoe and talked it over with him!"

"Yes!" she cried. "I told David! And he'd been suspicious, too. Of Trudeau. He had sent a message to Trudeau telling him to report to him first thing this morning. So when I saw that Tom Riordan had killed poor Jacques to keep his mouth shut, I knew he suspected David of knowing too much—and when he suggested taking David back in his canoe—" She paused helplessly.

"You put David under the protection of the police, eh? An excellent idea!"

He turned to Riordan.

"W'ere'd you go larst night, arfter you killed Trudeau?"

"I came down here, but I saw you in time to paddle across and hide under Sandspit Island. Then I paddled—" Abruptly he realized how Barradine had trapped him. "Damn you!" he cried. Barradine shoved him back into the chair.

"You remember wot 'e said," he adjured Barbara. "It's evidence."

"I'll try to remember," she said. "But we must get back! To David!" Her face flushed, her eyes flamed with the thought of Trent. "Poor darling!" she cried. "It was like stabbing him in the back, to do what I did last night! But I'd do it again! I would! I'd do it again! . . . Oh, let's go back!"

Barradine placed a hand gently on her shoulder.

"*You* go back," he urged. "You go back an' tell Cawpril Carstairs w'y I want 'im to come dahn 'ere as quick as 'is canoe will cut water. We've got to find w'ere 'e stowed the swag. An' you might as well see Trent w'ile you're abaht it. Take 'im aht o' jail an' show 'im abaht a bit. It'll do 'im good."

She looked at him, smiling wickedly. "I'll try to remember," she said.

Mid Shot and Shell

Continued from page 13

Let us see this policy at work. The United States Navy Department sends a flotilla of warships to Chile in order to exhibit to the Chilean officials the excellence of American-built warships. The Chileans, however, do not buy the American ships. They buy instead two warships and six submarines from England. The moment this purchase becomes known the American Navy Department exhibits signs of violent apprehension. "The balance of power has been upset in South America," says a naval chief. Argentina and Peru are showing great perturbation. The papers are murmuring about the matter. The equilibrium must be restored. How? High naval officers propose that the United States government actually sell half a dozen ships to Peru, which is most seriously disequilibriated. This will, of course, lower America's naval strength. But this can be rectified quickly enough by building six new vessels to take the place of those sold to Peru. The shipbuilders are, of course, enthusiastically for this plan. After all, it is really better to build warships for our perfectly solvent Uncle Sam than for more or less financially embarrassed Peru. But the Cabinet, when the proposal came before it, sat down heavily on this plan. Thereupon one of our admirals strongly urged the Peruvian ambassador at Washington to advise his government to go out into the open market and buy some more ships at once in order to restore the disturbed balance of power.

There seems to be little doubt that this goes on continually in the smaller countries. Salesmen of small warships, cruisers, submarines, airplanes and machine guns are always on the scene in every country. They are continually pressing new purchases on all of these countries. But the instant one of these nations orders a ship or a plane or a sub, the cables burn with the news to the company's agent in the neighboring country. "Peru has bought two new submarines," runs the cable. "Bring this at once to the attention of Colombia." At the moment Peru and Colombia are preparing to fly at each other's throats. Diplomats, including those of this government, are moving heaven and earth to compose the quarrel, to get the would-be belligerents around a table. Public feeling is running high. Jingo papers make the welkin ring and whip up public emotions. Only a spark is needed to set the woods afire. The peace of these peoples is at the mercy of that spark.

Progress in Powder

I have been browsing around in the vast correspondence of these munitions makers with their salesmen and the government. I must confess that there are some things which seem strange to the lay mind. One of them is the continual offering to other countries by American munitions makers of their wares, their patents, their new inventions and devices developed in this country for killing people or resisting attack. You ask yourself if, after all, it is not foolish to be putting into the hands of other countries weapons and the secrets about weapons which may be turned against our own armies and people in the event of trouble.

However, when you enter this ethical maze, you are compelled to admit that the munitions makers are not to be set down as examples of unvarnished greed.

(Continued on page 40)

Pretty Smooth

Don't you feel more confident, more glamorous when you know your hair looks exactly right? Pretty smooth, the boys say. You can keep it so this easy way: Every week before your regular shampoo give yourself a 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic treatment. Apply the Tonic generously, being careful to cover the entire surface of the scalp, and massage for several minutes until it tingles pleasantly. These treatments will inject new life into your hair; impart a lovely lustre; and induce the waves to fall gracefully and becomingly. Get a bottle at any good drug or department store and see for yourself what a vast improvement in the appearance of your hair even a few Tonic treatments will make. In shaker-top bottles at 40c and 70c.

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● There is a big surprise in store for you when you clean your car with the wonderful Simoniz Kleener. In less time than you would imagine, it will sparkle and gleam like new. The secret of the sensational speed and ease with which Simoniz Kleener works is explained by a new principle of cleaning. It does away with all hard rubbing. A few strokes with Simoniz Kleener on a cloth restore the original lustre. After cleaning, always apply Simoniz. It will make your car stay beautiful.

SIMONIZ STOPS "FINISH ROT" AND KEEPS CARS BEAUTIFUL

● Every car needs Simoniz. "Finish rot" quickly destroys a car's beauty. Simoniz stops this destructive decay. It is made to resist all conditions of climate and weather. Gives perfect protection. Makes the finish last longer and keeps the colors from fading. So, insist on Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener for your car. Then, the loveliness of a sparkling, beautiful car is yours to enjoy always!

Use Simoniz Kleener to clean the glass, bumpers and chromium parts of your car. It keeps them radiantly beautiful.

MOTORISTS WISE
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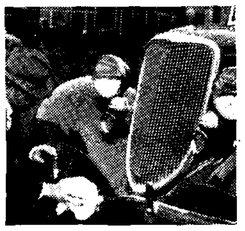

MAKES THE FINISH LAST LONGER

(*Continued from page* 39)

You learn quickly enough that the Navy, the Army, the government generally not only looks with favor upon the trade but almost insists on it. One of the leading munitions firms—the duPonts—have declared over and over that they had remained in the business of making military explosives at the earnest urging of the government. And I have not the slightest doubt that that is true.

The theory back of this is that the government is eager to see an active, virile and progressive munitions industry in existence upon which it can draw for supplies in time of war. It is therefore anxious to have its munitions makers do an active business with foreign governments for two reasons. First, they would thus be brought into active competition with foreign producers and stimulated to energetic research and development, and, second, they would be kept abreast of what was going on in the whole world of arms. And, also, the government would be kept informed as to what other nations were doing in every department of war.

Foreigners Aren't Dumb

When you hear, therefore, that naval authorities coöperate energetically with munitions companies to sell their wares abroad, your first impression is that there must be graft somewhere. But the relationship is natural enough. Both—munitions makers and military officers—have the same objective, the stimulating of the trade in munitions in order to keep alive an active laboratory and proving ground for the perfection of the American industry.

It is the same everywhere. Japan is the most militaristic nation in the world. But her munitions makers eagerly cultivate the foreign market. Indeed, they offered to sell arms to the Balkan states for 25 per cent less than other manufacturers. The Skoda works in Czechoslovakia have been selling heavily in Germany and Austria and this huge firm is controlled by the great French arms makers, Schneider-Creusot.

At first blush it looks very much as if we were taking a good deal of a gamble in passing out to foreign governments the secrets of our own war-engine inventors. But munitions men remind us that this is not a one-way transaction. After all, foreigners are not quite so dumb as many Americans think them and they have been somewhat more fertile in invention than we have been in the domain of destroying human life.

Mr. Irenée duPont gives several excellent examples. For instance, before the war a representative of the duPont Company visited the German Nobel Company, with which it had friendly and contractual relations through the English company, the Imperial Chemical Industries. These American, English and German companies had an arrangement to exchange information about their newly developed processes. Accordingly, the duPont agent was told that the German companies were employing diphenylamine to maintain the keeping qualities of smokeless powders during storage. This was communicated at once to the United States government. When the Great War began American powder producers had to develop quantity production of smokeless powders. And this use of diphenylamine as a stabilizer was an important factor in making this task possible.

On the other hand, the argument is presented that at best this exchange of processes and patents in war machines is a gamble. The president of our leading submarine builders will admit that it is impossible to build a submarine anywhere in the world without using one or more of the patents of the American company. The submarine, after all, is America's baby. Before the war this company shipped submarines to various countries. To others it sold the right to use its patents. It granted in 1912 to Austria-Hungary the right to build two U-boats and supplied plans, patents, specifications. The next year Krupp in Germany bobbed up with these patents in its possession. They had been gotten from Germany's ally, Austria. Krupp demanded release of the patents. It was "for the Fatherland." In any case, those plans and those patents formed, according to this American authority and builder, "the most vital parts of the ships" which Germany built. And in the end it was Germany's submarine warfare, it was the sinking of the Lusitania and the Sussex by U-boats built on American plans, which brought us into the war, cost us forty billion dollars, thousands of lives and fifteen years of disturbed economic life. At least this subject of exchanging inventions is worth considering as a national policy rather than being left to the judgments of men interested purely from the standpoint of mechanical progress and profits.

What has gone before in the Senate investigation deals largely with selling methods in foreign countries and with the smaller fry of the munitions business. The bigger fish are to come later. For it must be remembered that the big game of the munitions industry, at least so far as America is concerned, is not the maker of explosives. As a matter of fact, American peace-time business in military explosives is quite small. There are exports but they amount to but very little and of course domestic consumption is unimportant. The big end of this business is the warship market, the submarine market, the airplane market. A few million dollars will be spent in America on military powder this year. But the expenditures on warships will run to many millions. Over $280,000,000 has been authorized. It is the shipbuilders who have played the largest rôle in this business. They maintain the closest contacts with the Navy Department. They keep the closest eye on disarmament conferences. They keep up the most constant propaganda for what might be called the jingo spirit.

Plans of Battle

The Senate probe will really hardly be under way until it has gotten around to the naval builders. There the committee believes it is on the trail of startling revelations. For many years naval building contracts have been pretty systematically parceled out among six shipbuilding companies—the big three and the little three. The big three are dominated by the Bethlehem Steel Corporation. The little three are more closely affiliated with the United States Steel Corporation. The industry is closely associated with the steel industry, for steel armament and steel ordnance form an enormous part of the cost of these fighting ships. For years men inside the Navy, men who follow naval affairs, have insisted that the government pays exorbitant prices for its ships and that this is due to the antiquated methods by which these vessels are built and to the lack of real competition among the builders. Indeed, critics go so far as to say that not only our shipyards but our ships as well are far from efficient and that the Navy itself is perilously weak in the possession of those auxiliary vessels which are as essential to it as are guns. Can it be that, after all the billions spent, we are to learn that we really have no Navy?

(*Continued on page* 42)

Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

In the United States today, 284 out of every 1,000 citizens live in states which still do not permit the sale of distilled liquors. Another fact of significant relationship is that U. S. revenue officers capture a still on an average of every 43 minutes throughout each day and night.

One of the few "wine executions" in history took place in London in 1478. After George, the Duke of Clarence, had been sentenced to death, his brother, King Edward IV, graciously permitted him to choose the manner in which he wished to die. The duke asked to be drowned—in good liquor. So on the day of his execution he was officially tossed into a large cask of Malmsey wine. —*By Vincent Rafferty, Methuen, Massachusetts.*

Once in a while a rumor spreads rapidly that lepers have been found working in a certain factory and the company's sales suddenly decline. Even if it were true, fear of contagion is groundless. Leprosy is contracted only by direct contact with the leper. The bacilli die almost at once after leaving the body of their host. In fact, very few of the hundreds of doctors and nurses who have treated lepers for years have ever been infected.

Radio audiences pay a considerable amount to "attend" an important sporting event. In New York City alone during the recent Baer-Carnera fight, 202,000 extra kilowatt hours were consumed at a cost of $11,000. Incidentally, this fight caused more late conversation than any other, as the station "loads" were not back to normal until 4 A. M., or three hours later than on other fight nights.—*By J. F. Shadgen, New York City.*

The five odors liked best by the average American, it is believed, are rose, pine, lilac, violet and lily of the valley. On the other hand, the five odors which he dislikes most are garlic, rubber, lard, kerosene and uncooked fish.

Rare mathematical ability is not always dependent on education. Some prodigies have been illiterate, others have known nothing of the principles of mathematics. Johann Dase (1824-1861), the greatest mental mathematical marvel in history, had no understanding of the fundamentals of mathematics, yet he could multiply two 100-figure numbers in his head in less than nine hours.—*By G. P. Elliott, Arlington, California.*

Even strike-breaking is organized on a big business basis. One New York company is so large and active that it stands ready, at any hour of the day or night, to send any number of armed "guards"—even up to an army of 10,000—to any company in any city whose employees have struck. During the 30 years of its existence, it has served more than a hundred of America's largest corporations and made many millions of dollars.

Up to 1917, the world's most active icon was the holy picture of the Iberian Virgin in Moscow. From morning to midnight each day in a coach drawn by six horses and attended by priests, it made a round of visits to the homes of the sick, to weddings, dedications and even to the inaugurations of sales, for which it would be given as much as $50. In fact, it was in such demand that its appointments had to be scheduled months in advance.

Not only are large amounts paid for "air rights," or the privilege of erecting buildings over railroad tracks, but sizable sums are sometimes paid merely for the right to use the light and breathe the air over certain areas. For example, in 1929 a skyscraper in New York leased for 33 years the light and air rights over a five-story building next door for $742,500.—*By I. J. Kline, New York City.*

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

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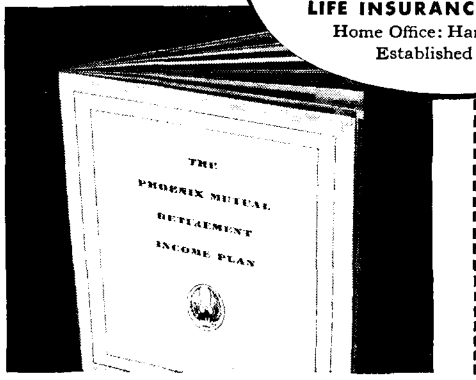
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Continued from page 40

And now about the plans of the battle ahead. Here are the proposals which will find their way to Congress:

1. An international agreement to limit production of all direct war munitions to dealers licensed by their respective governments.

2. To limit export of munitions to shipments approved specifically in each case by the government.

3. Complete publicity concerning all production and shipments for export.

4. International supervision by some international authority. Such an agreement has already been approved by many foreign governments.

5. A bill to declare the production and distribution of munitions in America a national monopoly and to prohibit production save by the government or under government franchise.

6. Complete prohibition against the export of munitions from America at all times.

7. A law against the sale or exchange of American devices or patents to any foreign country.

8. A law assessing during times of war 100 per cent tax on all profits from munitions production or sale.

9. A general plan for a comprehensive draft, without profit, of all labor and capital during times of war.

Arguments on Both Sides

What will the Congress do about this? What should they do about it? It is by no means certain the Senate will support such a grandiose program. The Senate Committee is pretty well sold on a drastic program. And this committee is fairly well representative of all Senate groups. There are the insurgent Republican Nye of North Dakota, as chairman, and the more orthodox Republican Vandenburg of Michigan, a presidential possibility. There are the radical Democrat, Senator Homer Bone of Washington, the conservative Democrat, Senator George of Georgia and the liberal Democrat, Senator Bennett Clark, son of the late Champ Clark, from Missouri, and the New Deal Democrat, Senator Pope of Idaho. They are all in dead earnest about this inquiry.

But the Senate itself is not so easily tagged. It was by no means enthusiastic about ordering the inquiry. Here is a little inside story about that. The resolution was planned through good strategy. Senator Nye offered an amendment to the tax bill imposing a tax of 98 per cent on profits from war munitions in the event of war. There was instant opposition. Many senators were against it. The amendment could have been defeated. But numerous senators did not want to vote on it at all—did not want to stand up and be counted. At this juncture Nye offered a resolution for the investigation. He proposed to trade. Vote the investigation and he would withdraw the amendment. The senators jumped eagerly at that escape. They voted the resolution but provided only $15,000 to finance it. This was inadequate and the inquiry would have died there had not the President put his influence behind a larger grant of funds. And so no one can say what the Senate will do with these bills when they are introduced.

In a world so troubled as our own these are grave questions. Congress can hardly afford to make a mistake. There are arguments on both sides. The argument against the munitions makers is of course familiar. It is that in search of profits they stimulate and encourage the competition in arms which becomes itself an irritant; that they prevent disarmament and create war scares to boost sales; that this will go on so long as there is profit in it; that the only way to stop it is to take the profit out of it.

On the other side, the Army and the Navy and the private munitions makers insist that private production is the soundest for the national defense. They insist that explosives, for instance, can be developed and improved only by a great enterprise which includes an extensive chemical industry; that in the case of ships, the production of war vessels and merchant vessels is really part of the same business; that in the event of war merchant vessels are as essential as war vessels as auxiliaries to the fighting ships and that to do away with private manufacture of warships would completely wreck our already feeble shipbuilding industry. They also insist that the same thing is true of planes, which will play so great a part in the next war; that there is almost no essential difference between the war plane and the commercial plane; that the great advance made by American plane makers has been due to the production of war planes for foreign governments; that to end this industry as a private business would bring all this development to a standstill.

Still other arguments are advanced. There are only a few nations in which munitions are produced on a large scale. Hence the rest of the world must depend upon the producers in these countries. If munitions become the exclusive monopoly of the governments, then the other nations, particularly the smaller ones, will be at the mercy of a few arms-producing nations. This will necessitate every country becoming a producer of munitions and when this happens we will have more arms makers than ever.

There is objection from the radical. Those who believe that we are to witness uprisings in various countries, and that many revolutions impend, do not want to see the exclusive production of arms in the hands of the governments they would overthrow. The private manufacturer is essential to revolution.

There is still another objection. It is that, after all, the real cause of war is not the munitions maker, but deep, age-old racial differences, struggles for commercial supremacy, racial vanities, the striving of congested populations for room to breathe in colonies. Put all the arms factories of the world in the hands of governments and you would still have these, the real causes of war, left.

Why Go to War?

Of this last there can be little doubt. However, it must be remarked that the problem of America is somewhat unique. We have not these old racial hatreds, these old frontier disputes, these acute commercial rivalries which afflict other nations. I think it must be conceded that we have not a single quarrel with any people on this globe which is worth going to war about. If we go to war again in the near future it will probably be through the same causes which led us into the last one—an interruption of our right to trade with one or more of the belligerents. And that will scarcely grow to acute or threatening proportions unless we are selling them munitions. If this is true it is certain that we owe it to ourselves to define a clear-cut policy on this whole vexing question.

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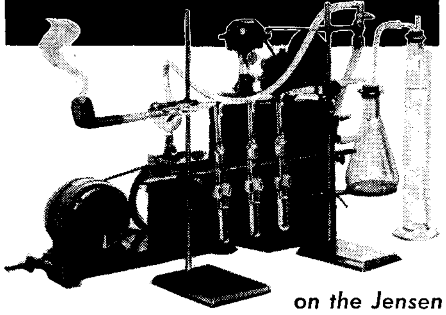

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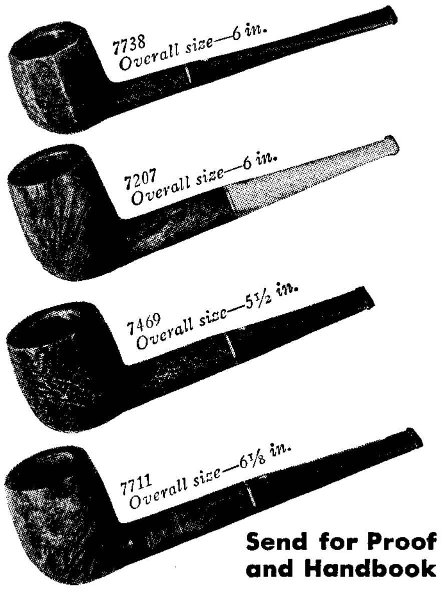

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Ask your dealer to show you

Super-Grain $5
A SUPER-KAYWOODIE

Each pipe a rare and beautiful specimen—pick of the world's choicest briar roots

The Red Dragon

Continued from page 19

common-sense recommendation. Brushing aside all army folderol, the aide declared in a few hundred words that the officer deserved congratulations, not condemnation. Without hesitation the President reinstated him, despite mutinous mutterings among the gold-braiders and their civilian superiors.

The President stepped in once more when his son phoned that two oarsmen on Harvard's junior crew could not row against Yale because of a summons to reserve camp. Mr. Roosevelt rang up Steve Early, and the latter phoned the War Department just across the street. Had the regular order prevailed, the youngsters would have had whiskers so long that they would have become entangled with the sweeps by the time the release from camp arrived.

The make-it-snappy boys hailed these and other presidential interventions as a good augury, but they chortled prematurely. A President can break precedent, but very few others can get away with it. Two of Mr. Roosevelt's closest associates who tried the same tactics found themselves in serious trouble. When Louis Howe bought toilet kits by telephone in order to speed up the CCC mobilization, the political uproar was terrific; it threatened the first scandal of the Administration. Angered at this unconventional method of purchase, rival contractors and their Army friends tipped off Republican senators, who promptly developed the fact that Mr. Howe's kits cost twice as much as those bought for Army use "through channels." It made no difference that the Howe equipment was superior in quality, or that he was the President's confidential secretary. He had violated the sacred code, and he had to be exposed so that other brash newcomers in the President's train would not commit such heresy.

Harry Hopkins revels in slashing and sneering at red tape. As a social worker, he learned long ago that there is a vast difference between an order for food and the food itself. So, without benefit of rules and regulations, he put 4,000,000 people to work on CWA projects within five weeks. But enemies inside and outside the government whispered of graft and waste, and he frankly admitted that three out of 50,000 relief workers had been indicted on such charges. He conceded that some mistakes had been made in the effort to provide work for the hungry while they were still hungry and alive.

High Priests of Red Tape

Although the Administration prides itself on these two ventures as excellent demonstrations of action, red tapists in every department hold them up as horrible examples. They encouraged the so-called "chief clerk brigade" in its contention and creed that, without a mountain of rules and regulations, forms and vouchers, requisitions and auditings, reviews and revisions, the government cannot be conducted honestly or efficiently.

Maybe they're right! Anyway, it is this type of government servant who, slowly but surely, shakes the faith of federal freshmen that in government as in geometry the shortest distance between two points is the straightest line joining them. The chief clerks and their subordinates are the high priests of red tape these days.

Secretary Ickes set out to reduce waste motion to a minimum, but he frequently found that projects put together the new way would not stand up under the scrutiny of hostile tapists elsewhere.

After weeks of battling with Controller General McCarl, who believes that there is more rejoicing in the Treasury over a postage stamp saved than the expenditure of $2,000,000, Mr. Ickes gave up. He had to slow down in allocating the $3,700,000,000 for public works, especially as he had to comply rigidly with the conflicting legal and financial requirements of forty-eight different states.

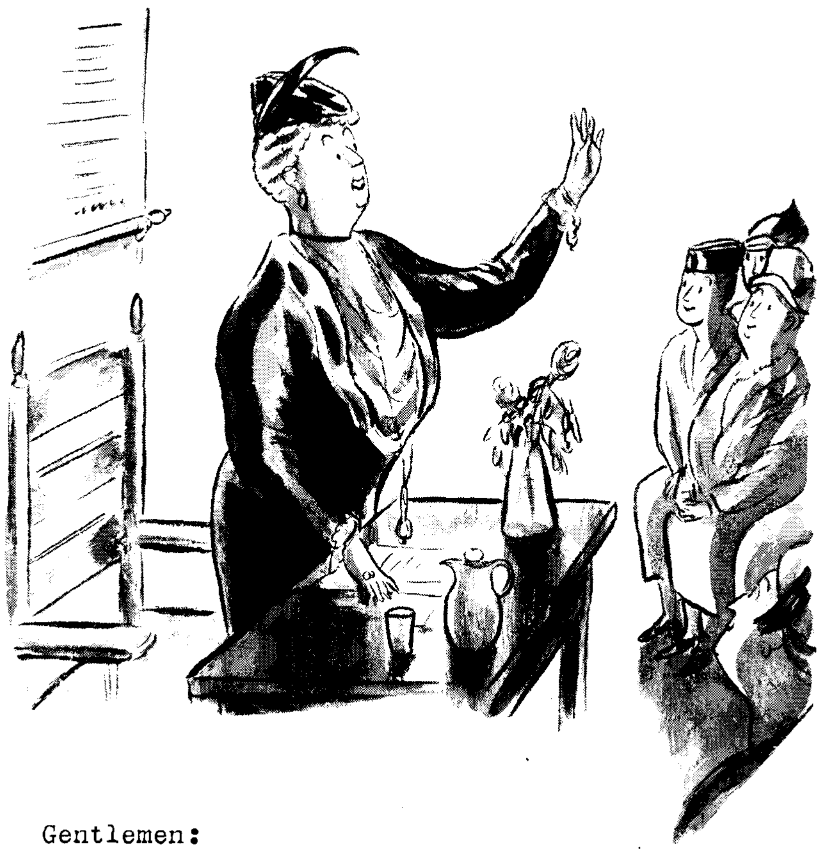
They Never Sleep

It is lawyer-legislators, both state and national, who give red tape its stranglehold on all government. They delight in enacting legislation which only a stuffy clerk or stodgy lawyer can understand. New Deal agencies find themselves hampered by new and old legal barriers every day. The TVA, for instance, has obtained a reduction in the cost of household appliances so as to increase domestic consumption of electricity. But its campaign will probably fail because the FHA, though it advances funds for purchase of bathtub gadgets and awnings, cannot make loans on electric ranges and refrigerators. The law does not classify ranges and refrigerators as integral parts of a residence, and therefore they are not mortgageable assets.

The NRA's experience suggests that there is some lotus-like atmosphere in Washington which strips the most robust characters of all decisiveness and directness. The NRA was one hangout where both personnel and program should combine to generate action as well as heat. It was headed by a military man noted for his defiance of form. Long before Congress passed the draft law in 1917, he ordered the printing of millions of cards required on enrollment day. Around himself he assembled leaders of business and industry whose favorite banqueting sport used to be denunciation of red tape in government. At meetings of their directors, Kiwanis clubs and chambers of commerce they could always raise a laugh or applause by contrasting the way private and public business was conducted.

But there was more formality, technicality and buck-passing in this agency than anywhere else in Washington. In framing codes, and in passing upon questions raised under them, the erstwhile critics became champions of procrastination. This meant nothing to them. There are countless cases in which industries large and small lost money, and laborers lost work, because of interminable hearings, reviews and reports by deputy administrators who qualified for membership in the "chief clerk brigade." Even when a decision was reached, it was likely to be upset on the morrow or the next. It was these things rather than the basic philosophy of the NRA, according to exasperated executives who commute to and from the Capital, which caused uncertainty in business and industry. It was this same weakness which, in part at least, convinced President Roosevelt that Johnson's outfit needed reorganization from top to bottom.

The red tapists never sleep, nor do they ever shut up. They will be mumbling, "You can't do that," long after the bright dreams of the New Dealers pass into the storage vaults where mountains of old vouchers, audits and blueprints are stacked high and wrapped in red ribbon.



Gentlemen:

I think you may be interested in the Woman's Viewpoint on a subject which must be very close to your heart: i.e., viz., to wit: SHIRTS.

This viewpoint was expressed so beautifully by President Florence Smelt Peckworth, at the last meeting of the East Netherfield Woman's Club, that I want to give you the gist of her speech. It was called "Streamlining Our Husbands."

As President Peckworth pointed out, men are Dears, and the Club couldn't get along without them -- like that lovely baritone who sang about Mandalay. BUT, she added, so many men are dreadfully *bulgy* when it comes to shirts, and wasn't it sort *of* the Club's civic duty to re-form them?

President Peckworth boldly asked the ladies how their husbands looked *after* they put on their shirts and *before* they put on their trousers. The audience just tittered, but that saucy Mrs. Riley got right up and said *her* husband looked as if he was wearing a pup tent and why didn't somebody make a shirt that fit snugly?

Then, gentlemen, the President exploded a bombshell. I can't do better than quote her own words:

"Girls," she said, "I feel it behooves each and every one of you to go home from this meeting and tell your husbands that there *is* a shirt actually shaped to fit the -- er -- body. It's called -- very beautifully, I think -- the Mitoga, and a gentleman by the name of Arrow makes it in Troy, New York. Speaking of Troy, wasn't it the Greek poet who wrote:

'Who is this, whose godlike grace
Proclaims he comes of noble race?'

"That, girls, is the way *your* husbands will look in these shirts. And may I add that something called Sanforizing stops them -- the shirts I mean -- from *ever* shrinking. Your duty is plain, girls. Thank you. *Thank* you."

It seems to me, gentlemen, that in Arrow Mitogas, Florence Smelt Peckworth has got hold of a very good thing.

Sincerely
Helen E. Hokinson

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Every boss is looking for good ideas. A Remington Portable will help you put your thoughts on paper in clear, easy-to-read style. Maybe your abilities are along selling lines. Perhaps you can write. Perhaps you have a natural aptitude for advertising. Whatever you can do, typewrite your ideas. Executives have no time to struggle with handwriting. Big magazines won't even consider stories and articles that aren't typed. Typewriting has started many a young man and woman on the way to bigger earnings and lasting success.

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Shadow of Doubt

Continued from page 23

to him. He hadn't heard anything about any love affair between Lisa and Burnham, but that didn't mean that none existed. Burnham was evidently jealous. Could his jealousy have led him to Haworth's apartment last night?

Involuntarily he grinned at this thought. He shook his head slowly. There was no such simple solution of the mystery. Freddie Burnham, timid little Freddie, would never have resorted to violence, no matter how great was his jealousy. It was just one of those mean little matters in which Lisa was so comfortably at home. Just another Lisa intrigue. He dismissed Burnham from his thoughts and Lisa followed Burnham into the oblivion of sleep.

IT WAS with the exercise of tremendous restraint that he refused to look at the morning papers until a shower and a shave had swept the cobwebs of slumber from his brain. Then, over his coffee, he read the accounts eagerly. They added little to what had been contained in the late afternoon editions of yesterday. The fact that Trenna Plaice had owned a revolver of the same caliber as that from which the bullet that killed Haworth had been fired was commented on, but no reporter had dared to draw any conclusion from this fact.

Two of the newspapers, the Trumpet and the Blade, had editorials on the killing. The Blade was a conservative paper and it commended the police for their restraint. It said that frequently the authorities were so eager for publicity that they made arrests simply to advertise their own efficiency, and that great injustice was sometimes worked because of such arrests. It wound up with a treatise on the beneficence of Anglo-Saxon law, that saw that the innocent were protected.

On the other hand, the Trumpet, less conservative, demanded that the police give the public some action. It asked if the wealth or prominence of the three persons who had been most closely questioned by the police had anything to do with the inactivity of the authorities. It said that if these people had lived in tenements, had no money or influence behind them, all of them would have been confined in prison. It also wound up with a treatise on the inefficiency of the police, stating that crime was common in America because punishment was uncommon.

Thoughtfully Sturdevant poured another cup of coffee. The Blade's was the sane editorial, but that of the Trumpet would awaken popular response. The public would side with the Trumpet, would demand action.

What course would that action take? His blue eyes hardened as he pondered this question. He suddenly visualized Trenna being taken to prison, confined there. Granby seemed fairly confident that nothing like this would happen, but one could never be certain of what would happen when a major crime was being investigated. The doorbell rang in the midst of his thoughts and Dexter admitted Sergeant Wilcox.

"So you were out hiding the evidence last night, eh?" was Wilcox's greeting.

"I hoped no one would see me," said Sturdevant. "You won't drag the river to discover where I threw the gun, will you?"

"Not if you don't want us to," smiled the little sergeant. "The motto of the New York police department is 'Never be annoying.' "

"Thanks," said Sturdevant. "And to what, my dear Sergeant, aside from getting a confession from me, do I owe the pleasure of this bright morning call?"

Wilcox sat down; he carefully pulled up his trousers lest the crease be broken.

"I just like to know what my suspects are doing, what they're thinking. You know, a great friendliness. I hate putting the cuffs on a lad that's a stranger to me. It seems sort of familiar on short acquaintance."

"The thought does credit to your upbringing, Sergeant. Do you know me well enough now to handcuff me?"

"Not quite," grinned the sergeant. "How's the memory this morning? Do you still think you walked straight home from the Merrygoround night before last?"

"Certainly not. I rode in an ambulance."

"I knew it would all come back to you. What did you and Miss Plaice chat about last night?"

"Our next murder," replied Sturdevant.

Wilcox nodded sagely.

"They're always better when they're planned ahead. Well, I see you're going to be unpleasant about it. Here it is almost Thanksgiving and you ought to be doing your Christmas shopping now. I was hoping you had a nice little gift for Sergeant Wilcox, something like yourself all wrapped up ready for the chair." His light eyes grew suddenly serious. "It's a funny thing, this Haworth case, Mr. Sturdevant. Usually, we have a hell of a time digging up one suspect. Here we have three and don't know what to do with them. I notice you have the morning papers. The Trumpet makes it kind of tough for us. I don't mind telling you that we're up against it. I'm not the kind of cop that believes in scaring people, in pretending I have a lot of dope when I haven't got any. That is, I don't believe in it when I know it won't work." Humor came back to his eyes. "I couldn't scare you, could I?"

"Nothing could be easier. Say boo and watch me jump," laughed Sturdevant.

Wilcox eyed him steadily.

"I'd figure you at around a hundred and eighty pounds, without an ounce of scare in the lot. Well, has it occurred to you that you're just as much up against it as I am?"

"Maybe," admitted Sturdevant.

"NO MAYBE at all. The worst that happens to me, if we don't solve this case, is that the commissioner bawls my ear off with a lot of talk about putting me back on the beat. But what happens to you? Until this case is solved, until the murderer is caught, everyone in the world looks sidewise at you, Mr. Sturdevant. Wherever you go, people whisper. You're the guy that was mixed up in the Haworth case and couldn't clear himself. The same goes for Miss Plaice and Miss Bellwood."

"So we should all confess and get rid of suspicion. Is that it?" asked Sturdevant.

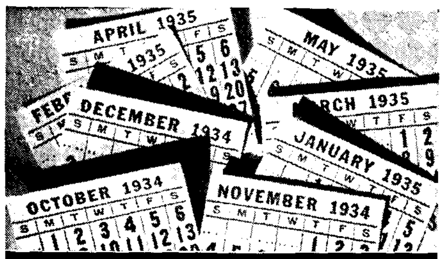
"I'm not kidding. What you should do is do your damnedest to figure out who could have done it, who would have wanted to do it."

"In other words, you don't think I did it?"

Wilcox shrugged.

"I wouldn't go so far as that. But if you didn't do it, it would be a swell idea if you tried to help me."

"Have I blocked you?" asked Sturdevant.



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"Not that I've found out. But what you ought to do is look back into that memory of yours and think up every single thing that might be important."

"So that Sergeant Wilcox can become Lieutenant Wilcox. Is *that* it?"

"So that Simeon Sturdevant won't be called the guy that killed Haworth but was too smart to get caught."

"Just a pal, thinking of my own good," laughed Sturdevant. "Don't you think, Sergeant, that if I had any ideas at all I'd be telling them to you? Honestly, I'm not holding out anything. You put it very politely, but that's what you're driving at. And you're all wrong. You're wrong about Miss Plaice, too. That is, if you're thinking the same thing about her."

"I'm not thinking anything," said Wilcox. "I'm just a guy that can't see his next step." He rose from the chair where he sat. "Hope you don't mind my dropping in on you."

"It's a pleasure," said Sturdevant. "Cup of coffee?"

"I was wondering when you'd think of that. Sure I will."

HE SAT down again, pulling his chair close to the table. As he did so the phone rang and Sturdevant picked it up.

"How's my hero this morning?" asked Lisa Bellwood. "Did Freddie ring up?"

"He did, and I wish you wouldn't do things like that."

"Now, don't be cross with your Lisa. You mustn't make me angry with you. You wouldn't like me to tell the police what I know."

"Come right down now," said Sturdevant. "Sergeant Wilcox is paying me a call."

"My God, he couldn't hear what I said," whispered Lisa.

"I hope not," Sturdevant replied.

He heard her deep sigh of relief.

"Lunch with me?" she asked.

"Not today or ever," he told her.

"You don't mean that," she laughed confidently.

"Don't I? You'll find out."

"I will," she retorted, hanging up.

"Your dames call you early," said Wilcox. "I have to ring mine myself."

"Tough luck," said Sturdevant.

"You haven't asked me how I knew it was a girl," said Wilcox.

"I'm afraid you'd brag for an hour about your methods of deduction," jeered Sturdevant.

"You tipped her off to go easy, didn't you?" said Wilcox. "Told her I was here. Miss Plaice?"

Sturdevant shook his head.

"Well, I don't suppose it's important who it was. Or is it?" the sergeant suddenly asked.

"More coffee?" asked Sturdevant.

Wilcox laughed.

"When you don't talk you don't talk. Well, that's the proper spirit. Did you have a pleasant luncheon with Miss Bellwood yesterday?"

"Delightful," answered Sturdevant.

"Meeting her today?"

"Only by accident. We have no engagement."

"You just turned her down, eh?"

Sturdevant stared at him.

"I don't get you."

"Wasn't that Miss Bellwood who just phoned?"

"What makes you think it was?"

"You said you didn't like to hear me brag. I wouldn't bore you with the answer."

The telephone rang again and Sturdevant picked it up.

"Sim?"

"Hello, Aunt Melissa."

"When are you bringing Trenna Plaice to see me? How about luncheon today?" his aunt asked.

"If she's up to it, I'd love to," he told her.

"I see you're not arrested," she said.

"Not yet. But there's a sergeant of police right beside me and you never know what he'll do next," laughed Sturdevant.

His aunt gasped with delight.

"Bring him to luncheon, too. I'd rather have him than Trenna Plaice."

"I'd rather have Trenna," chuckled Sturdevant.

"Then bring them both. Is he dreadful?"

Sturdevant put his hand over the telephone.

"My aunt wants to know if you're dreadful," he said.

"Tougher than a gorilla," said Wilcox.

"He's pretty dreadful," Sturdevant said into the telephone.

"Then make him come. I'm so sick of tiresome, stupid, namby-pamby people. He'll be a relief."

"I'll try," said Sturdevant. "I'll phone and let you know if Trenna can come."

He hung up and faced Wilcox.

"Will you lunch with my aunt?"

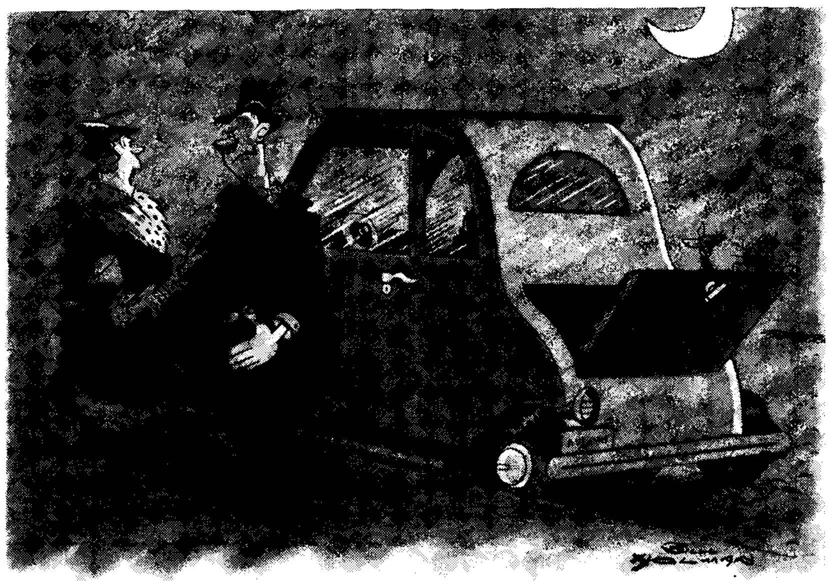
"Which aunt is that? Mrs. Pillson or Mrs. Davis?" asked the sergeant.

"Do you know the names of all my cousins?" inquired Sturdevant.

"Thorough. That's me. Sure I do. I even know what movie stars your secretary likes best."

"You know everything, don't you?"

(Continued on page 46)



"If you've lost the door key don't worry, we can ride home in the rumble seat!"

BILL HOLMAN

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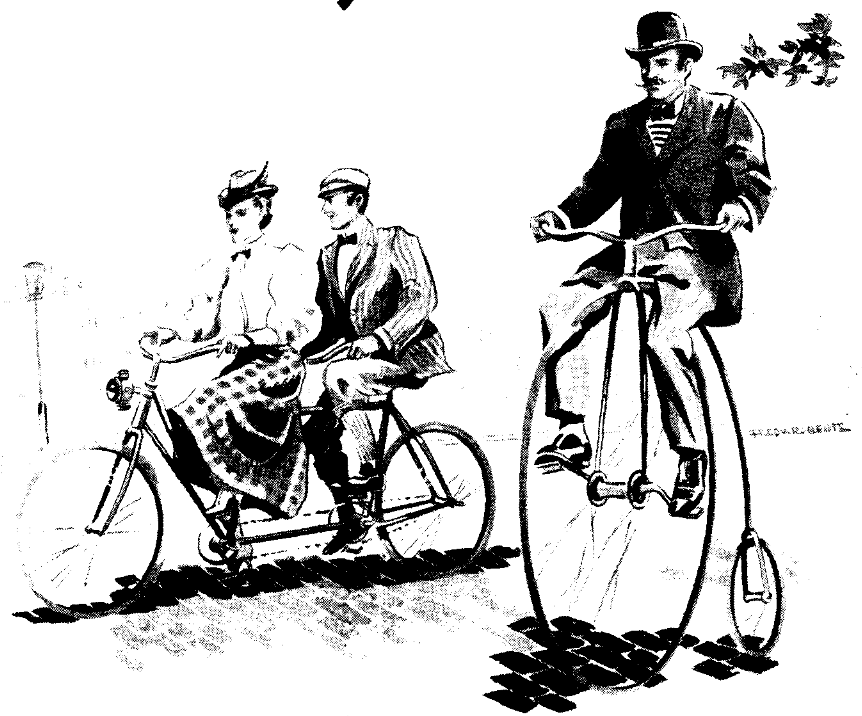

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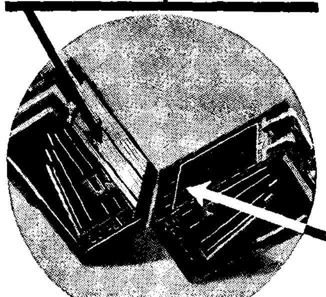

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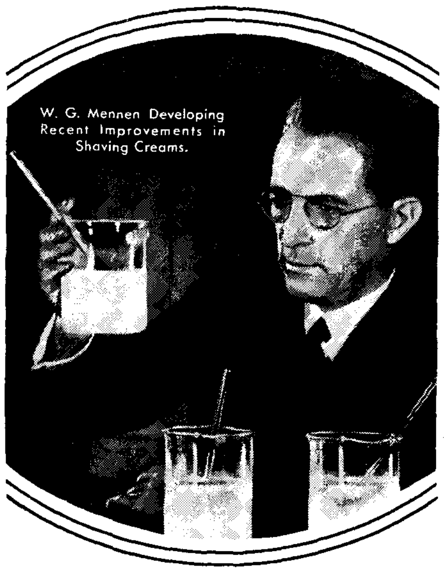

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"After thirteen months of experimenting and testing we got it. Immediately men went for it in a big way. Said it gave them a new idea of what a shave could be.

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1. **Wilts whiskers**—smooths the path of the razor. The blade sails over the skin. No yank! No pull!
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"One type of shave does not suit *all* faces best. Oily skins need a lather shave; dry skins, a brushless. Which is best for *you?* I've made up a Skin-Tester Kit to answer that one. Contains trial sizes Mennen Lather Shave, Mennen Brushless, Talcum for Men, Skin Bracer, and a Mennen Double-Edge Blade. Just write your name and address in margin, tear off with this coupon, enclose 10c and mail to Dept. C-28, The Mennen Company, Newark, N. J."

(*Continued from page* 45)

"Except who killed Haworth. Well, when do I lunch with your aunt?"

"You couldn't arrest me if you lunched with her," said Sturdevant. "If you dared to do a thing like that after having been in her house she'd cut you publicly."

"I couldn't go for that, could I?" asked Wilcox in dismay. "Do I have to make a promise?"

"Your own sense of the fitness of things will be enough," said Sturdevant.

STURDEVANT walked with Wilcox to the subway station at Twenty-third Street, where they parted, the sergeant taking a train downtown and Sturdevant taking a taxi to his office. During their brief walk the Haworth case had not been mentioned again. Wilcox had chatted about the final games of the football season. He liked Princeton against Harvard and Yale, and Yale against Harvard, and he thought the West would beat the East at the Rose Bowl this year.

He didn't say when he would see Sturdevant again, but the latter knew that it wouldn't be a matter of many hours before the dapper little officer would drop in on him. He did not underestimate the abilities of Wilcox. The sergeant was gay and friendly and full of cheery banter, but the handcuffs he mentioned were in his pocket, Sturdevant knew, ready to be slipped on anyone when the sergeant thought the time was ripe.

At that, Sturdevant did not believe that Wilcox thought him guilty. But if he had heard Lisa's threat to tell the police what she knew the sergeant's trust in Sturdevant might be modified. As he rode uptown Sturdevant studied this angle.

Lisa had *not* seen him outside Haworth's apartment. But Lisa's mere statement that she had would subject Sturdevant, under the circumstances, to the gravest suspicion. Perhaps the best thing to do would be to tell Wilcox what Lisa had said. The very fact that he went to the police with evidence against himself that another person withheld would tend to convince Wilcox that the evidence was false.

As against this, there was the fact that the longer Lisa refrained from telling the police, the less likely it was that her story would gain credence. A witness who hides important facts leaves herself open to doubt. He would talk to Granby further about this. For the moment Granby was content to wait action by Lisa.

As he paid off his taxi and entered his office building he noticed, with angry dismay, that his right leg dragged slightly. Yesterday he thought a cure had been finally and permanently effected; now he was despondent as he entered the elevator.

But his sense of values never deserted him for long. After all, he was *better;* his improvement had been steady. He had no reason to believe that complete recovery would not come in time. It was silly to be despairing over a slight physical ailment at a moment when he had other graver worries.

Miss Maley greeted him excitedly.

"A detective called on me last night," she said.

"Did he think I'd hidden the gun with you?" laughed Sturdevant.

"If he did, I knocked that idea out of his silly head," said the secretary. "I told him what I thought of him, daring to drag you into a murder case. I told him you weren't the kind of man to do a thing like that."

"Thanks a lot," grinned Sturdevant. "Any messages?"

"Miss Plaice just phoned. She said she'd missed you at your apartment. Wanted you to ring. And Miss Johnson said she would be in this morning."

"What's on her mind?" inquired Sturdevant.

"I don't know; she didn't say."

Sturdevant nodded and went into his inner office. He called Trenna's number.

"How are you this morning?" he asked.

"I feel all right; I slept well. Did you?"

"Never finer," he assured her.

"Have you read the Trumpet this morning?" she asked.

"Now, don't let that bother you," he advised. "We're going through a bit of bad luck, Trenna. We might have caught pneumonia. It's the same thing. After a while we get well."

"I suppose you're right," she admitted. "When do I see you?"

"My aunt, Mrs. Pillson, insists on meeting you. Would you mind lunching at her house today?"

"Certainly not," she said. "I'm going downtown to do some shopping. Shall I meet you there?"

"I could pick you up anywhere you liked."

"Darling, I wouldn't know where to tell you. I'm going to have my hair done, and I want to match materials, and get some stockings—where does your aunt live?"

He gave her the address of Melissa Pillson.

"It will be one-thirty and she hates people to be late."

"I'll be there."

IT WAS nine-thirty when Trenna Plaice telephoned Sturdevant. It was ten when she left her apartment. It had taken courage to leave her home yesterday to go to Granby's office. It had been easier to go to dinner later on, because she had had Sturdevant with her. She had not been very demonstrative with Sturdevant. In her heart was a feeling of shame that she had ever thought she preferred Haworth to him. Through the dinner she had studied Sturdevant's rugged face, finding new charm in it with every moment, and had assured herself that she would make him forget that she had ever hurt him. She felt strangely strong and weak in his companionship. She had felt a wish to protect him from things, while at the same time she felt eager to surrender completely to his protection. That people recognized them as figures in the Haworth tragedy was unimportant so long as she was with him.

But going out today without him was an ordeal. Granby had told her that she must expect to be followed by detectives. That was part of the routine of a police investigation. Nevertheless, as she entered her taxi, she wondered which one of the passers-by would leap into a taxi and follow her. She knew that no guilt burdened her, but espionage is a queerly terrifying thing. The mere fact that a stranger follows one brings uneasiness to the most innocent and the stoutest heart.

Nevertheless, it was an ordeal that must be undergone. No one in the establishment of Monsieur Louis could have guessed that beneath her calm and lovely exterior nerves jumped.

Louis himself greeted her, which was a high honor. Not only Louis considered it a distinction when he himself ministered to a client; the client herself was apt to feel important. And why not? The beauty business is one of the major industries of the country, and Louis is one of that business' chief figures. A depositor is flattered when the bank's president himself attends to the depositor's business.

She could hear the buzz of gossip in the adjoining booths as Louis worked

Ricardo Cortez in Warner Bros. Production of the "FIRE-BIRD."

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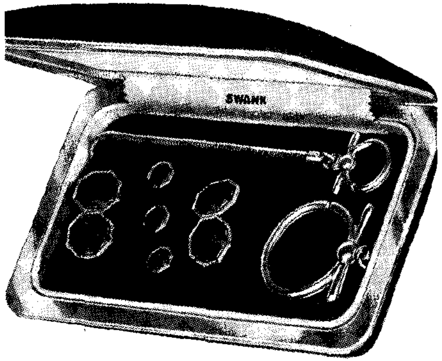
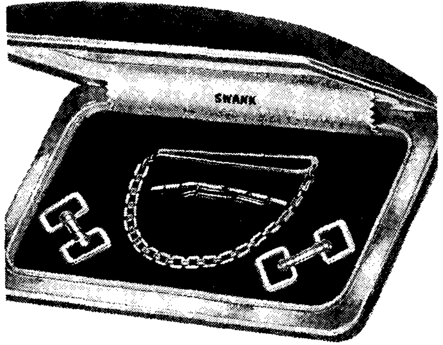
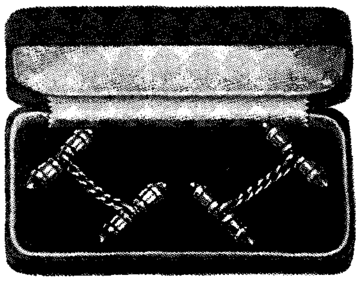


A man's evening jewelry stands out. Proper styling and true quality are important. There are Swank designs for the sophisticated—the conservative—all are correct—all in good taste. *$5.00—others lower and higher.*



Swank daytime sets provide harmonious jewelry accessories in many designs of collar holders, cravat holders and cuff links. May be purchased separately or in sets. *Set $3.50—others higher and lower.*



Here is the new Bar Link, set with cabochon stones—an original Swank cuff link creation.
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. T JEWELERS AND SMART MEN'S SHOPS
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SWANK
Jewelry Accessories for Men

on her hair. But this was not unusual. People always whispered and nudged when Trenna Plaice entered a business establishment, or a restaurant, or a theater. If today the buzz was a little more staccato, what did it matter?

A man feels better equipped to face the world after shaving; women react similarly to beauty treatments. Trenna, when she left Louis', was armored against the world. She walked to Madison Avenue and didn't care that heads turned. As a matter of fact, half of those people who stared at her were unaware that she was Trenna Plaice, star of the pictures and leading figure in the tragedy that took up so much space in the papers; they simply were looking admiringly at a very beautiful woman with a superb figure and carriage.

ON Madison Avenue she acquired stockings; on East Forty-seventh Street she matched chintz. She did intimate business with the lingerie shop on Madison Avenue again, did some traffic in perfumes on West Fifty-seventh Street, and on the same thoroughfare permitted herself to become enraptured with a tea gown and an evening cape. But it was one-thirty to the second when she rang the bell of Mrs. Pillson's house on East Fifty-fifth Street.

She was taken at once to Mrs. Pillson's boudoir on the second floor, where the mistress of the establishment received her.

"So you're going to marry Sim, eh?" asked Mrs. Pillson.

Trenna hid amusement at the brusque greeting and at the awesome furnishings of the room.

"Has Sim told you that?" she asked.

"Don't evade with me, young woman," said Mrs. Pillson.

"I wouldn't dream of evasion," smiled Trenna.

"And don't lie to me," thundered Sturdevant's aunt. "You know perfectly well you'd evade anything I asked if you felt like it. I know you. You're a blonde and when blondes aren't namby-pamby they're just as tough as I am. I thought you were namby-pamby. I told Sim so."

Trenna smiled.

"What did he say to that?"

"Said you were ice and fire or something silly and romantic like that. Are you?"

"I wouldn't know," Trenna replied.

With grudging admiration Mrs. Pillson stared at her.

"I guess you are," she conceded reluctantly. "You'd have to be fire to make your success, and you'd have to be ice to stand what you're going through now the way you are. You're a very lovely thing." Her voice, as she paid the compliment, was challenging.

"And you're a dear," said Trenna.

"I'm nothing of the sort," said Mrs. Pillson. "I'm a crabbed old woman, and I hate youth and beauty. But I won't mind you, because Sim likes you."

"Likes me? Is that all?" giggled Trenna.

"I suppose he calls it love. And maybe it is. How are you going to hold him?"

"I hadn't thought about that. I was wondering how he was going to hold me," retorted Trenna.

Mrs. Pillson permitted her severe countenance to relax in a smile.

"We're going to do well together, Trenna Plaice," she said.

"Of course we are," agreed Trenna.

Mrs. Pillson glanced at a clock on her desk.

"He's fifteen minutes late and he knows perfectly well that I won't postpone my meals for anyone. Let him go hungry. Let's lunch."

The dining-room was even more formidable than the boudoir, and the two solemn menservants whose joints, Trenna declared to Sturdevant, creaked audibly, lent no spirit of gayety to the room.

"If you mention diet to me I'll cut Sim out of my will," said Mrs. Pillson as, grapefruit eaten, a sturdy beefsteak pie was served.

"Never talk it because I never practice it," said Trenna.

"GOOD for you. Healthy people eat what they like. You look healthy. I'm glad you are. Healthy women make happy wives. I wonder where Sim is. I told him to bring a detective with him. I wanted to give him a piece of my mind for annoying Sim. The man was with him when I phoned this morning. What are they like? Do you know John Gilbert? Is Marlene Dietrich intelligent? I like Garbo; do you? Do they really pay that Temple infant two thousand dollars a week? Do girls have to—I mean—if they want to get ahead—"

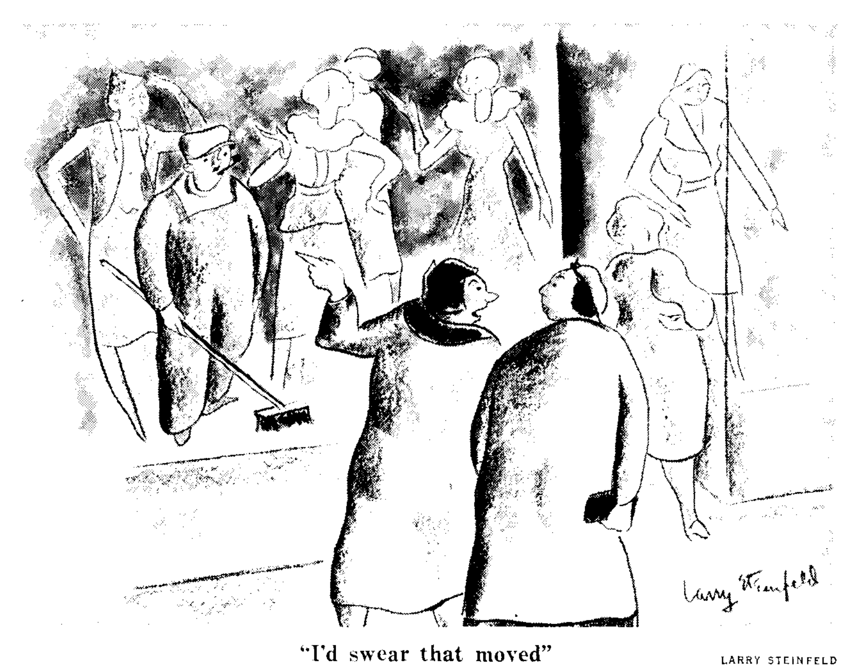
Trenna burst into frank laughter.

"Why, you're just a common, ordinary gossip, aren't you?"

"Of course I am. And the stupid old fogies I go with never know any gossip that isn't thirty years old. Talk to me, my dear."

Trenna later told Sturdevant that she had never had a more enjoyable luncheon, although it was disturbed by

(Continued on page 48)

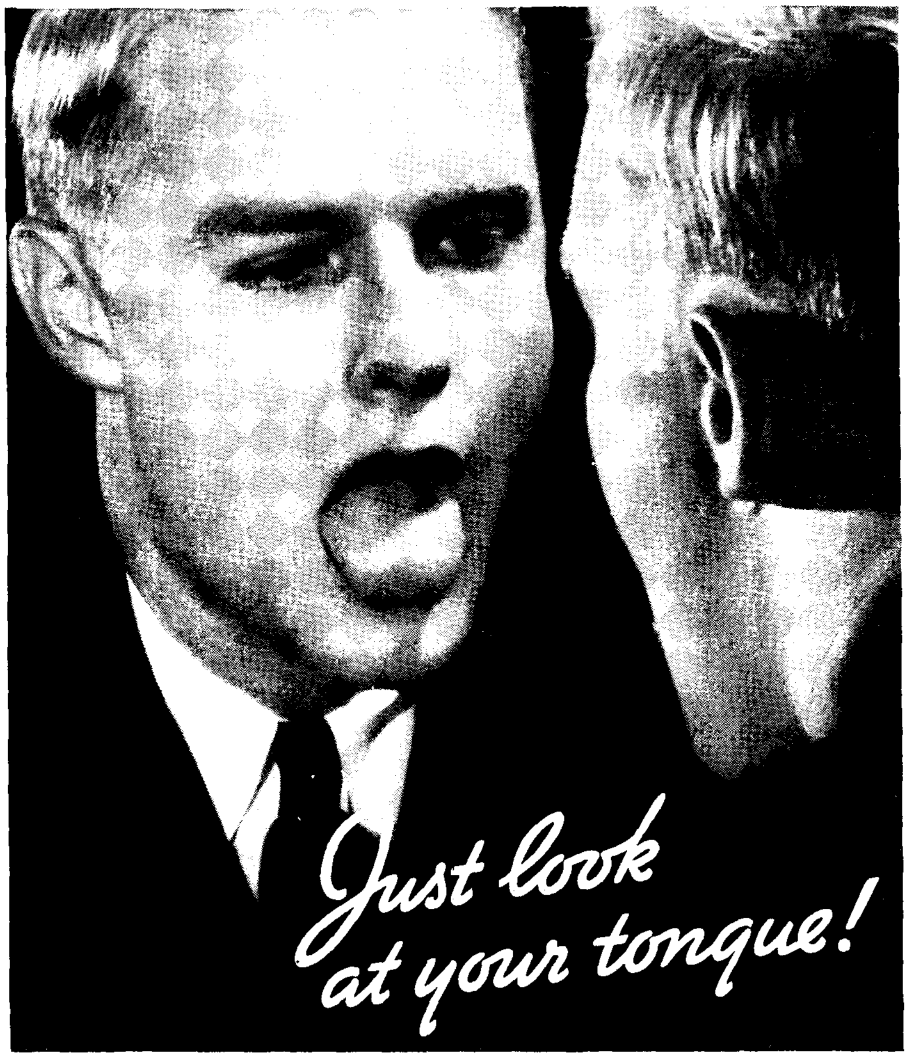


"I'd swear that moved"

LARRY STEINFELD

Simple new test

FOR BAD BREATH


Just look at your tongue!

In 75% of cases of bad breath, science finds that the tongue is "coated." So make this test. Look in the mirror. If your tongue is "coated," you may be offending others unknowingly. Pepsodent Antiseptic offers you a pure, sweet breath at 1/3 the usual cost.

NOW you no longer need wonder if you have bad breath. Often your own mirror will tell you. If your mirror reveals a grey, "coated tongue," the chances are that your breath is impure. For recent investigations have shown that in 75% of cases of bad breath, a "coated tongue" condition was present.

The sensible way to guard against bad breath is to use Pepsodent Antiseptic . . . as thousands already do. Rinse out your mouth with Pepsodent. It acts to remove tiny food particles from between the teeth. It helps to cleanse the mucous membrane lining of the mouth . . . to sweep away dead cells and particles from the tongue. It kills the germs it reaches . . . the germs so often responsible for unpleasant breath odors. Your whole mouth feels more refreshed—you are confident that your breath cannot offend.

We do not claim that "coated tongue" always means bad breath. But take no chances. Use Pepsodent Antiseptic.

Goes 3 times as far . . . makes $1 equal $3

But in fighting "coated tongue" and halitosis, never forget the vital difference between mouth antiseptics. So many leading mouth antiseptics, you see, have to be used full strength to be effective. Pepsodent is safe when used full strength—yet it is powerful enough to be diluted with two parts of water and still *kill* germs in 10 seconds. Thus Pepsodent gives you 3 times as much for your money—offers added protection against unwholesome breath.

Look at your tongue TONIGHT. See what it tells about you. Then use Pepsodent Antiseptic to be sure your breath is above reproach. And always remember—a clean mouth and throat are among your best defenses against colds.

PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC

The play's the thing!
Bone Conduction Audiphone

... now that I can hear well again!

"Oh but it's wonderful to be able to hear, so easily and clearly. The theatre, the movies, the talk of friends—I can enjoy them all again!"

Yes, it's wonderful what a difference the Western Electric Audiphone makes to the hard of hearing. This little device—either bone conduction or air conduction—transmits sound *naturally*, because it is the product of sound experts at Bell Telephone Laboratories and Western Electric.

Try the Audiphone—hear the difference for yourself.

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Name ....
Address ....
City .... *State* ....

(Continued from page 47)

worry as to what had delayed him. But not until the telephone rang and a servant told Trenna that a Miss Johnson wished to speak to her on the phone, did her slight worry turn into alarm. She followed the servant into the hall and picked up the receiver.

"Miss Plaice?" a voice replied to her hello.

"This is Miss Plaice."

"This is Inez Johnson. Sim didn't want me to telephone you because he was afraid you'd worry, but there's really nothing much the matter with him."

"What is it?" cried Trenna.

"A fall. Nothing serious, but it shook him up. So I took him home and put him to bed and sent for the doctor—"

Trenna was angry with herself for the slight twinge of jealousy she felt.

"What does the doctor say?" she interrupted.

"The slightest kind of concussion, so unimportant that he doesn't even need a nurse. But he had an engagement with you, and I thought—"

"I'll be down in fifteen minutes," said Trenna.

SHE returned to the dining-room. She hated to alarm Sim's aunt, so she was guilty of prevarication.

"Sim wants me to come to his office right away. He's terribly sorry about luncheon, but some business came up. One of his clients phoned for him."

"Johnson? Wasn't she the one sitting with Sim when he had the quarrel with Haworth? You aren't going to be arrested, all of you, are you?"

Trenna managed a smile.

"You'd love it if we were," Trenna accused her.

"The Sturdevants have all been too respectable. I wouldn't mind much, if I were certain that Sim would get out of it all right. Run along, my dear, and tell Sim that I approve but that if he breaks any more engagements with me I'll turn on him like a wounded tigress."

Trenna managed to smile again, uttered a conventional farewell, and left. She picked up a taxi at Fifth Avenue, and within a quarter of an hour Inez Johnson had admitted her to Sturdevant's apartment.

"He's asleep; peep in at him, but don't wake him."

Trenna peeped, then tiptoed back into the living-room.

"What happened?"

"I was in his office, asking his advice about leaving Merrygoround to go with a show. We left together; he told me he was going to meet you at his aunt's house. As a taxi came up he slipped on the curb and hit his head on the sidewalk. He didn't seem badly hurt, but a little bewildered. I knew of his other accident, so I insisted on taking him home. His servant was out—still is out—so I helped him to bed and phoned for his doctor. The doctor will come back again at five, but says there's nothing to worry about. Only, because of his other accident, he should be kept quiet now. Any jar, until he's thoroughly well, sets him back."

"You're a peach," said Trenna, ashamed of that jealousy which she had felt a little while ago.

"No, I'm not." Inez blushed. "But he's the swellest guy in the world." She sat down and crossed a pair of trim legs. She eyed Trenna curiously. "You and Sim and the Bellwood girl are in a nasty jam, aren't you? I suppose I'm in it, too, in a way, but not quite the way the rest of you are. What are you doing about it?"

"What can we do?" countered Trenna.

"I don't know, but something ought to be done."

"I feel the same way; so does Sim. But what can we do, except wait for the police to convince themselves that none of us did it?"

"That isn't good enough," said Inez. "The police—or somebody—must find out who *did* do it. And the police won't look for anyone else, they're so sure that if they lay their hands on three people they'll be touching the guilty person. You know something?"

"What do you mean?" asked Trenna.

"Sim has to stay in bed for a week. Now, I don't need to tell you he has plenty of nerve. But it's going to drive him crazy to have to lie in bed at a time like this with nothing being done. You and I ought to get busy."

"How?" asked Trenna.

"You don't mind if I talk plainly about Haworth?"

"Go ahead," said Trenna.

"I know all the cabaret girls that played around with him. You know all the swells he went around with. Now you, and Lisa Bellwood, and Sim in there," she nodded toward the bedroom, "aren't the only people that might have wanted to give Haworth a touch of the works. Suppose you think over the crowd you know and I think over the crowd I know."

Trenna smiled.

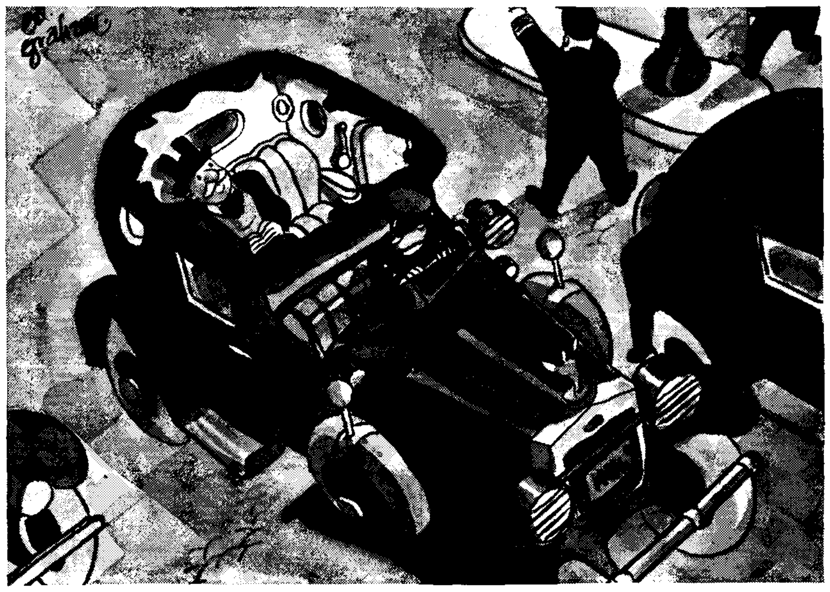
"Do you think we could do what the police can't do?" she asked.

"We might be able to do what the police haven't tried to do," said Inez.

Trenna nodded slowly.

"It's a thought," she conceded.

(To be continued next week)



"The moths seem to be after the roof again, Joseph!"

ED GRAHAM

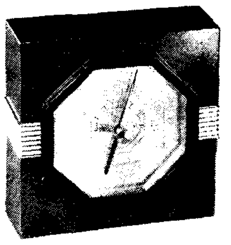
TWO SECRETS!

SHE: *How did you know it would be clear today?*
HE: *Oh, a little secret!* ★

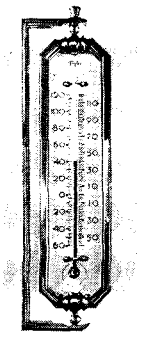
SHE: *How did you know we'd need a blanket?*
HE: *Oh, another little secret!* ★ ★

HIS SECRETS

★ His Taylor Stormoguide told him six hours in advance that the weather would clear. So he went to the game confident of having a good time. The Taylor Stormoguide shown here is finished in black with chromium trim—easy to operate as a clock—sells for $10. *Others from $5 to $59.*



★ ★ His second secret—was a Taylor Window Thermometer. A glance and he knew as he left for the game that they'd need a blanket. This Taylor Thermometer finished in chromium with special bracket for hanging outside the window. Only $3.50. Taylor Instrument Companies, Rochester, N. Y. or Toronto, Canada.



Prices slightly higher, west of the Rockies and in Canada.

Taylor
INSTRUMENTS

IN INDUSTRY, other types for indicating, recording, and controlling temperature, pressure and humidity.

P. S. Like all established products, Taylor Thermometers and Weather Instruments are imitated. Resent any substitute; look for the name Taylor.

The Pie Slinger

Continued from page 11

tickets from his pocket. "Team members get a pair of complimentary seats. Maybe your father would like to see the game, too."

She pushed back one of the cards. "He doesn't need two tickets."

"He does, unless he's narrowed up a lot in the past ten days," snapped Tucky Rollins, turning on his heel and walking out. It burned Delphine that she couldn't think of any withering retort to hurl after him.

Dad Moore went to the game. He was the kind of man who couldn't resist a free ticket to anything. The last minute, Delphine decided she might as well go too. Of course, she told herself, she wasn't going there to see Tucky perform. She was going to watch the crowd.

THE dozen people in Row 14, Section B, grudgingly made room for the Moores. After Dad was settled, the men on either end of the bench hung over a little into the aisle.

"That's Speedy. Speedy Lang, the halfback. Number 19. He belongs at our house," boasted a voice behind her as the team ran out from beneath the stand. "See Number 12. Passing the ball. He's a brother, too."

Delphine smiled. Here she was, right in the middle of the fraternity crowd.

"See Number 36? Pulling off his windbreaker. That's Tucky Rollins. We've pledged him, too. He's a great guy, that Tucky. Works his way. Honor student."

"Will he be at the dance, after the game?" inquired a girl's voice.

"Sure. All the active chapter will be there. And half the alumni."

"Am I going to meet them all?"

"Sure. I can fix that for you."

So that's it, thought Delphine. No wonder he never came around any more. That's how he got his girls. The underclassmen rustled his dates for him. Pretty soft.

"Here it goes. We're kicking off."

In spite of herself, Delphine leaned forward. She saw Tucky swinging his arms as he waited for the whistle that would start him forward. Then he moved down the field at an easy trot, keeping a businesslike eye upon the progress of the ball. He tossed two blockers aside and made the tackle. He helped the man he had thrown to his feet and backed up to his defensive position for the first scrimmage. There was a marvelous precision to it that the girl couldn't help admiring. There wasn't a wasted motion.

It was no surprise to her when Tucky met the ball-carrier at the line of scrimmage and set him down with a thud upon the frozen sod. A feint at the other side of the line wouldn't deceive that boy.

Two blockers ganged up on him and Leighton made four yards. Leighton kicked.

"Now, if we can only shake Speedy Lang loose," said the Tri-Theta member behind her.

But the Varsity couldn't get the halfback past the line of scrimmage. Through the Leighton defense ran the slogan, "Watch Lang."

"It looks as if they had Speedy bottled up. They've been scouting him all season," someone observed.

Obviously, Lang couldn't get started. The Varsity had to kick.

"This game's going to be tighter than a Scotch change purse," remarked a gray-haired man. "If Speedy Lang picked up a four-leaf clover, they'd have five men on him. I've always claimed a team ought to have two scoring backs."

Having delivered this opinion, he drew out a pint flask and took a drink.

The ball seesawed back and forth, both teams kicking on third down. It was one of those plunge, punt and pray—that your team's kick wouldn't be blocked—exhibitions, all through the first half.

"That Rollins boy has stopped everything but the depression," said the old man with the flask. "The best defensive exhibition I've seen here since 1910."

Dad Moore looked at his daughter. "Tucky's a pretty good player."

"Yes," she admitted, "he isn't so bad."

"He's the best man on the field, Delphi."

"He'd probably agree with you, himself," she retorted.

Her father shook his head. Sometimes he couldn't figure her out.

Speedy Lang worked the kick-off back to the 32-yard line at the start of the second half. It was the longest run of the game so far and the home stands gave a yell. The Varsity lined up. Lang was back.

"Watch Lang," chanted the Leighton defense.

The ball was snapped, but it was snapped to Tucky, who held it in against his belt with both hands, doubled himself over and slanted through tackle for fifteen yards.

"Go it, Tucky. Go it," roared Dad Moore.

"Watch Lang now. Watch Lang," the defense implored.

Again Tucky slanted through, this time inside of tackle, and when he was thrown he was well past midfield.

"Stop that fullback," called the Leighton supporters as the same play was called again.

But this time Speedy got the ball, reversed his field and traveled thirty yards.

DELPHINE, on the edge of the bench now, saw Tucky grin. She grabbed her father's arm. She knew that expression. She'd seen it on Tucky's face the night he tossed four drunks out of the restaurant in less than a minute. "Watch Tucky," she cried. "Watch him now."

The ball came back to him. But instead of plunging with his head down, blindly and off-balance, in order to deliver the maximum punch at the line of scrimmage, Tucky ran wide, skirting the end, side-stepping, straight-arming, changing his pace to throw off tacklers. He crossed the goal line standing up.

"You said I could meet Tucky Rollins after the game, didn't you?" asked the girl behind Delphine.

"You bet. And I'll try to get you a dance with him."

Delphine turned to see what she looked like. She was pretty. She was too darned pretty and she wore a mink coat. Delphine felt the way that the Leighton stands did, when Tucky crossed the line. She felt her game was lost.

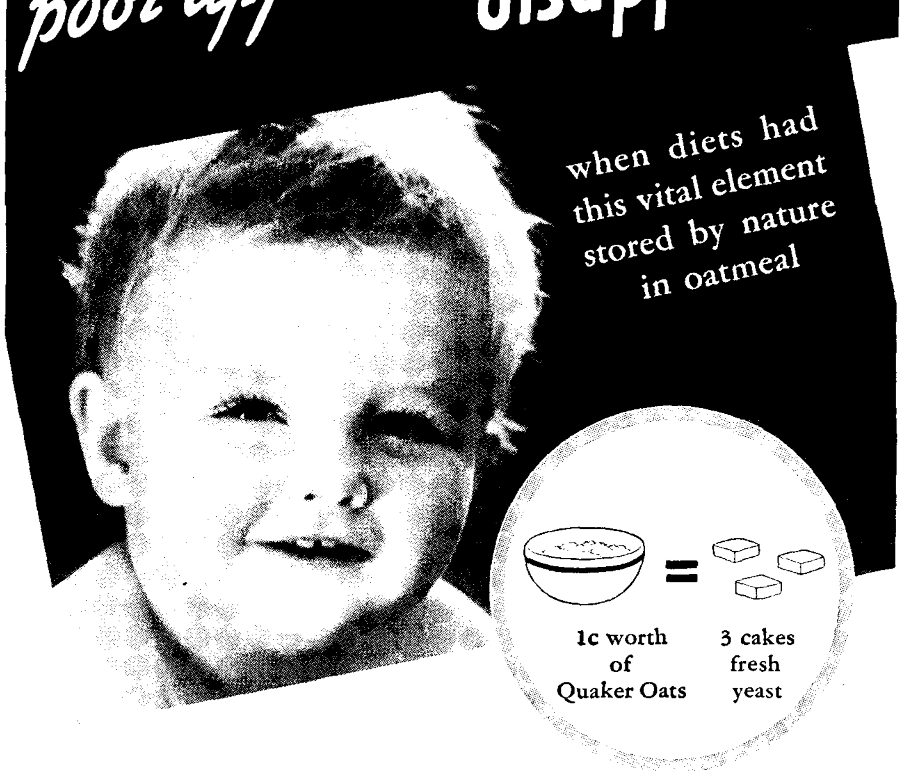
Four minutes and fifty seconds later, Tucky plunged over again for a second tally. The Leighton defense, coached and drilled to stop Speedy Lang, could not readjust itself to cope with this battering-ram. Even more devastating than his smashes at the tackles was the surprise. Very few blocking backs can be converted into ball-carriers overnight.

The Varsity rooters, drinking from each other's flasks, slapping each other's backs, kissing each other's girls, began

(Continued on page 50)

In 200 *test cases,*★

nervousness-constipation poor appetite disappeared



when diets had this vital element stored by nature in oatmeal
1c worth of Quaker Oats
=
3 cakes fresh yeast

Youngsters *must* have the yeast-vitamin (B)! Yet 1c worth of delicious Quaker Oats contains more of it than 3 cakes of fresh yeast!

CONSTIPATION entirely absent... Great increase in weight... Poor appetite lacking... Restful, better sleep... Physical development more rapid... Infections much less common... So goes the amazing report of a feeding test of 200 small children by two famous American scientists. One hundred were fed ordinary milk diets. The other hundred were fed a diet containing a *known* amount of the precious yeast-vitamin, vitamin B, stored so abundantly by Nature in delicious Quaker Oats.

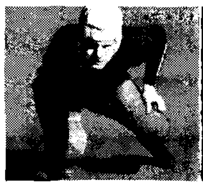
Never has the importance of this vital element in oatmeal been so sharply brought out! Children getting a definite supply of it thrived beyond all comparison with others.

Make this two-weeks test!

Start at once to give your family the amazing benefits of a Quaker Oats breakfast. Quick Quaker cooks done in 2½ minutes. It is amazingly simple to prepare—and wonderfully good to eat. If you buy thin, flavorless oats, your oatmeal may be insipid and flat. Quaker, even in a drought year, selects only the plumpest, meatiest oats; then roasts them, by a special process, through ten different ovens. That's why you can tell the difference the minute you taste Quaker . . . why it is so much more luscious and appetizing. Order it today.

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILL.

★ *Reported in a recent issue of a leading medical journal*



Quaker Oats builds more muscle and energy, because rich in carbohydrates, proteins, fats.

Plenty of minerals to build rich, red blood and energy. Many diets lack minerals.

Rich in yeast-vitamins. Stirs up appetite, soothes cranky nerves, combats constipation.

Re-inforced with sunshine Vitamin D to build straight and sturdy bones and teeth.

QUICK
QUAKER OATS
QUICK
MOTHER'S OATS

Quaker Oats and Mother's Oats are the same, equally rich in yeast-vitamin and both re-inforced with Sunshine Vitamin D. The same process makes each a quick, delicious breakfast.

FREE! The New Authority on Feeding Children

Send coupon today for your free copy of this remarkable new booklet on the feeding of children. Latest discoveries of clinics and child-feeding specialists discussed in simple terms, with balanced diets for children of all ages. Write to The Quaker Oats Company, Chicago, Illinois. Dept. 6-K.

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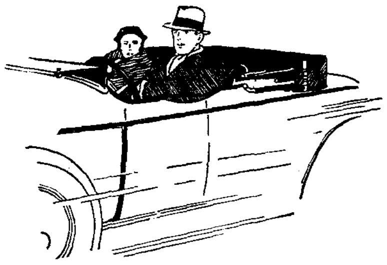
Stylepark HATS

The Finest Things Are Not Produced In Great Volume

The Gentlemen who wear Style-Park Hand-made Hats appreciate their fine distinction and rich individuality. They know that good taste, grace of line, which these fine hats reflect, are the result of individual effort . . . and not of mass production . . . as the careful precise work of mind and hand . . . not that of the machine. If you have never worn a Stylepark Handmade Hat, try one on . . . until then you will never know how becoming a man's hat can be.



To produce unusual color blends in men's hats requires a great deal of time and patience. Stylepark has captured the romantic spirit of the Highlands in their richly blended mixtures. They top off your topcoat to good advantage and give that easy nonchalance so attractive to smart autumn attire.

THREE-FIFTY and FIVE DOLLARS

If your local dealer cannot supply you with a Stylepark Hat, we will be pleased to send one direct from the factory. Send size, color and style preferred.

STYLEPARK HATS, INC.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

(Continued from page 49)

to understand why the coach had saved this scoring ace for the last half of the final and hardest game. He had given Leighton no opportunity to prepare a defense.

Soon after the fourth quarter began, Tucky swung around the defensive left end. Then, just as two Leighton players closed in upon him, he tossed a long lateral to Speedy, who was running even wider. The defense was not quick enough to intercept the carrier. The score became 20 to 0.

Tucky picked himself up, panting and weary. For thirty hectic minutes he had stood the brunt of the enemy attack. For eighteen minutes more he had been the projectile of the Varsity offense. An eager sophomore substitute raced out and spoke to the referee. With a nod Tucky dog-trotted toward the field-house and the showers. Forty thousand people stood up and yelled as he disappeared. "Rollins. Rollins! ROLLINS!"

DELPHINE did not allow her father to sit down again. "Come on. We've seen enough and we ought to be getting back."

"Tucky won't play no more?"

"Not today."

Moore walked away from the stadium slowly, because he couldn't hurry. Complacency filled him like a banquet. "The business we'll get now," he boasted. "Tucky will bring us in more trade than a dance band and a bar. I wouldn't wonder if we doubled our business during the winter term, with Tucky on the counter."

"Think so?" she asked. She didn't have the heart to tell him that the football star would never come back.

The curb was lined with parked cars by the time they reached the Varsity Lunch. Delphine groaned. They ought to have been back earlier. There would be a snarl inside that wouldn't be straightened out until midnight. Green waiters always tangled things up. Her coat was off as she stepped inside the door.

Then she heard a voice calling the chef. "I said five cream stews, two westerns, a royal hamburger and eight coffees. Count 'em on your fingers!"

She started. It couldn't be.

Right at his old place behind the counter, eating a whole lemon-chiffon pie, was a stocky boy in a white jacket.

"Tucky!"

He turned, a forkful of pie poised in mid-air.

He looked just the same to her, except, of course, for the adhesive tape over the cut on his cheek bone. He must have raced through his shower and dressing to get there ahead of them. He must have run every step of the way.

"What are you doing here?" she asked uncertainly.

"Working," returned the greatest Varsity fullback since Thunder Jones, who graduated in 1909. "I'm working and breaking training."

"But your dance." Delphine swallowed a lump in her throat. "Your dance up at the fraternity house. They're expecting you to come."

Tucky took a tray of platters from the kitchen window and set them upon the counter. Then he faced the girl. "Well?" he asked her belligerently. "What about it? Do you want to go up there and dance, after we get through here?"

A customer was waiting to pay his check. She squeezed behind Tucky, slid into her place back of the cash register, and picked up the slip. "Sixty-five out of one dollar," she said, ringing it up.

She handed the customer a quarter and a dime. "Thank you very much, sir." Then she turned to Tucky. "Okay, then. That's a date. And you'd better hide another of those lemon pies where it won't be sold by mistake. You might want a lunch later on."

After all, she had no license to kick about his joining a fraternity. That was his business. She'd quit at ten o'clock, give herself a manicure and change her dress. When a girl was taken to a Tri-Theta party, she had to look her best.

Bad, but Very Good

Continued from page 18

Before this Bette had been going to Cushing Academy and earning part of her tuition by waiting on tables. She was acting in such things as Seventeen and Charm School and keeping up with her dancing on the side. It was Frank Conroy, the actor, who discouraged her about the business of pirouetting around on her toes. He came up to visit a niece or something and let drop that the Davis girl might get to be a pretty fair actor if she would forget that stuff with the flowing gowns.

With that encouragement, Mamma Davis packed up the family and came on to New York to put Bette in John Murray Anderson's Dramatic School where she worked hard enough to win two scholarships the first year.

From the Anderson school Bette graduated to a part with George Cukor in his stock company at Rochester, New York. Her next job was with James Light, who was putting on Virgil Geddes' The Earth Between at the Provincetown Theater in New York. It was a good play and a good part and she got her first attention from the critics.

Then came the episode of Ibsen's The Wild Duck, in which she had always yearned to play. Blanche Yurka was doing a season of Ibsen repertory and the agent called Miss Davis to ask her about The Wild Duck.

"Oh, I'd like to," she said almost tearfully, "but I've got the measles."

"Now let me get this straight," said the agent. "You're Bette Davis, who has just been playing down at the Provincetown?"

"Yes."

"You're sure you're not Baby Peggy?"

"Yes, I'm sure."

"And you've got the measles?"

"Yes."

"Well," said the agent. "Ha! Ha! Ha!" And she could hear him yelling to somebody in the next room, "She's got the measles!" and then she could hear the man in the next room yelling to somebody in another room, "She's got the measles!" And then the reverberant sound rang along all the lines of the New York Telephone Co.: "Miss Davis has got the measles! Ha! Ha! Ha!"

Off to Hollywood

After getting all that fun out of it, it was only fair that the agent should hold the part open for her, which he did. After that she played in Broken Dishes and in The Solid South with Richard Bennett. Playing with Mr. Bennett has always been considered one of the great educational experiences of the theater. When he isn't bawling out the audience for its moronic qualities,

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All over America, Sunlight motors are helping to take the work out of washing. These quiet, electrical servants supply the power for the washing machines of millions of families. Since their introduction 19 years ago, Sunlight motors have built such a reputation for economical and dependable performance that, today, they are used by nearly two-thirds of all the washing machine manufacturers in America.

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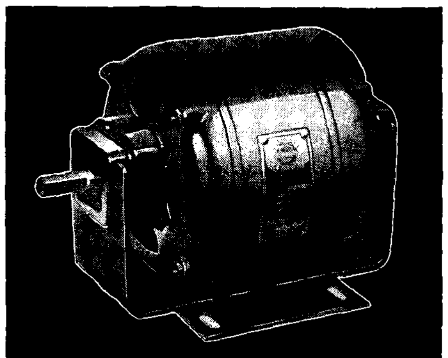

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

To a lady in Green-

You were beautiful last night at the theatre. I sat across the aisle from you . . . an ardent but unknown admirer.

I liked the music of your laughter . . . the flash of your smile. I liked your glamorous hair, your beautiful eyes.

But when you walked down the aisle, I felt sorry for you . . . and I was disappointed. Please, Dear Lady, if you have a corn, use Blue-Jay.* It's so safe, so simple!

1. Just soak your foot for 10 minutes in hot water and wipe it dry.

2. Apply Blue-Jay, centering pad over corn. Pad relieves pressure, stops pain at once.

3. After 3 days, remove plaster, soak foot and lift out corn. It's so safe and gentle!

* Blue-Jay is a friendly, safe remedy for corns. It stops their ache instantly, removes them scientifically in 3 days. Every drug store sells Blue-Jay at 25c a package. Made by Bauer & Black, famous surgical dressing house. Special sizes for bunions and calluses.

HOW BLUE-JAY WORKS

a is the B & B Medication that gently undermines the corn.
b is the felt pad that relieves the pressure, stops the pain at once.
c is the adhesive strip that holds pad in place, prevents slipping.

BLUE-JAY
BAUER & BLACK'S SCIENTIFIC
CORN REMOVER

FREE BOOKLET—Contains helpful information for foot sufferers. Also valuable exercises for foot health and beauty. Address Bauer & Black, 2500 S. Dearborn St., Chicago C 11

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he is rewriting the playwright's masterpiece as he goes along, inserting such lines as come to him at the moment and disconcerting the ladies of the company in addition by such side remarks as, "I'm very sorry to tell you, Madam, that your slip has slipped."

Miss Davis lived through this ordeal easily enough and it was in this part that she was seen by Rufus LeMaire, the talent scout, and signed for Universal Pictures. Her first part in Hollywood was as the small-town wallflower in Bad Sister and she outdid herself. To start with, she had ash-blond hair which photographed like Harpo Marx's wig, and, worse than that, she made up for the part exactly as she would have done on the stage. As a result she looked not only like a wallflower but like something that had been set out on the front porch for the Salvation Army. It was then that Junior Laemmle, who also happened to be the boss, set the Universal seal on Miss Davis. "I can't imagine any man going for her," said Junior.

Bette did what she could in the circumstances by becoming a platinum blonde but when her option was up with Universal it was discovered to be up absolutely. In short, it was not renewed. In short, she was fired. Since this was her first job in Hollywood, getting fired at this juncture was much like being fired by the Cincinnati Reds. It practically meant oblivion. Mrs. Davis was again at her packing when the phone rang and there was a gentleman at the other end who said he was Mr. Arliss. This seemed entirely unlikely to Mrs. Davis, who was not pleased at such Hollywood jocularity in the hour of their despair, but the gentleman insisted that he was Mr. George Arliss and was anxious to see Miss Davis. Could she be at Warner Brothers' in half an hour for a test? Mrs. Davis went in to call Miss Davis, who was still in bed. She mentioned Mr. Arliss. Miss Davis waved a disdainful hand at Mamma which said that Mamma was getting definitely dotty if she fell for gags like that and put her head under the pillow and said, "Go away." Mrs. Davis, for her part, proceeded to drag her daughter forth by the legs, rushed her into the shower and had her in the great man's presence in thirty-five minutes. She got the part opposite him in The Man Who Played God.

It Must Have Been Love

Along with success came Romance. To get it in sequence you have to go back to Cushing Academy, which is one of the few co-educational preparatory schools. Bette's boy friend there was one Ham Nelson, Harmon G. Nelson, Jr. Later he went to Amherst to college and she went to New York to earn a living. After not seeing him for several years she saw his head looming up before her in a movie up on Cape Cod one night and uttered the appropriate cries of joy, for which she was shushed by the summer visitors who had paid thirty-five cents to see Joan Crawford and were not concerned with extra-mural passion. They kept seeing each other at intervals thereafter, with considerable mooning about and indecision. Was it fair for a woman to marry a man who was making less than she was? Was it fair to have a man go through life known as Mr. Bette Davis? Mrs. Davis, who is still young and good-looking herself and also quite sensible, became fed up with the argument.

"Do you think I should marry Ham?" asked Bette.

"If you don't I hope he sues you," said Mrs. Davis.

"Do you think I should marry Bette?" asked Mr. Nelson.

"If you don't I'll probably have to get out the shotgun," said Mrs. Davis.

So they drove off to Yuma for the occasion, thinking it was about an hour's journey away and forgetting that Yuma in summer has been compared to hell, to the detriment of the latter's reputation. After hours of trekking through the raging desert, they reached Yuma around noon and found the temperature 118 in the shade. To frailer spirits this might have proved discouraging, but they mopped their brows and went through with it.

There have been the usual Hollywood rumors of a split in the Nelson-Davis household but when last seen Mr. Nelson was riding around in the wreck he had salvaged from a junk yard and Miss Davis was at his side, bouncing up and down with every appearance of delight and spousely confidence. When he was in the East last year and she was in Hollywood working, the rumors reached such a crescendo that Bette showed up one night at a preview with seven young men as escorts. This would seem to indicate that if she is leaving Mr. Nelson, she is going about it in no mean spirit.

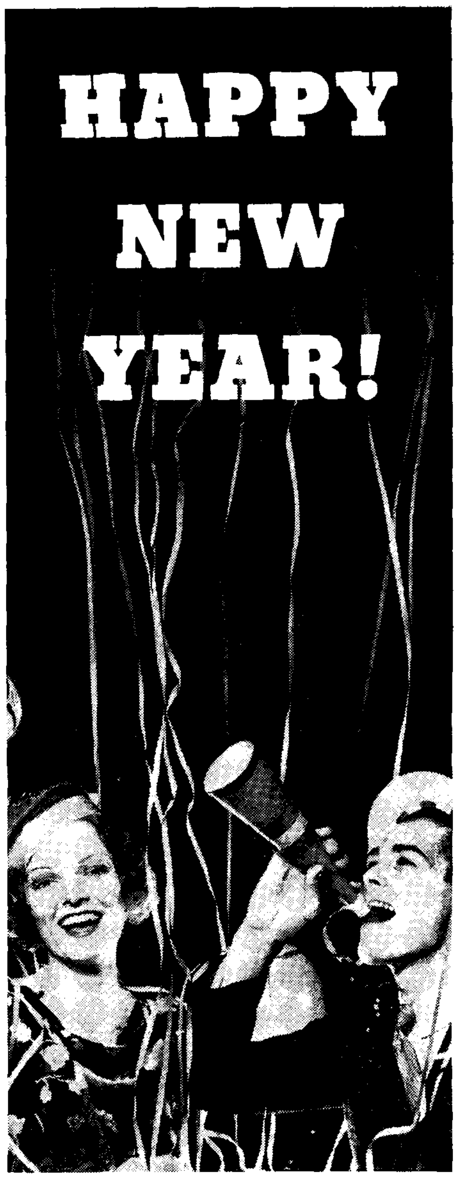
A Girl Going Somewhere

On the personal side, Miss Davis is twenty-six years old, was born in Lowell, Massachusetts, is rather skinny, has hair like Constance Bennett and wears glasses when she reads. She has a great many friends, is easy to get along with, eats anything she likes and mostly likes mashed potatoes. She learns her parts rapidly and acquired the cockney accent for Of Human Bondage in a month from an English maid at the studio. She also has a beautiful Southern accent which she can turn off and on like the garden hose. She plays golf and is such a good swimmer that, according to her press agents, she is the only woman who ever qualified as a life guard at Ogunquit Beach, but this may be just one of those things press agents think of.

Her first starring picture was Ex-Lady and it is a testimonial to the sweetness of the American temperament that she was ever able to appear on the screen again. The first success which presaged her present development was Cabin in the Cotton, which picture she stole from Richard Barthelmess by playing a part similar to her later rôles.

The only danger, of course, is that she will be cast invariably as a girl whose sole ambition is to show how low-down womankind can be. That isn't her ideal of a career at all, according to our informant, who is herself. As a matter of fact she was rather broken up when she tried to get a part in Alice in Wonderland and failed. It is something she always wanted to do and she still wants to do it despite the horrible disaster which overtook the film by that name last year. It was a noble attempt to bring brightness and whimsy to the screen and all it succeeded in doing was making a great many stockholders unhappy. At one point in the undertaking the cashiers in the counting room were standing in red ink up to their knees.

But very definitely Bette Davis is going somewhere. It may be farther up or it may be out on her ear, but she is not standing still. She is that rare specimen: A Hollywood star who is an actress rather than a shape. It may be that she will have to resurrect Alice in Wonderland in self-protection. It will serve to allay the suspicion that she belongs in history with Lucrezia Borgia and Charlotte Corday. The truth, as we have sought to convince you, is that she is a nice girl who is also something of an artist in her line.



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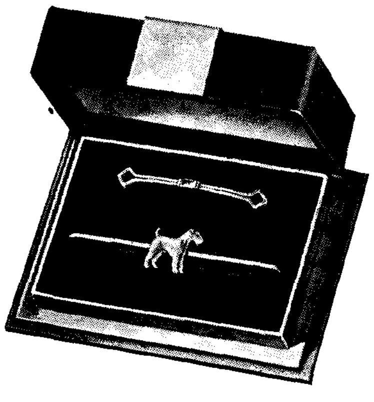
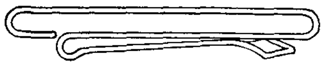
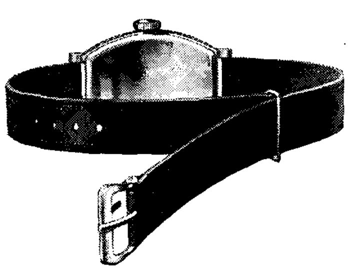




Side view of the new Krementz Tie Holder. Tie slides through upper loop—clip below attaches to shirt.



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KREMENTZ
JEWELRY FOR MEN

The Breaking of Cox'n Linn

Continued from page 15

"Yerse, but I couldn't frame Benny. He's my best buddy. I couldn't do nothing against Benny."

Georgine and Millicent exchanged glances, ordered double marshmallow banana Fleet Specials, and went into action:

"I would simply feel justified for Benny's own sake just to pick a fight with him when an officer is looking."

"Or you could kid him about that circus wonder he's picked up and say she's a snake charmer or somepin. See, Tim?"

"Yerse, but—"

"Or if you don't want to disgrace yourselves resorting to fists and cuffs you could just simply talk Benny into a craps game or somepin like that."

"Well, Benny might go for a lottery or a raffle like we done in Seattle one time—"

Millicent nodded.

"And if none of those things work I would simply—why, I'll think up somepin better—"

THE evening cost Fireman Dunnevan $6.78 including state sales tax, and left him waiting on the boat landing at San Pedro determined upon the undoing of Cox'n Linn. In his head smoldered the wicked fires of feminine chicanery.

Cox'n Linn stepped grandly from a taxicab a full and utterly uncharacteristic ten minutes before the last liberty boat was to leave for the U. S. S. Trimble.

"Hi, Benny!"

"Oh . . . hello, Dunnevan."

"I hear you picked up a immoral floosie from Hollywood that is a snake charmer in her spare time, hey, Benny?"

This astounding attack merely caused Cox'n Linn to lift his brows.

"Do not discuss ladies in that tone of voice, Tim. I'm afraid you are intoxicated."

"You're a cock-eyed so-and-so liar!"

Cox'n Linn made a gesture of tolerant warning.

"Pipe down, Tim. I don't wanta hafta report you. Here—I will walk to the end of the platform with you."

Baffled, Fireman Dunnevan tried a subtle approach.

"Listen, Benny, remember the dorg we raffled off in Seattle? I don't mean nothing screwy like that that would get us into no trouble. But I know where we can pick up a motorcycle for forty bucks and if we was to sell two hundred tickets at a buck each—"

Cox'n Linn hesitated, then nobly shook his head.

"*You* do it, Tim. Us officers can't afford to be connected with no raffle. It ain't dignified except for charity. We'd better be getting into the boat. I got a hard day tomorrer. Lieutenant Wheeling jest told me that I'm to handle the lifeboat in a lifeboat sequence."

Utterly cast down, Fireman Dunnevan followed the cocky, lightweight figure of his old friend toward the Trimble's boat.

Near the boat, Cox'n Linn was halted by a civilian. The civilian was hefty, his eyebrows were like a misplaced black mustache, and he wore a white sweater.

"You're the gob that took Erpa home, ain't you?"

"I took *Miss Cervina* home, yeah."

"Awful polite for a gob, ain't you?"

"Us officers has got to be polite to civilians, brother. Otherwise I'd ast you who you are and what business it is of yours."

Cox'n Linn calmly walked around him and stepped into the boat. Fireman Dunnevan balled his big fists.

"You leave Benny be!" he said.

The civilian was hefty, but Fireman Dunnevan was still heftier.

"Oh, he's a friend of yours, hunh?"

"Yerse!"

A shore patrol C. P. O. rapped Fireman Dunnevan on his good right arm with a club.

"None of that, Dunnevan. Into the boat now!"

"Next time I see you I'll bust you," growled Fireman Tim.

"Get off this landing," said the shore patrol to the civilian.

"Maurici's my name and I'm assistant director of the Merced Brunelle unit and I got a pass to that destroyer out there. We're gonna work aboard all night getting ready to shoot first thing in the morning!"

"Let's see your pass."

"Take a good look—can you read?"

All the way out to the Trimble, Fireman Dunnevan just sat and brooded while Cox'n Linn, a proper distance removed from the common herd, mused upon his next promotion. . . .

Bright and early the next morning, the Super-Colossal Film Corporation took over U. S. S. Trimble. The title of the picture had by this time been changed from Navy Love to Navy Love Is Clean. It would glorify the Navy; the Bureau of Navigation had seen to that by rigidly censoring the script and assigning an Intelligence Officer as technical adviser. To thus exalt the highest ideals of Americanism Super-Colossal had assigned its great director, Josef Polaslewsky, with Merced Brunelle as star and John Dunn, né Francis Baja, as leading man.

Brooding in his bunk after All Hands, Fireman Dunnevan was routed out by a machinist's mate.

"Fall in with your division on deck, Dunnevan. That movie director says he wants types."

"Types?"

"Yeah, for the picture."

Fireman Dunnevan lumbered topside to discover bedlam on the after deck of the Trimble. The ship was steaming slowly out of the harbor on a westerly course. Cameras, lights, cables, sound equipment and other mysterious paraphernalia cluttered after deck, well deck and forecastle. A score or more civilians bustled about.

ALL this meant very little to Fireman Dunnevan, except that Benny was gonna be in the picture. He looked forward through the deckhouse passageway but could not see Benny.

Lieutenant Jordan, the Trimble's engineer officer, addressed the small group of the black gang who were not on watch below.

"At ease. Mr. Polaslewsky is going to select several of you men as types for the picture. You will be under his orders. All right, Mr. Polaslewsky."

The great Polaslewsky popped out of a huge canvas chair labeled "Mr. Polaslewsky," and approached Fireman Dunnevan and comrades. Behind him at a respectful distance were three bald-headed civilians.

Fireman Dunnevan continued to brood.

"Ha!" said Mr. Polaslewsky, jabbing a finger at Fireman Dunnevan, "he iss the goot type! Ha?"

"Yes, Mr. Polaslewsky!"

"Marvelous, Boss."

"Righto, Chief."

Mr. Polaslewsky looked at Fireman Dunnevan and laughed.

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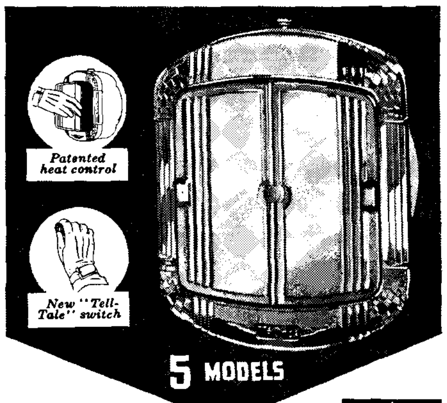

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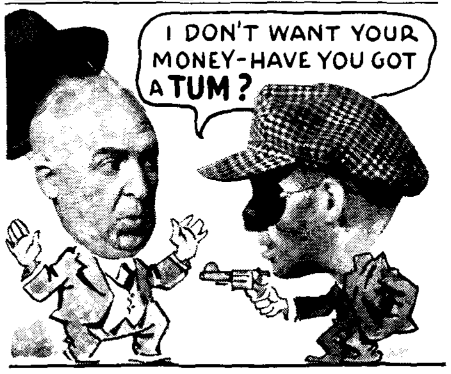

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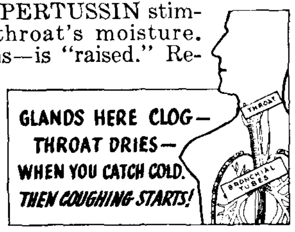

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"Giff him a bit, Schlobenstein. He iss a natural! A tragic comic, ha?"

"Marvelous, Boss. We'll put him in the lifeboat's crew, hey? He'll make a good team with that little skinny guy."

"What skeeny guy?"

"You know—the guy with the gag Adam's apple."

"Ha!"

Lieutenant Jordan nodded to Fireman Tim.

"Report to Cox'n Linn of the lifeboat's crew, Dunnevan!"

Fireman Flatley nudged Tim.

"Uh? Oh . . . aye, aye, sir!"

Gulping, he shuffled forward in a daze. What did this mean? Was he gonna be in the picture too? Was he gonna be in it with Benny? But what was a type, and what did he have to do? Would he have to act up on a stage?

He found Cox'n Linn with the lifeboat's crew standing by on the well deck.

"The lieutenant says I was to report to you, Benny—uh—Cox'n Linn."

Cox'n Linn seemed incredulous.

"You gonna be in it, Tim? Who said so?"

"A little Polack guy."

"Oh, you mean Polaslewsky! You sure *he* picked you?"

"Yerse. I gotta be a type."

"Gee!" Cox'n Linn recovered his dignity and continued a description of what this all was going to be about: " . . . Dunn's an Ensign, see? And he's in love with this gal that run away from Shanghai on a pirate's junk. We go after the junk on account of the gal is an American citizen and the U. S. Navy always protects its citizens. See? Tim—*you* get it?"

"Yerse, but—"

" . . . they're towing the junk outa Santa Monica right now. Soon as we sight it, we're gonna fire a couple of blanks from No. 1 gun and the junk catches fire—"

"From *blanks*, Benny?"

"DON'T interrupt me, Dunnevan. So then is where *we* come in. We gotta take this guy Dunn dressed up like an Ensign and row racing clip over to the junk. The gal—Miss Erpa Cervina, who's doubling for Brunelle, she jumps into the water and we—"

"Yerse, but, Benny, what does a *type* do? Do I jest pull an oar—"

Cox'n Linn looked pained.

"What else *could* you do, Dunnevan?"

Another simple seaman, member of the lifeboat's crew, had suffered Cox'n Linn's superiority long enough.

"Tim could act jest as good as a lot of guys I know," he said, and spat pointedly to leeward.

"Just because you got a crow and had a date with a movie gal ain't no excuse for turning against Tim," said another simple seaman.

Cox'n Linn took a haughty brace on the gently heaving deck.

"I ain't turning against *nobody*," he said—

A bos'un's whistle shrilled.

"Coming on the range! Lifeboat's crew of the watch, stand by-y-y!"

Cox'n Linn, Fireman Dunnevan and the other members of the crew were obliged to scamper to their stations. The Trimble's speed increased to make a dashing bow wave. Cameras on the fo'c'sle pointed toward an evil Chinese junk which wallowed at the end of a towing line off the port bow. A crew at Number One gun on the fo'c'sle crouched realistically under another camera's eye.

"Silence! Camera!"

"Gun One, manned and ready!"

"Aye, aye, Gun One!"

"Range one-six-seven-five."

"Set One!"

"Load!"

(*Continued on page* 54)

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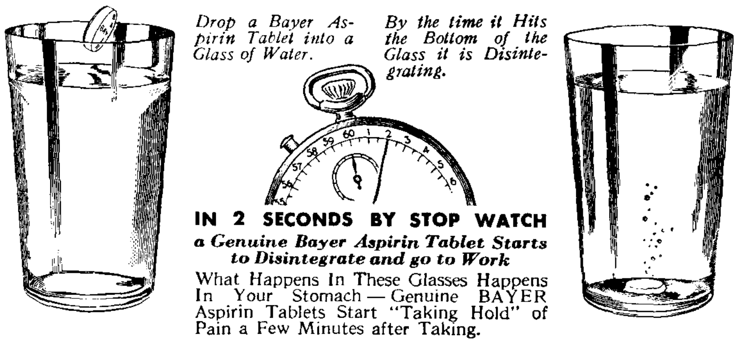
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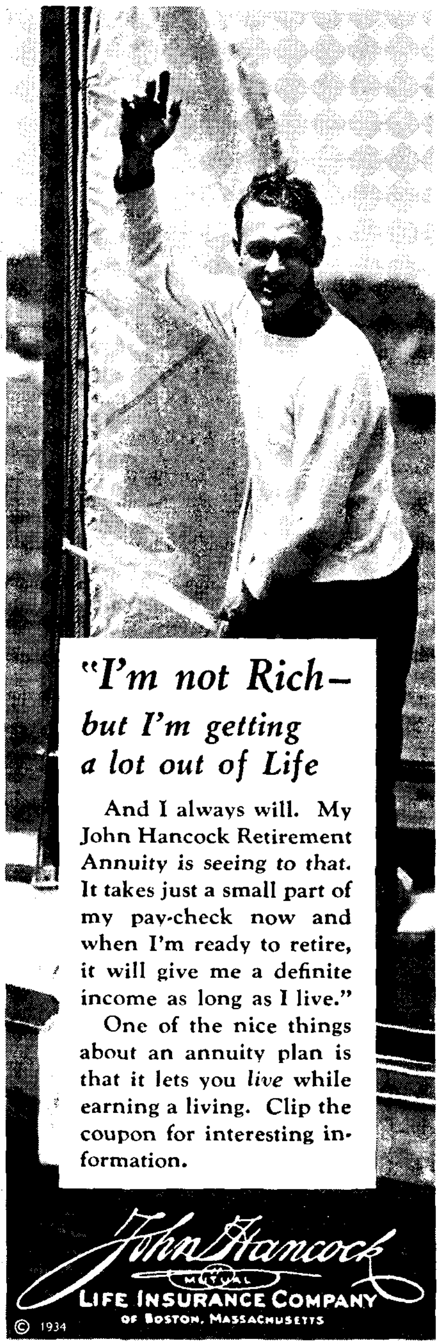

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PLASTIC WOOD

(*Continued from page* 53)

"Ready One!"

Burrrooooom!

"Down five-oh. Right oh-one!"

"Set One!"

"Range one-six five-oh! Scale four-eight!"

Burrrooooom!

A huge explosion obediently occurred on the junk. The scene of action shifted to the lifeboat station. There Cox'n Linn and Fireman Dunnevan stood shoulder to shoulder.

Assistant Director Maurici puffed up to them.

"Sure this boat won't hang up on us at the last minute?" he bellowed. "Mr. Polaslewsky don't want to rehearse this scene more'n once!"

Cox'n Linn's voice was ominous.

"S'posing you lower it all by yourself. Then you'll be sure it's done right!"

Mr. Polaslewsky, his chair, three yes-men, a dozen grips and lights and cameramen, and several curious officers of the Trimble were bearing down on them. Maurici lost his head. He put a foot on the low rail, grabbed a davit for support and mounted to make sure the fall lines were clear.

"Man overboard!"

"Man overboard!"

"Throw him a line."

"Over with that life preserver!"

"Stop engines!"

Assistant Director Maurici hit the water with a spectacular splash. The junk was burning. An American girl in peril was waiting to jump overboard and be rescued by young Ensign Dunn. But the Trimble was obliged to stop and rescue Assistant Director Maurici. . . .

He was hauled aboard, breathless and sputtering. Captain Herrick and Executive Officer Brophy were at the rail to receive him. Director Polaslewsky was tearing his long hair and wailing: "The junk it iss burning! Ten thousand dollars for that junk and it iss burning and we half no lifeboat! Soch a Naveee. Soch a Naveee!"

Then he shook his fist at Assistant Director Maurici. "They should half let you drown! A beeg scene all set and you tumble offerboard. You jackasnipper, you!"

Assistant Director Maurici beetled his damp brows at Cox'n Linn and Fireman Dunnevan, who were standing at attention in the background.

"I was pushed. I was socked!" he said. "There's the guy that done it! He socked me!"

He pointed straight at Fireman Dunnevan.

"DUNNEVAN!" said Lieut. Commander Herrick.

Fireman Dunnevan stepped forward and saluted. For an instant Cox'n Linn could only stare. But the familiar sight of his old buddy Tim on the carpet before the skipper stirred him to the rocky foundations of his soul. The evil spell of rank and ambition fell from him.

"Cap'n, sir!"

"What is it, Linn?"

Cox'n Linn pushed in front of the glum and speechless Dunnevan.

"I done it, sir. I gave him a short right to the ribs when he was hanging on the davit and he fell overboard!" Then, "But he stuck his foot in my face first, sir!"

Assistant Director Maurici's anger flamed with Latin swiftness.

"Oh, you did, eh?" he said.

He threw a wild punch at Cox'n Linn, which Mr. Linn ducked expertly.

"Did he hit you, Benny?"

Pow! *Fireman Dunnevan's good* right fist caught Assistant Director Maurici on the side of the head. He went reeling against Director Polaslewsky and both men slid to the scuppers.

"Dunnevan! Linn! 'Tenshun!"

Lieut. Commander Herrick exchanged an agonized look with Executive Officer Brophy.

"You are both under arrest. Chief Hannegan, take them to the brig!"

Director Polaslewsky scrambled up.

"No, no," he cried. "I beg off you, Captain! Thees boys are need for the peecture! They are types! Ha . . . do you not see? Thees one—he ees comic tragic, see, Captain? And thees one tragic futeelity. Ha?"

"Righto, sir!"

"They're marvelous, Boss."

"Great stuff, Chief. Particularly the one with the doorknob in his throat. What a gag!"

Lieut. Commander Herrick was an officer of the old school. He had suffered his ship to be used in Navy Love Is Clean because orders were orders. But by billy-damn, discipline was discipline.

"Take them to the brig!" he commanded.

TIM and Benny sat in the small storeroom which served as a brig in the Trimble.

"Benny?"

"Yeah?"

"Did they bust you, Benny?"

"Yeah. They took away my crow and a month's pay and I got ten days. What did you get?"

"Month's pay and ten days. You shouldn't ought to of hit him, Benny. I was gonna pop him from the other side and he would of fell on the deck."

Benjamin Linn, formerly Cox'n, U. S. N., but now a simple seaman, looked philosophically at the deserted eagle's perch on his jumper sleeve.

"I been a heel, Tim."

"Yerse."

"God loves United States sailors, Tim, but that don't mean officers. I ain't really been happy ever since they made me cox'n."

Fireman Dunnevan smiled shyly at Seaman Linn.

"You feel okay now, hey, Benny?"

"Not yet. I still feel like a heel. I sure went back on you, pal."

"Yerse."

Silence. Then a dull boom and the Trimble lurched. The Trimble was still shooting blanks at the Chinese junk.

"Tim?"

"Yerse."

"Reckon we—I mean—how's for forgiving a guy?"

Fireman Dunnevan laughed.

"Sure, Benny. I always knew you'd snap out of it. Say-y—how about that motorcycle raffle? Do we pull her soon as we get outa the brig?"

Seaman Linn spat through his teeth.

"No brains to that, Tim. Force *and* brains—"

"Yerse, Benny!"

The door opened. Chief Hannegan stuck his head in.

"Pretty lucky for you mugs," he said. "That crazy director talked the skipper into lettin' you out temporary. He says he needs you in the picture."

Fireman Dunnevan, questioning heaven not, lunged to his feet. Seaman Linn reached out a deterring arm.

"Is he gonna pay us ten bucks a day?"

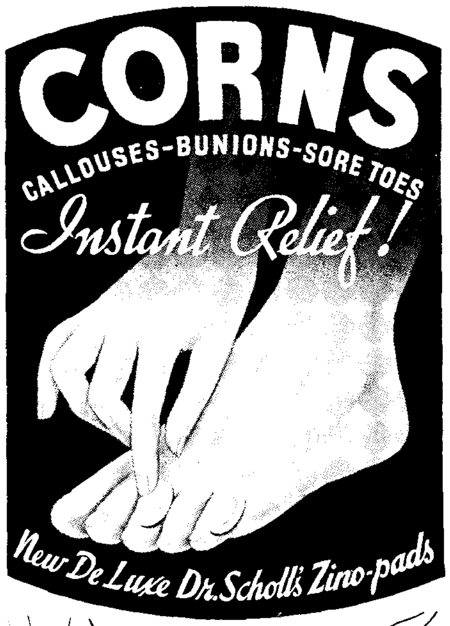
"Pay you clucks ten—"

"Ten bucks a day for I and Tim or we don't stir outa this brig. Sailors can always stay in the brig, Chief!"

Fireman Dunnevan gulped.

"But, Benny—" Then, he saw that Seaman Linn was himself again, alert, resourceful and magnificent. He slapped his dear old pal Benny with a mighty paw.

"Force and brains, Benny, force and brains. Yerse!"



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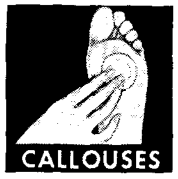

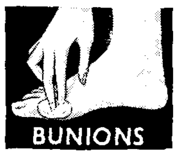

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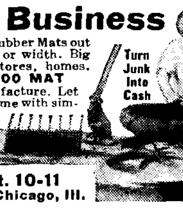


SMOKERS'
COUGH

VICKS
COUGH DROPS
MEDICATED
WITH INGREDIENTS OF VICKS VAPORUB

The Playboy Champion

Continued from page 9

"Fine. Start training—skip rope, shadow box and do some road work and bag punching until I send for you. This McManus is hot stuff and if you ain't fit he'll murder you."

"I'm always fit. I train on hard work and I'm certainly not muscle-bound." And he jumped up and ran into the kitchen like a big boy hollering: "Tess, Tess, I've made arrangements to pay for our tractor." And then I hear a big kiss and my heart gets soft and I hate that McManus nit-wit worse than ever. It's just beautiful to see them two youngsters, poor as Job's turkey, a bit hopeless but not licked and happy in spite of it all. They have quite an argument in the kitchen before Tess gives her consent, but I don't worry. I know the tractor will win.

NOW, naturally, you'll ask: "How come a man o' my experience to jump to such a quick conclusion about this Matthew Dolan an' hire him as sparrin' partner for the world's champion on no better workout than a rough and tumble with nine rag-headed Hindus?" The answer is speed. The boy reminds me of a panther I seen once messin' up fifteen foxhounds. And he carries a terrible punch.

But, of course, you'll say these ain't the real reasons I hire him. Right! I got the feeling firmly seated in my head that maybe this Matthew Dolan, with the proper training and experience, will be a champion some day. So when I tempt him with a hundred and fifty a week I'm merely making an investment I hope turns out good in the future.

I spend a week with them Dolan kids, and man, what a thrill I get out o' just watchin' their perfect happiness; how kind an' courteous an' gentle an' considerate they are of each other—and me!

When I get back to Hollywood the picture's finished and I yank McManus up to San Francisco, rent trainin' quarters out on the beach, send for Matthew Dolan; an' we go to it.

Right off McManus objects because Dolan ain't a professional.

Dolan looks at me an' winks. "Well, you try him out for three rounds, Mac," I says, "an' if, after that, you think he's too soft pickin' for you, I'll let him go."

I don't have to tell Dolan what to do. He knows! An' for the first time in his life the champ takes a basting. I call the bout off to save him at the end of the second round.

"Well," I says to my champ, "who's looney now?"

"When I get into condition," says McManus, "I'll kill him."

"Oke with me," I says.

There was times in the next ten weeks when I almost wish I'd left Matthew Dolan up in the sticks where I found him. Not that he ain't even better than I suspected, but because this McManus hang-nail makes the going hard for him. He steps on the Dolan toes, elbows an' heels him; plays dirty tricks on him, kids him, abuses him an' makes fun of him in company. But Dolan never complains, never answers back, never appears to feel insulted.

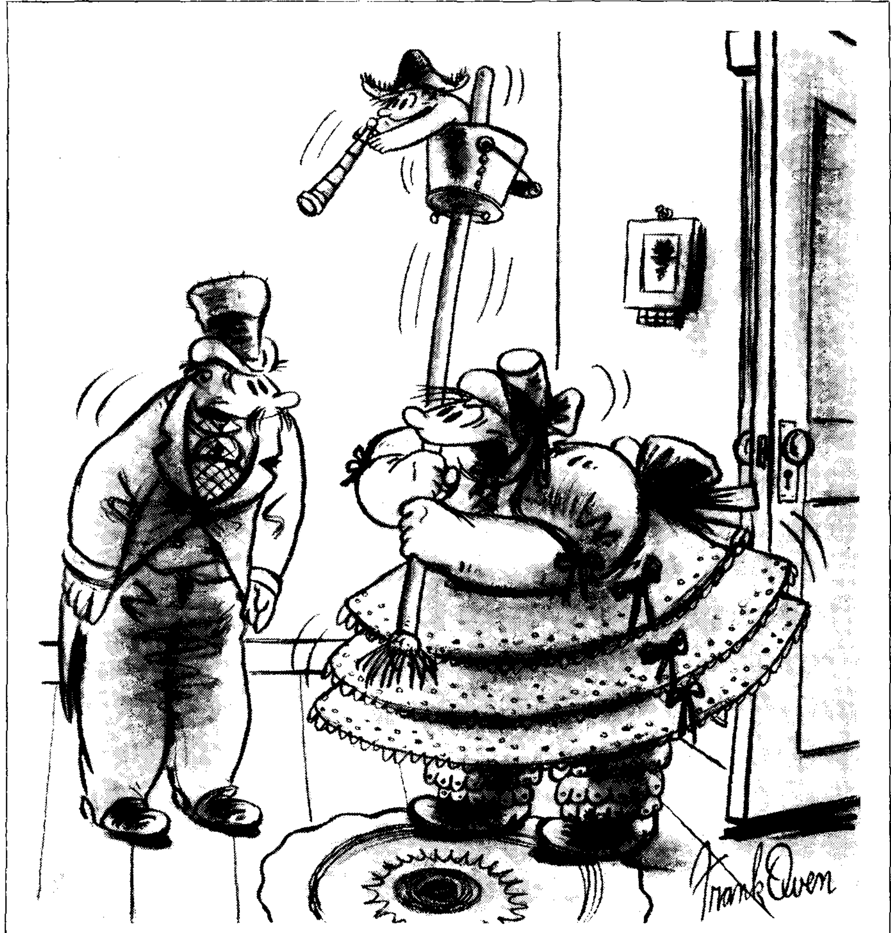
But lots o' times I see him regarding the champ with a speculative eye, as if he's gazing at the champ in a coffin, so I speak to him one day about it.

"Mr. Reardon," he says, "you don't have to worry. You're paying me well to eat dirt and I'll eat it cheerfully right up to the day I'm off your pay roll."

"Mac ain't a bad guy when you get to know him better," I says. "The strain of training makes him irritable."

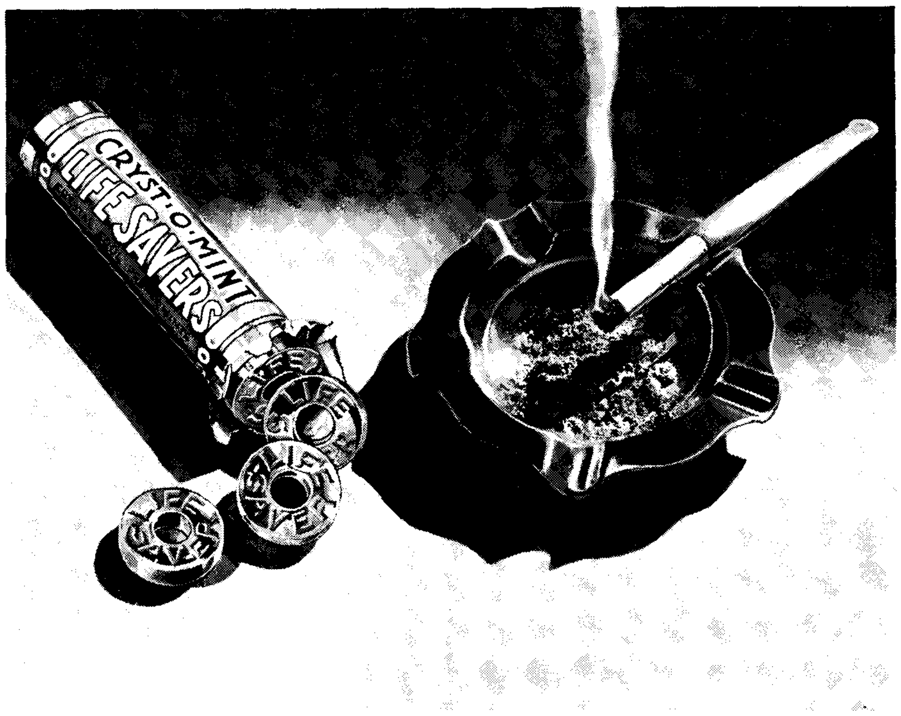
"Funny it don't make me irritable, Mr. Reardon. Really, the only time

(Continued on page 56)



"Philbert just had to go to the masquerade as admiral in the crow's nest, and cause me a lot of work!" FRANK OWEN

SMOKER RECONCILED TO OLD FLAME



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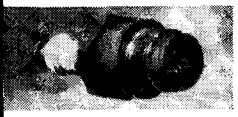

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After a few thousand miles, Oxide Coating, soot, and carbon coat spark plug insulators—wasting gas and impairing performance.

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INSERT KEY
Injector
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A special feature of this new razor is the INJECTOR containing 20 super-keen BLADES. The blades are SEALED in the INJECTOR to protect their keenness until the moment of shaving. ¶ Try this razor! It shaves with the natural swing of the hand, gliding lightly over the face. Its shaving angle has a range of 30 degrees, so that it cuts surely and cleanly in every position. This "Wide Range Shaving" brings you a new sensation of comfort and speed.

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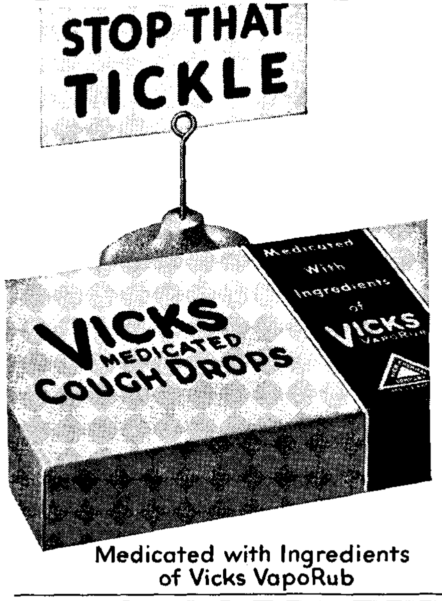
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(Continued from page 55)

I'm tempted to get irritable is when I look at that classical beak of his and remember I mustn't flatten it."

While Matthew Dolan is working for me, his little wife, with her mother for company, stays up on the ranch lookin' after odds and ends there. Dolan, of course, boards and sleeps at the training camp. Every week he gets a bundle of agricultural papers, bulletins from the Department of Agriculture and the State Agricultural College; every night he writes to Tessie and spends the rest of the evening reading. I see plainly he figgers to be as good at farming as he is at boxing. Just born to be thorough.

Two weeks before the fight the champ's in the best condition he's ever been in. I figger to fly him to New York and finish at a gym there, so I call Dolan in and tell him he's finished Sunday night, a week ahead of time, although he gets paid for it just the same.

MONDAY morning Tess appears at our training quarters, driving a rattle-trap flivver. She's come down to drive her husband home. The moment McManus sees her he walks up, easy an' confident, an' says: "Hello, baby, where have you been all my life?"

Tessie looks at him, a little confused and frightened. He makes a few more fresh remarks and climbs into the flivver beside her. And just then Matthew Dolan walks out onto the training quarters veranda.

"Darling," Tessie calls to him, "will you do something nice for me? Remove this big ruffian. He's annoying and insulting and I haven't even been introduced to him."

Matthew Dolan walks over to the flivver and that right arm of his comes over like a jab from a tiger. He has the champ by the collar and jerked out, sprawling on the ground a second later. Then he picks him up, still holding to his collar, and gives him the bum's rush back into the gymnasium, spins him around and gives him two of the most awful open-handed slaps across the puss I ever see a man stand up under.

"Here's where you take a licking, Champ," he says quietly. "The lady happens to be my wife. Put 'em up."

Now, I'll put up with a lot to protect an investment, but right then I declared an open season on my champ. However, I made one small effort to save him.

"Champ," I says, "it's up to you to apologize to Mr. and Mrs. Dolan. If you do that, like you meant it, I got a feeling that the Dolans, being persons of breeding, would accept it."

"Me apologize to this punk?" roars the champ. "Not in a million years."

When he said that I know if I denied Matthew Dolan his rights I'd be as low as the champ. "Well, oke with me," I says. "But I forbid a bare-knuckle contest. You two boys get into your ring togs and I'll get the four-ounce gloves."

"I can understand you cannot afford to risk his hands, Mr. Reardon," says Matthew Dolan, "so we'll fight your way. But since this is a grudge fight and to the finish, we don't need no spectators or no referee and the fight will not be by rounds. I'll remember what I owe you and lay off his nose and I'll not foul him. He'll have plenty of time to get over the licking I'll give him before he meets the Spanish Terror."

Just as they climb into the ring the door opens and there stands Tess. "Tess," says Matthew, "you run out and sit in the car. This ain't going to be nice to look at."

Tess drags herself out a chair and sits down. "Matt," she says, "if you want to finish out your life with me, you keep still. I'll be a witness."

I lock the door to keep the training staff out.

"Time!" I sing out and they step to the center of the ring.

The only thing I'll always regret is that I don't take moving pictures of that fight, because nothing like it was ever seen before and will never be seen again. The champ is crazy mad; so is Dolan, only you'd never know it to look at him. He boxes as I never seen a man box before. The champ can't hit him hard, but he never quit trying and after five minutes of this, Dolan steps in and gets busy.

Speed? The man's a human panther. In exactly eight minutes the champ is bloody from his eyes to the band of his breeks. Presently he wraps his arms across his face and backs away. "All right, that's enough," he blubbers suddenly. "I apologize. Gimme a break, can't you?"

"The pardon comes too late," says Matthew Dolan, and drives his terrible left into the champ's liver; as the champ is sagging, Dolan sinks his right into the solar plexus—and there's my world champion stretched face down.

"Let him lay," says Matthew Dolan—and I let him lay. He was out for five minutes and then Dolan helped me carry him into his dressing-room. But don't think Matthew Dolan hadn't took a lot of punishment. McManus wasn't a champ for nothing. But there was another fight still left in that farmer. What an amateur! I'm workin' on my champ when he comes back into the dressing-room, all ready to go away, and puts his arm around me. "Thanks for everything, Mr. Reardon," he says. "I had a nice time at your party. The Dolan latchstring is always out for you at our ranch."

Well, I put the champ to bed and along in the afternoon he sends for me. "Tim," he says, "that hick is *good.*"

"So good," I says, "that after you've fought the Spanish Terror, I'm going to drop you where you belong—in the ash can, take on that farmer an' have a real world's champion."

I leave him without another word—an' that night he's missing. He shows up in the morning and goes out for a long walk on the beach so the other boys won't see him. Just before supper he's called to the telephone, listens, says: "That's fine," and calls me to one side.

"You ain't ever goin' to sign Dolan up, Tim," he says, "because I sent my lawyer up to his ranch this morning and signed him up myself. He has agreed never to turn pro, in return for which I give him twenty per cent of my cut for the next five years."

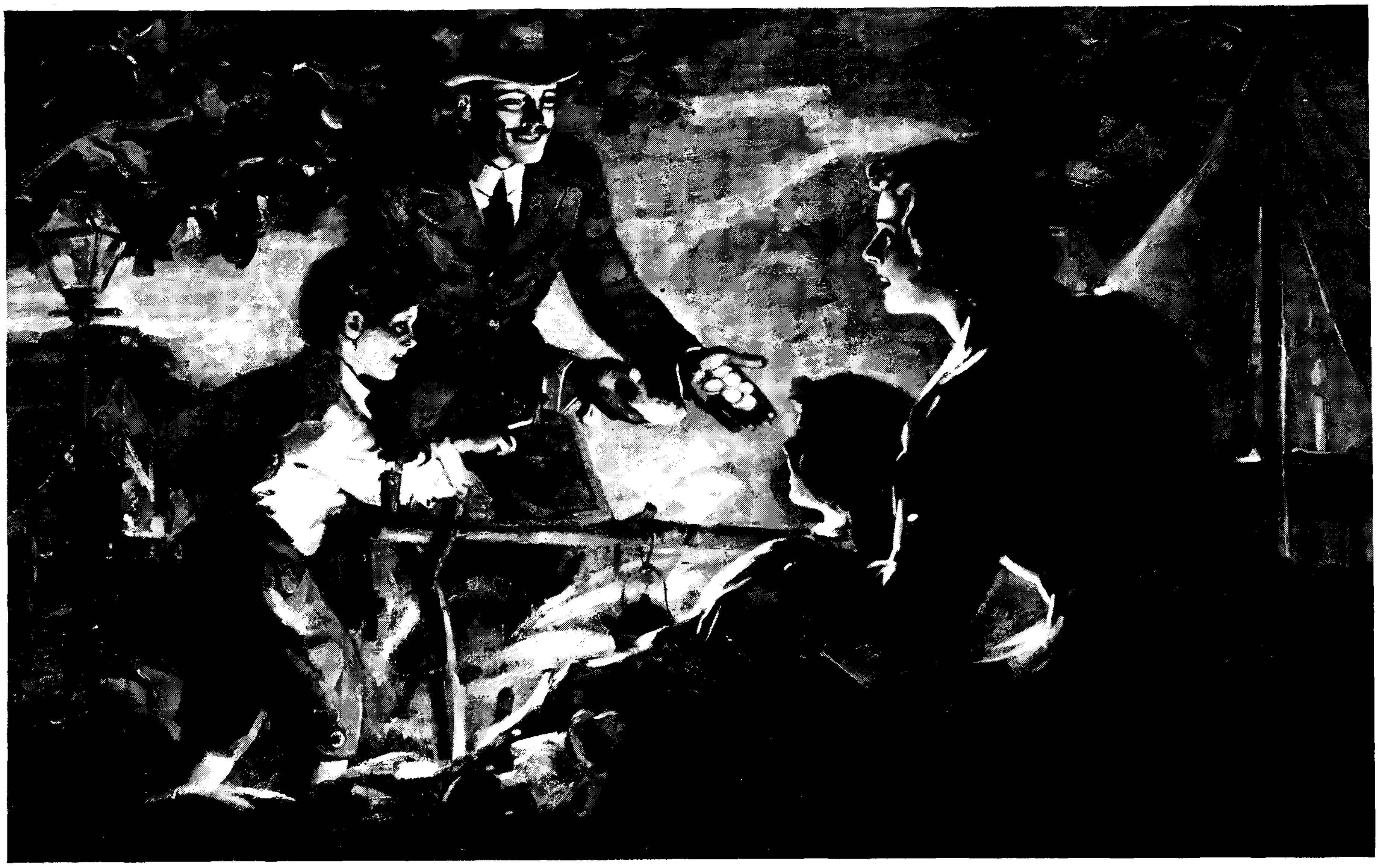
"Radio, vaudeville, pictures an' fights?" I gasp.

"Everything. He refused to talk to my lawyer at first, so the lawyer had to do business with Mrs. Dolan. She drove a hard bargain, damn her, but she had me where the hair was short. Thirty per cent for me ain't much but it's better than nothing."

"Oke with me," I says.

WELL, we win from the Spanish Terror an' I cash some heavy bets. Then I got thinkin' of the quiet, simple contentment o' the Dolan couple an' I yearn for a helpin' of the same for Tim Reardon. So I sell my contract on the champ to Hymie Schmalz for a hundred thousand an' he gets it back in six months an' then some.

I ain't got a regret—an' the twenty per cent comes rollin' in to Matthew Dolan an' Tess, an' Matt has bought more land an' another tractor—a Diesel-powered one this time—and a car that costs them fifteen hundred dollars. When McManus knocked Minskey out this evening he just pushed about sixteen thousand into the laps of two grand persons who know how to use it an' know how to live. It's certainly grand to be respectable.



Artist's conception of a family encamped in Golden Gate Park after the fire had burned their home

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Money was scarce in San Francisco. The fire of 1906 had swept the city... destroyed homes... burned the banks. No one dared open the oven-hot vaults, fearing air would ignite the contents.

Our Pacific Coast manager reported:

'While our offices burned, we buried our records in Golden Gate Park . . . dug them up while the fire was still smouldering . . . were first to reopen in the burned area.

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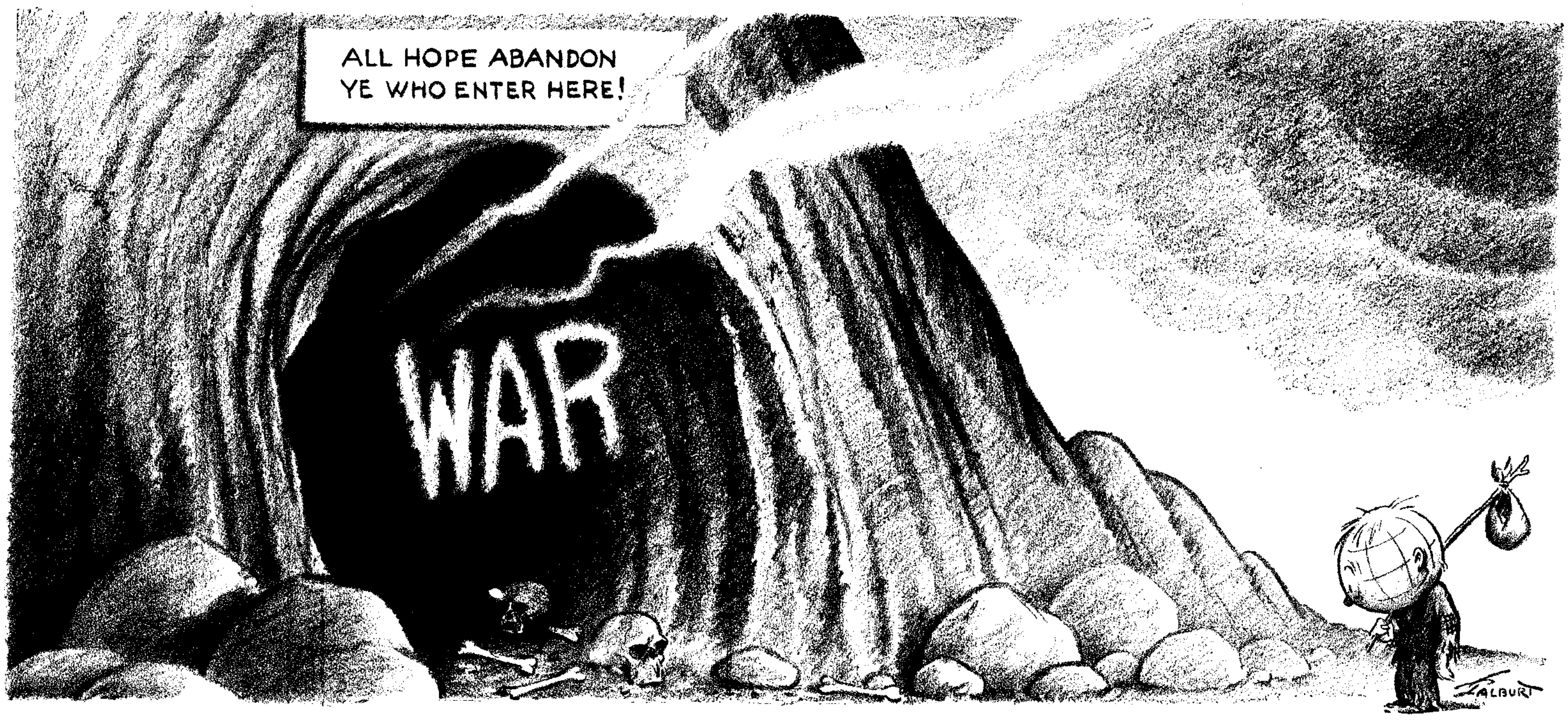


Inevitable War

SIXTEEN years have passed since the word Armistice traveled over cables and on radio waves to bring relief and joy to hundreds of millions of anxious, suffering people.

Never before was peace so gladly acclaimed. In all history November 11, 1918, was unique. It marked the end of the most destructive war ever waged by men. When fighting stopped, the tumult of rejoicing was heard around the world.

Sixteen years is a relatively brief space of time—just half a generation. Yet within these sixteen years in more than one land war is gaining fresh recognition as an instrument of national policy. We hear talk of inevitable wars, of unavoidable conflicts in Europe and in Asia toward which the entire civilized world is helplessly drifting.

No informed person in Europe or in the United States advocates war as a profitable enterprise. The four years between 1914 and 1918 clearly dispelled that ancient illusion. Victors and vanquished equally lost.

Germany could not and did not pay the reparations. No one pretends that Germany will ever again make any important payment on that account. In fact, tacitly the Allies have consented to wiping clean the slate.

We have not even collected the loans we made the Allies for waging the war. After sixteen years, principal and interest amount to some eleven billions. Payments have been suspended. Few expect ever to see a resumption of payments. We have reached a stalemate with our foreign associates. We will not or cannot forgive. They will not or cannot pay. So the obligations defaulted embarrass us and them in numerous ways.

If none can or will pay the debts or the reparations which resulted from the World War, all are enduring the losses due to those years of madness. The burned houses were destroyed. The dead men are gone. During the next fifty years and longer every large nation which participated in the war will be paying pensions to the survivors and the dependents of survivors. If past experience in this matter indicates the future, we alone will expend a hundred billion dollars on veterans relief during the generations to come.

The last world war left us a heritage of millions dead and of billions of unpayable debts. The next world war, if prosecuted with the furious tenacity of the last, might depopulate most of Europe.

Everybody senses this. Everybody in Europe and America knows that the net result of the last war was a loss and that every nation shared in that loss.

The wiser statesmen of Japan do not deny these truths, although the Japanese military authority has used warfare as a means of imposing Japanese will on Manchuria and on other sections of China.

Perhaps the Manchurian adventure is accounted a profitable one in Japan. It is, however, too soon to add up the items of that account and to strike the balance.

Even the Japanese generals are altogether too well informed to look for profits from any large-scale war. A prolonged war with Russia or a war with the United States would not benefit the Japanese people or strengthen the Japanese government. A long and costly war might easily reduce Japan to a minor place in the category of nations. Intelligent Japanese realize these facts.

Why, then, do so many responsible people who sincerely want peace talk about the inevitable catastrophe of a great European or a great Asiatic war? The answer is not hard to find.

In every country irresponsible politicians and publicists play with the possibilities of war. We have such in the United States. On his Virginia farm Billy Mitchell is an amiable breeder of horses. Before a congressional committee former General William Mitchell of the air forces is a noisy chauvinist bellowing about the inevitable war with Japan.

Of course war with Japan is not inevitable or even probable. But the irresponsible war talk of excitable generals here or abroad helps to make the improbable more probable.

We can assume that during the next few years most nations are going to determine their policies by what they consider their self-interest. The policy which each government thinks best for itself is going to be adopted regardless of its effects elsewhere. Of this we may be certain.

It is fortunate war does not in reality offer seductive profits to any people or government. Whoever fights loses and with the record of the World War at hand no statesman dares pretend otherwise. No country, accordingly, will deliberately choose to fight a great war.

None needs to stumble into war. After all, conflicts between nations arise out of tangible differences. An act must be committed, a policy espoused, an order issued before war is possible even under the most excited conditions.

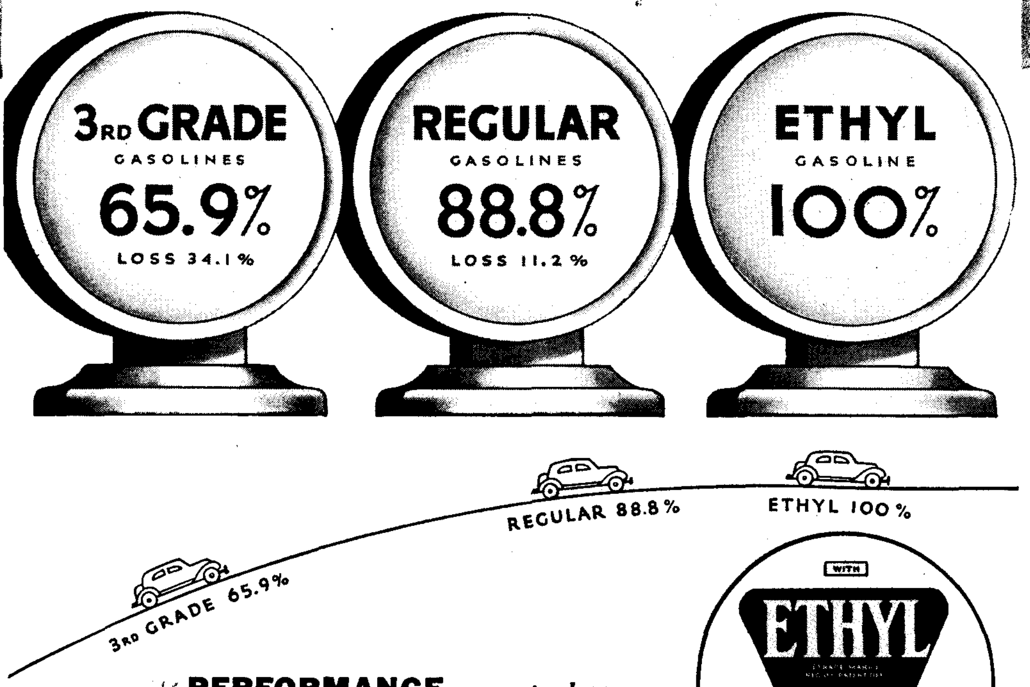
It is entirely possible now and in the months and years ahead to consider and to adjust the actual differences between nations. It is not only possible but the self-interest of every government demands it. War is the national equivalent of suicide.

We can best protect ourselves by preventing the accumulation of grievances against us. Our representatives will go as far in making considerate adjustments with other governments as they think public opinion will approve. If we want to arrange the conditions most conducive to peace, we can do so. We must, however, from time to time consider the point of view and the interests of other peoples. This may be difficult but it is not an impossible price to pay for peace in this world.

Next time you stop at a filling station

REMEMBER THESE FIGURES:

PERCENT OF PERFORMANCE * DEVELOPED BY..



Here are the FACTS behind the FIGURES

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Remember these figures. They are the averaged results of tests involving 10 makes of cars, representing every price class and more than 80% of all cars sold so far this year; tried out on the same test hill with 17 different gasolines.

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